

# PHOTOPLAY

25¢  
AUGUST

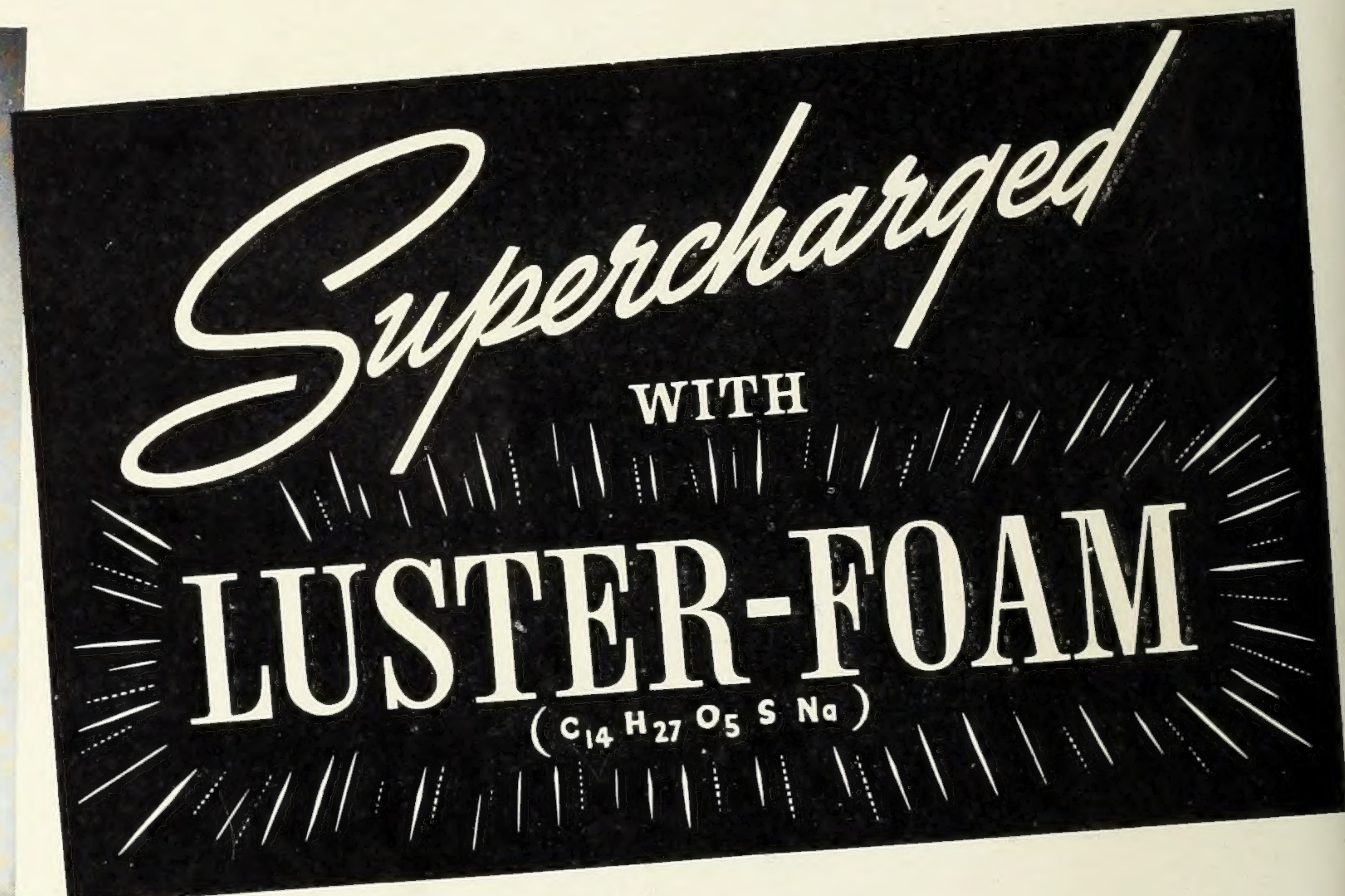


MYRNA LOY

**ANOTHER GREAT FORBIDDEN LOVE STORY** By Adela Rogers St. Johns  
**How Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond Survived The First Year**  
**CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER**



Try the *NEW* different  
**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**  
*the dental discovery of the century!*



*At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.*

Your tooth paste is undoubtedly a good one, but after you use the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste, super-charged with Luster-Foam, you will understand why it is superseding older types in the favor of thousands, every day.

Luster-Foam ( $C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$ ), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . you can actually feel it work. Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue them-

selves to the teeth.

**AREAS NEVER REACHED BEFORE**

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TO LET  
 YOU JUDGE!

**1¢ SALE**

**PAY ONLY 1¢ FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE**

of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste

**WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE**

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.

*Money back if not satisfied*

**At all drug counters NOW!**  
*Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts*

**IT'S NEW!**





No Cuts

# "PARDON US, SALLY!"

## WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



### You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

**S**HE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor *impossible*.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every

bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

**MUM IS QUICK!** Even when you're in a hurry there's always time for Mum.

Half a minute is all you need, to be free from any danger of underarm odor.

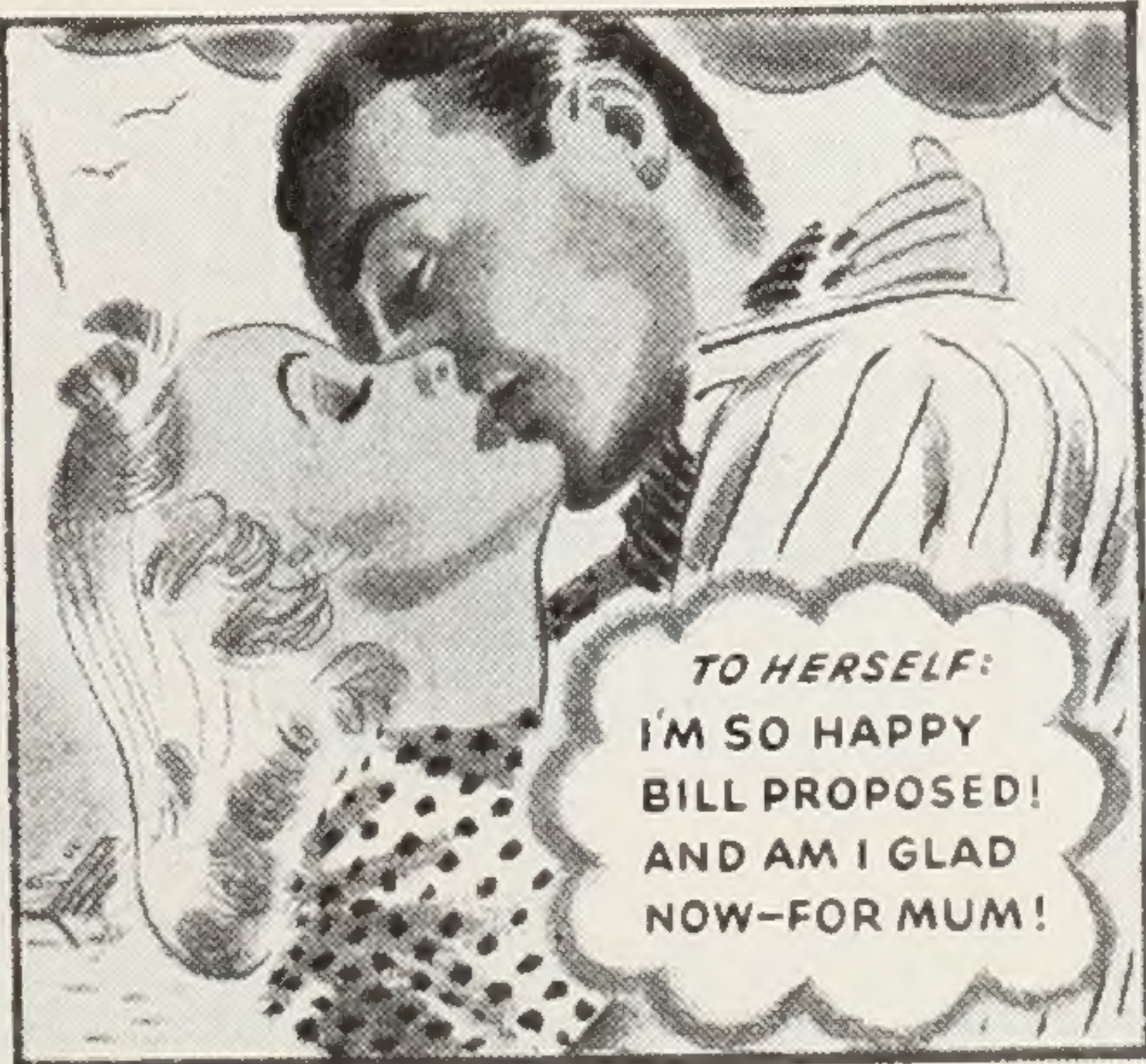
**MUM IS HARMLESS TO FABRIC!** Even your most delicate dress is safe with Mum! If you ever forget Mum, apply it even *after* you're dressed. The textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, held by Mum,

means that Mum is completely harmless to any kind of fabric.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

**MUM IS SURE!** Mum's dependable protection lasts for a full day or evening. Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of underarm odor. With Mum you're sure you're sweet—the kind of girl men like to be near!

### MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG



**SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM.** Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, sure!

# MUM

takes the odor  
out of perspiration



# BOB TAYLOR

*gets a telegram from his fans...*



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Form 2-C

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BOB TAYLOR  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios  
Culver City Cal

YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD  
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME  
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!  
YOUR FANS

*...and his fans get  
their kind of picture!*

## The CROWD ROARS

Edward                      with                      Frank  
**ARNOLD • MORGAN**  
Maureen                      William  
**O'SULLIVAN • GARGAN**  
**LIONEL STANDER • JANE WYMAN**

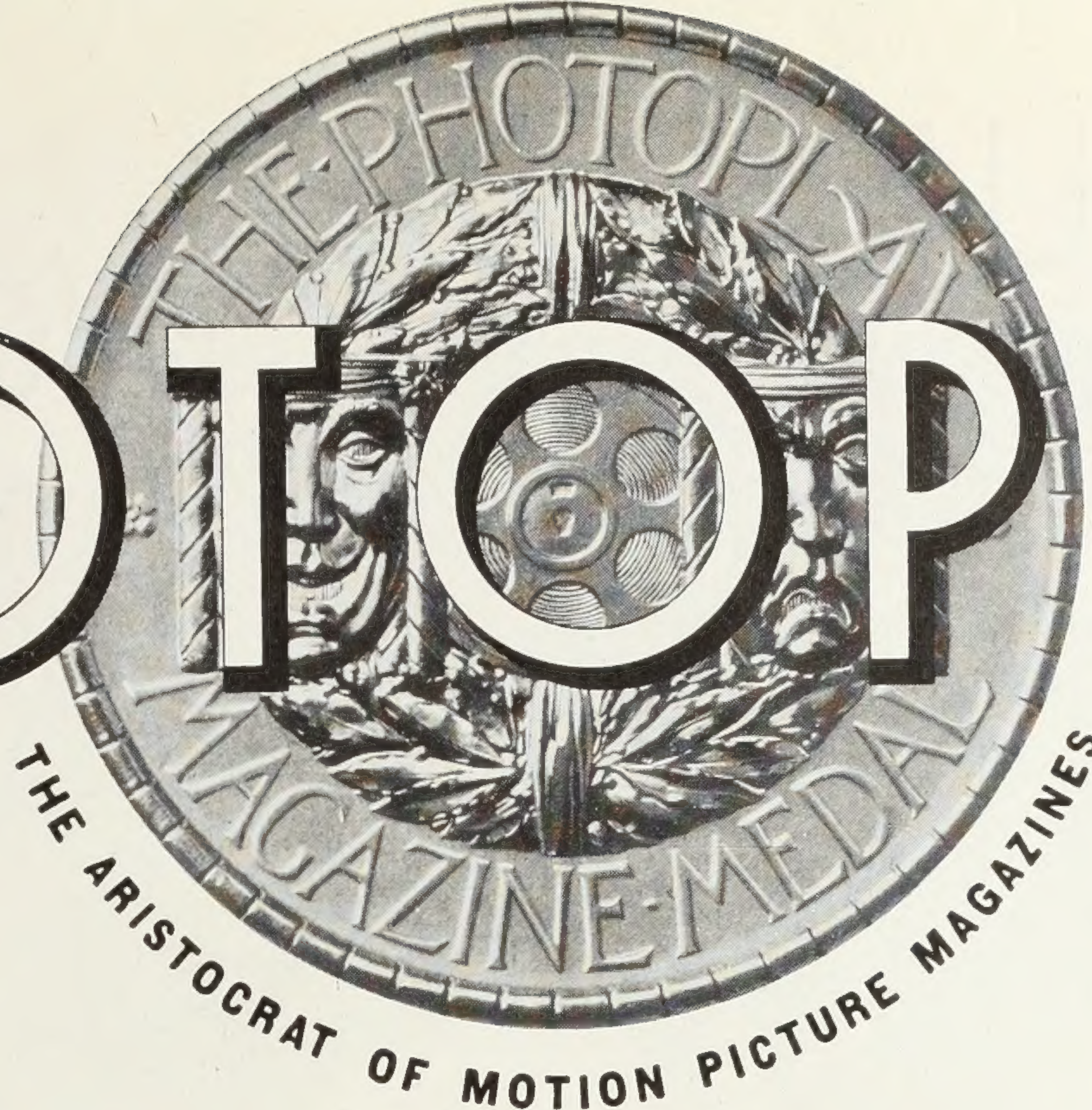


A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  
Directed by Richard Thorpe  
Produced by Sam Zimbalist





# PHOTOPLAY



**ERNEST V. HEYN**  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

**HEYWORTH CAMPBELL**  
ART EDITOR

**RUTH WATERBURY**  
EDITOR

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# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Films like "Crime School," "Parnell" and "Robin Hood" prove the cart's still before the production horse in Hollywood



## BY RUTH WATERBURY

AS I came out of the preview of "Crime School" one of the executives of Warner Brothers fell into step with me.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Like it?" I raved. "I think it's terrific. I like it much better than 'Robin Hood.'"

"You and me both," said the executive.

A little later I happened to be talking to one of the studio's office boys. "'Robin Hood' is a swell show, isn't it?" he said. "But did you see 'Crime School?' That's the killer."

"I liked it better than 'Robin Hood,'" I repeated.

"Oh sure," the boy said. "'Robin Hood' is a darb but this—well, this is about us, you know, just folks."

"ROBIN HOOD" really is swell. It has excitement and color and movement and action. It is played with amusement and flourish. You will have a wonderful time at it. I promise you. But it cost two million dollars to produce. I don't know what "Crime School" cost, but I'll wager not over \$200,000 and if it isn't quite "about all of us," as the office boy said, it is about today and today's problems. The acting of the six boys in the leading rôles is so electrifying in its uncompromising realism as to be almost unbearable.

These two pictures, utterly different in cost, treatment and theme, yet coming from the same studio, represent the extremes of today's pictures—and the chief factor, I believe, that is upsetting the movie business and keeping a lot of people like you and me from getting as much pleasure from movies as we used to.

For I tell you they've still got the cart before the horse in Hollywood, and "Robin Hood" and "Crime School" are two perfect examples to prove it.

I'm sure that almost all of Photoplay's readers, being interested as you are in the things that go on in the movie business, must have read about the recent advertisement in a Hollywood trade paper. It was paid for by Independent Motion Picture Theater Owners protesting against certain stars. Specifically the stars named were Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo, Mae West, Edward Arnold, Joan Crawford.

The theater men said that these stars were

getting too much money, that they didn't bring us into the box office. They wanted more of Myrna Loy, Gary Cooper and Sonja Henie and less of the others.

NOW, generally, I feel stars earn every dollar of their terrific salaries and it is seldom that a studio gets stuck with a bad contract. Paramount recently bought off Dietrich on whom they had taken a terrific loss. Currently RKO and Miss Hepburn parted company. They weren't worth to their companies what they were being paid. For myself, I can get along without either of those two. Yet Dietrich is a great personality and Hepburn is—or most certainly was—a great actress. But in all the storm and strife that blew up after that ad appeared I did not once see anyone point out that each of the stars mentioned, as varied as they are in type, had yet had one thing in common about their rôles. They all play people whom the average movie-goer could never imagine himself being.

It is a known fact that poor people are almost always more generous than rich. The reason undoubtedly is because poor people know what it is to be cold and hungry and friendless and how much a little thing like a five-cent cup of coffee helps when you're down on your luck. Most of us face daily a dozen problems made up of things that may, nonetheless, mean the difference between life and death, between happiness or misery.

How can we put ourselves into the place of Dietrich, who, swathed in fur from neck to ankle, suffers over whether she shall deceive her husband or her lover? Mae West amused us at first, but we couldn't keep on indefinitely imagining ourselves back in the '90's flirting with crooked politicians. A lot of us didn't know whether those '90's meant 1890 or 1790 and we cared less. And Miss Francis is really somehow too removed from us in her eternal velvet evening gowns. Garbo took up playing long-dead, unknown queens and courtesans. Edward Arnold has played few modern rôles since his stardom, nor Hepburn either, and Miss Crawford's excursion back into American History in "The Gorgeous Hussy" was anything but exciting. What I mean when I say they

(Continued on page 85)



Clark Gable knew what to do when his "Parnell" costume rôle put him on the spot with the box office. Errol Flynn may have to follow his example after "Robin Hood," or else—



# "LUX was my stand-by at college"

**says Andrea Leeds**—"still is, now that I'm in pictures. It's so important for daintiness"

A COLLEGE moving picture won this dainty star a long-term contract with Samuel Goldwyn!

Not very long ago, Andrea had to stretch pennies. "I Luxed all my own things at college—even sweaters," she says. "It saved a lot on upkeep. And when I used to visit my family in Mexico, I'd take Lux along with me. It saved my stockings and lingerie from ruin!"

Smart young girls have discovered how easy it is to keep personal things dainty the way famous movie stars do—with Lux. Gentle Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, yet keeps colors and fabrics new looking longer. Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

*Andrea feels it's part of her job always to "look like a million dollars" any time of day. "So I stick to Lux," she says. "It's wonderful for colors! Everything of mine safe in water alone gets Luxed."*

*After only two small parts and a starring role, the appealing daintiness of this lovely young co-ed has won her millions of fans. Don't miss her in the new Universal picture. "LETTER OF INTRODUCTION."*

*"Going to school here in California, I always kept up with what the movie stars were doing. When I found they used Lux, nothing else would do for me. I was thrilled with the way Lux cut down stocking runs!"*

**for daintiness...**



**Leading Hollywood Studios** specify Lux in their wardrobe departments, to keep costumes and all washable properties fresh and sparkling. It insures daintiness—saves dollars on upkeep, their wardrobe directors tell you.





# Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE  
BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and  
Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

Rudy Vallee is back in film form again. Broadcaster and crooner supreme, he once more displays the third talent in his repertory—fine acting. The proof? That gay round of rhythm, romance and revelry—"Gold Diggers in Paris"

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (June)

★ BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox

A confused political satire built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and the havoc it creates in his social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (May)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quint* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap too. (June)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners

A sadly unconvincing story of a spoiled, rebellious child's transformation into a cherub through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Bonita Granville, Dolores Costello and Natalie Moorhead are in the cast, but the picture is a yawn. (May)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (May)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure, superbly produced, superbly directed by William Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (July)

★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a reckless, highly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernest Lubitsch with his usual gay skill. Cooper, believe it or not, has had seven wives before he meets the penniless daughter of a nobleman, who thereupon becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and E. E. Horton are able coplayers. Celluloid sex at its best. (May)

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

This chronicles the chase of a young heiress after a shy collector of bones for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby panther on a Connecticut farm. Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant give their respective rôles their best; May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Charley Ruggles as a big game hunter, and above all, the leopard and Asta of "Thin Man" fame, make this a magnificently funny picture. (May)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to

## PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (June)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (July)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (July)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (July)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new slant on a social problem. (June)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (July)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (July)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. Very gay. (June)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden-headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (June)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioneers. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (July)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeed). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed in Technicolor, and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (June)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (July)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. (June)

HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The reedy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this saccharine travelogue to the Islands. A San Francisco wharf waif, Bobbie stows away, outwits his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in foiling a navy spy plot. Sourpuss Ned Sparks is amusing and you will like "Down Where the Trade Winds Blow." (May)

HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, apes and aviators adventure around in this latest meandering of Dorothy Lamour into the comic strip field. The aviators are Ray Milland and Lynne Overman, the ape belongs to Dorothy, whom they find in a jungle isle in the Pacific. The alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. (May)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancée, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. (June)

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

Bette Davis' best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Beating the gun on "Gone With the Wind," Director William Wyler has moulded a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana flirt's consuming passion for one of her Southern kinsmen. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 is absorbing background. Miss Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Richard Cromwell contribute glittering performances. (May)

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (July)

(Continued on page 86)



# TOGETHER

## *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero"... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



*Starring*

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES

# CAGNEY <sup>PAT</sup> O'BRIEN

*and*

WITH

## MARIE WILSON RALPH BELLAMY

## FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

*Directed by LLOYD BACON*

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK



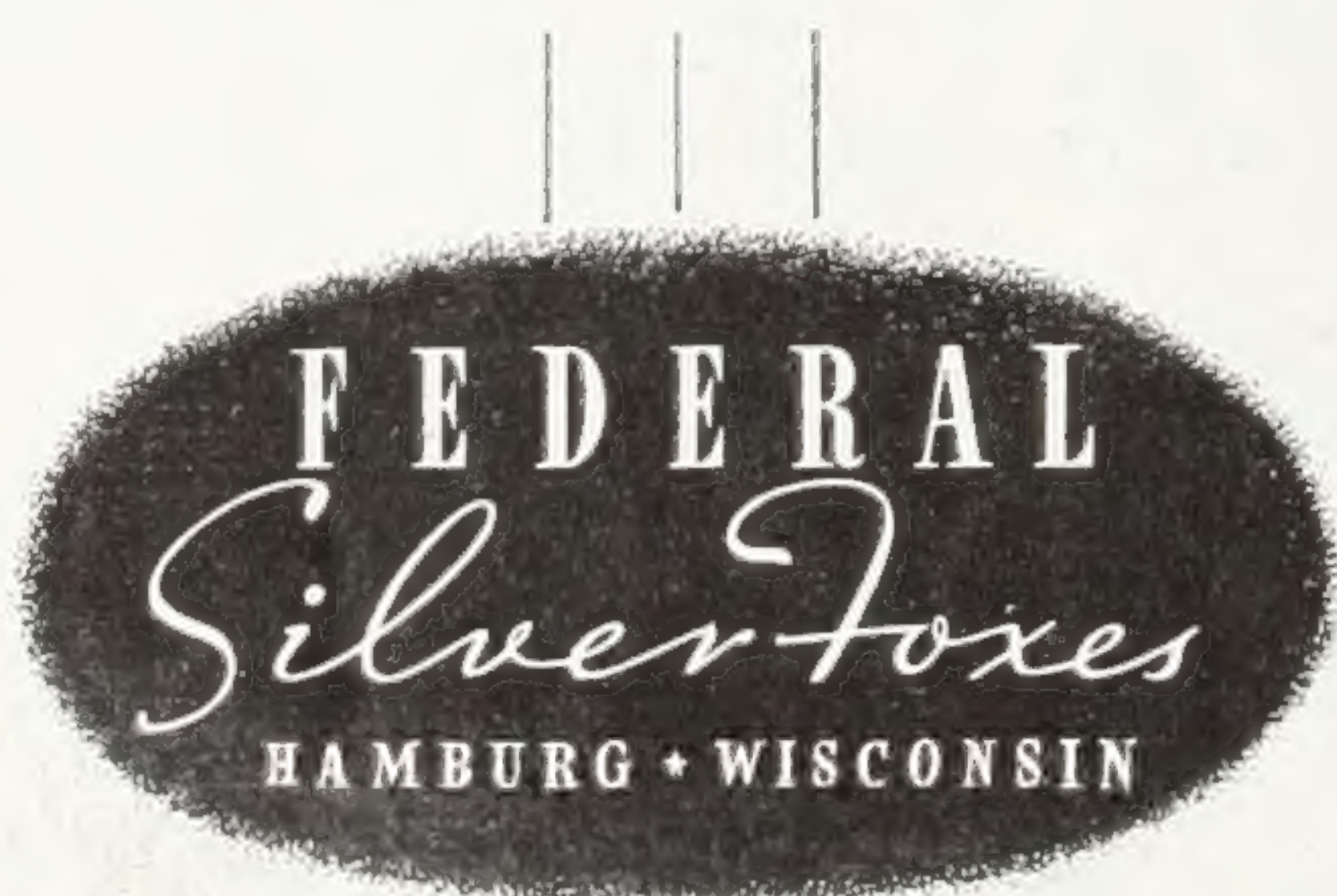
MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE





**“...AND THINK HOW SMART IT WILL BE  
WITH MY FALL STREET FROCKS!”**

You invest in the future, as well as the present, when you buy FEDERAL Silver Fox. Charming over your summer evening dresses, it is superb over wool frocks and suits when cold weather arrives. FEDERAL Fox is beautifully silvered; the skins are large and supple, with a luxuriously thick mane. Clever women buy this lovely fur for its supreme flattery, as well as for its smartness. Be sure that the FEDERAL name is clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of each pelt—it insures *lasting* beauty. FEDERAL Silver Fox is featured at better stores throughout the country.







DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

Director: "Not now! You'll have to wait! Why didn't you think of that before we started?"



# THE "GOLDEN

*Cast: Bette Davis, who brings home the bacon. Setting: Boudoir. Plot: How to have birthdays—and like them.*

*Reported to you—*

BY RUTH RANKIN

YOU would think, to hear her, nobody had ever been thirty before. For that matter, very few Hollywood actresses have been. They seem to remain static at twenty-eight.

"I'll be thirty on Tuesday!" Bette Davis yelled before I was halfway through the patio.

"Well, shut up about it," said sister Bobbie. "Do you want to tell the whole world?"

"Sure. Why not? I'm proud of it!"

Bette was in bed getting over her latest sunstroke (the girl can't learn to stay in the shade when even one touch of sun turns her a deep magenta), but no bed can cancel her charm or cramp her infinite variety. . . .

Under the impression of visiting a sick friend, I went to call. As it turned out, the caller was also the audience for five thousand dollars' worth of performance by a lady who was having the time of her life dramatizing the idea of being thirty years old. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else, with Bette having the time of her life. She always does have. Each time one sees her, it seems impossible that she will top herself again, but she manages it—in life, as well as on the screen.

Bobbie was there to see to it she stayed in bed, and to take falls out of her. Any successful actress who hasn't a Bobbie in her family should move heaven and earth to find one. Bobbie is the official Davis ego-deflater. She is younger than Bette, but treats her with the patient tolerance of an aged aunt who thinks this nonsense has gone far enough.

Such an attitude from the family of a star toward their personal luminary is so startling, so contrary to rule, that you almost can't believe it; it looks like a gag, at first. Screen stars, everyone knows, are deferred to by their kowtowing relatives to whom their every wish is law. So this Davis setup doesn't make sense in Hollywood, but it does make an extraordinarily nice family in which every member is distinctly an individual with equal rights: mama Ruthie Davis, sister Bobbie Pelgram, husband Ham Nelson.

They have assisted the Davis to keep a firm grip on herself and to dispense with any delusions of grandeur, if ever she was in danger of contracting them—which is doubtful.

In their midst, Bette is affectionately known as the "Golden Goose."

THE colossal all-star extravaganza, "I'll Be Thirty on Tuesday," was presented in a Colonial four-poster of tulipwood, spiral carved, under a patchwork quilt ("Star of Wilderness" design). The cast wore the popular wrenched-back bed-



The new Bette Davis, who combines the best features of the former one with the magic something that only her thirties can give to any woman

room coiffure, shell-rimmed reading glasses, and looked sixteen. The Greek chorus, consisting of Bobbie, frequently remarked, "That's what *you* think!" "Any time!" and "Keep those covers over you—my goodness, you're worse than a child."

The first act was an elaboration on the theme that nobody takes you seriously until after you are thirty. (Greek chorus: "What makes you think they will then?") Actresses do their best work from thirty on: witness Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne. Their experimental work takes place in the twenties. (Chorus: "Thank God, *that's* over.")

Since she was twenty, all Bette has had time for was her work. "You could do lots of things if you didn't read all the time," the chorus remarks, helpfully. Bette goes to bed surrounded by all the latest books (she has three or four going at once) and a Sealyham terrier named Sir Cedric Wogg, M.P. She reads with an atlas

spread out beside her in order to visualize the exact locale of the story.

All of a sudden, she is developing a burning thirst for learning about things—thinks perhaps that is part of being almost thirty. "During the twenties, you develop a lot of theories, but there comes a time when you wonder if they will work." She has discovered "great gaps in her information." She has missed languages, golf, tennis and good music, and now wants to learn all about them all at once. It drives her crazy to think she can do only one thing at a time.

Age holds no terror for her, not being a glamour girl or caring how she looks. It is convenient, however, for an actress to look younger than she is, because plays are written about girls, although, occasionally, they are permitted to grow up.

A slant on Bette's success that deserves consideration is the fact that it has been built solely on ability. She has no past—no celebrated love



# GOOSE'' REACHES THIRTY

affairs, multiple husbands, nothing in her life to titillate that portion of the gossip-loving public with juicy speculation. She is not given to romantic attitudes or postures. She does not seek to evade the press or the photographers, neither does she court them; she takes it all in stride. She wasn't born in Algeria or on a ship in the high seas during a typhoon. Nobody has tried to kidnap her or steal her jewels. She has had no extra-curricular adventures, and the hot breath of scandal has never even fanned the back of her neck.

People suspect her of having brains.

The "Golden Goose" has a perfectly vile disposition until she gets her coffee in the morning. She wakes up looking like a peeled egg, in her own words; gradually, features begin to dawn, especially eyes, and within an hour she has a face.

Everybody leaves her strictly alone before coffee, and, if she is going to the studio, it is safer to attempt no airy persiflage whatever, before or after.

She thinks a lot about what she is going to do in various scenes—and not at all about make-up, hair or costume. She lets somebody else worry about the decorations. It is her mind she takes in hand, figuring the best way to reveal to the audience every pronoun and preposition that

will go through it, and every scheme and device of the character.

Bette not only thinks all this out, but she transposes so she is thinking her character's thoughts as her character would think them. This business of "being" the rôle, "living the part," it is called, is not taken, by her, very seriously. She remarked once that the idea is comparable with saying a good painter has to be a bouquet of marigolds before he can paint it.

She can make lightning transitions on the set, from side-line joking with the crew, straight into an emotional scene.

Above all things, she detests a "fuzzy" performance. A good deal of unknown quantity called feeling, or emotion, or inspiration, goes into her scenes, but it is governed by considerable impersonal calculation to make every move of her body and every one of her crystalline clear features cut a mark on the film as sharp as an etching.

She does not hold with those who consider her *Mildred* ("Of Human Bondage") or her *Julie* ("Jezebel") to be isolated case histories. She

contends they have in them a universal quality; that they are not women invented, they are women recognized.

She says every man has known some woman, at some time, who was quite a bit like *Mildred* or *Julie*, whether he wants to admit it or not. They probably gave him some pretty bad moments—even, perhaps, some pretty good ones; anyway, he isn't liable to forget them. And most women have shared traits with *Julie* and *Mildred* whether or not *they* will admit it. If they saw their own lives mirrored on a screen they might be somewhat shocked in places, particularly if their impulses were clearly pictured.

Bette has no inhibitions about revealing women to themselves; thinks they like it. An astonishing number of them write to her for advice concerning their most intimate problems, tossing discretion to the winds.

Bette's driving mania for perfection will let her off from nothing.

She says some of her work could slide and nobody would know it. But *she* would. She

(Continued on page 84)



The "Golden Goose" of the Nelson family has a few odd quirks in her character, concerning cigarette butts and such; but as for her aims—well, they're typical of the girl whom people openly suspect of "having brains"



# CONFESSIONS

## OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

*So long as women are women, into the ears of their beauty operators will go their most intimate secrets. These are the revelations of one Hollywood beautician who listened—and told*

tion of their husbands, children and friends; but Hollywood women depend upon beauty for their salary checks. It is a necessity, not a luxury, and they conscientiously endure beautifying just as a businessman has his books audited—only a lot more often.

They are utterly impersonal about it. Not one of them I have ever known is vain. Beauty is a business asset, money in the bank, and they make untold sacrifices to develop and retain it. Eternal vigilance and no square meals are the watchwords, especially after thirty. And, excepting Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin,

practically every actress with a box-office (the ones who know how to act and whom you enjoy going to see) is thirty or more: Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sydney, Miriam Hopkins, Gale Sondergaard and Joan Crawford, to name some.

Hollywood is a woman's town. In a way, it is patterned after that South African colony where the women keep their husbands for pets. A number of impecunious men have wealthy star wives, and it has often occurred to me that a man who lives on his wife's income can be the

One of my customers fell in love . . . maybe I made a terrible mistake advising her the way I did

**W**OMEN confide in hairdressers. It is true all over the world and more so in Hollywood. Everything is more so in Hollywood. They tell you things they wouldn't tell their doctor.

By "all over the world" I mean so far as I have been able to observe during twenty-five years as hairdresser and manicurist in shops and hotels in New York, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Shanghai, Rio, London—and Hollywood; as well as on two ocean liners, and in private service to an opera tenor's wife and to several motion-picture stars.

My eighteen years in Hollywood have been as illuminating, instructive and entertaining as anybody's eighteen years. I wouldn't have missed a minute of it, not even the intermission.

Beauty is a paying business here. All women are repaid for being beautiful—by the admira-

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL



All women are repaid for being beautiful, but in Hollywood the reward is a bit different





most unreasonable creature alive, with the little woman striving earnestly to please him. His wife's success generally goes to his head. There is still another faction contending that men who marry women with money earn every cent of it—so take your choice.

There is the average percentage of girls who are desperate at losing their man, or who want to lose him, or who want some other girl's man. It is the same in London, Shanghai and Baltimore, only you hear more about it in Hollywood. The happy marriages here do not particularly engage the attention of the press.

Local and national columnists and gossip purveyors, alert to the fact that women confide in their beauty operators, regard us as one of their most reliable sources. Various advances have been made to me, attractive "propositions" which I have resisted—with a reservation. If the approacher is also a good customer, I try to keep her (or even him!) interested with harm-



Mrs. J. brandished the revolver at Mr. J. and Rea—and if what happened after that had ever leaked out, there would have been another big Hollywood scandal

The glamour girls of today dig in their gardens and bake cakes; but the old divorce-marriage-romance cycle still spins, and the beauty parlor is its center

less and well-known chatter delivered in a hush-hush tone. You can say, confidentially, "I understand Marlene Dietrich sleeps with *all* her windows open," and some of these gossips will actually think they are getting the low-down!

OF course, like many other operators here, I do know when a lot of divorces, marriages, scandals, romances and options are going to break, before Winchell does, and frequently I have been the only outsider who *did* know. But I have known more that never break.

Always I have felt that a woman should not be held responsible for what she says while she

is having her scalp massaged and her nails manicured. She is off guard, and her revelations should be regarded as case histories. The beauty parlor compares with the doctor's office in this respect: in one, the woman has her hair down literally; in the other, figuratively. She is her true age in both places, probably the only time she ever is, after twenty-five. It defeats her purpose to lie about her age to the doctor; and in the beauty parlor she needn't say a word. She looks every minute of it. There is a saying that when a woman tells her right age, she will tell anything. It is the same when she looks it.

All women are lonely, and picture stars are the loneliest women in the world. Thousands of persons in Duluth, Pittsburgh, Simla and Peiping adore them, but there never seems to be anyone at home they can talk to.

Women cannot afford the luxury of a comradeship possible between two men in the same social stratum. Women do not trust each other, and perhaps with good reason.

The most reserved women are often the first to tell all over a manicure, and no woman, bent on confiding, is discouraged, even when she's met with silence or a mild "Well, well." Not that I am unsympathetic or do not like people—quite the contrary—but after having been cried on at least once a day for a good many years, I have to take time occasionally to wring out my shoulder.

My first two years in Hollywood were with Ianthe Lafleur (fictitious name, of course) who had seven thousand dollars a week and almost as many impulses in the same length of time. She had paused in New York, headed for a whirlwind vacation in Europe, and I met her in a smart beauty shop where she was getting the "works." An hour later, she asked me to go along. I went; it was my seventh trip. We found a world mad with wartime hysteria and tragedy. Then we came to Hollywood where it doesn't take a war to get exactly the same

(Continued on page 78)



# HERE IS



BY LOUIS SOBOL

*Famous for his daily newspaper column, the author is prouder of the fact that it was he who first noticed this seventeen-year-old —now the newest and most exciting star in Hollywood's heavens*

**I**F the editor and the readers do not object, I should like to tell the story of a nice little girl in my own way. With a preface consisting of excerpts from a column until recently known as "The Voice of Broadway":

"So hard to define the charm of the tiny Olympe Bradna, the little girl in the sailor suit who stampedes the house at the French Casino every night. Pretty she is, without doubt, but there are much prettier girls in town. She has the little something in her manner with which only a few are gifted from birth. Lucienne Boyer has it, Ginger Rogers has it, Garbo has it, and so has Chevalier. It's more than a smile or a dimple properly placed, or a twinkle of the eye. For want of better words, we call it personality—but that's an inadequate descriptive term."—January 8, 1935.

"Still the hit of the show is the tiny Olympe Bradna, a tightly packed bundle of personality who, I understand, has finally been signed by Paramount for an important picture assignment."—May 6, 1935.

"You may remember the little French flash—Olympe Bradna, who drew raves from the boys when she opened in the first French Casino show. She was signed by Paramount and has been here in Hollywood for many long, weary months. She draws her salary weekly but not once has she been called to work—the chances are nobody knows she's even under contract."—March 20, 1936.

"Olympe Bradna finally gets her break. She's to go into 'Three Cheers for Love' at Paramount."—March 25, 1936.

**W**ELL, even a columnist, like income tax returns, may be in error and it seems the precocious French import had appeared in something previous to "Three Cheers." At George Raft's personal behest, Olympe was given a rôle in "Souls at Sea" and we shall come to that at the proper point in this piece.

At any rate, from the columnar excerpts, you have some vague idea of the enthusiasm a little Gallic cutie inspired in a blasé, and not too susceptible, gentleman of Broadway. This is being written fifteen minutes after the same little cutie had taken the trouble to come down to the Broadway gentleman's office on the waterfront of Manhattan—and what he learned in direct conversation with her, without benefit of publicity guidance, he passes on to you.

Well then, on August 12th, 1921, not more than eight blocks from where the widely ballyhooed Eiffel Tower in Paris thrusts its snoot to the sky, the vaudeville couple known as Jean and Joseph Bradna clapped hands for a chubby little newcomer—and worried about their act, then running at the Olympic Theater. It was a routine with trained dogs and the young mother fretted about what the puppies might think of her desertion of them. Papa Joe went on himself that night and the act must have gone along smoothly for it wasn't cancelled.

The little girl was christened Antoinette but because she was born while the act was at the Olympic, Papa and Mama Bradna added the name of Olympia in honor of the theater and a few months later euphonized it to Olympe, pronounced O-Lamp—and it has been that ever since.

Now, because Mama and Papa Bradna still play such important rôles in the activities of the energetic young Olympe, it is only fair to say a few words about them. Joseph Bradna belonged to a distinguished family of circus folk and until he wed Jean Thesra, a comely actress, was an able equestrian. Why his marriage inspired him to give up his riding is something that Olympe was unable to tell me but it is a fact that the equestrian, Joseph Bradna, and the emotional actress, Jean Thesra, having decided to try to live as cheaply as one, collected a few trained hounds and thereafter toured the provinces with a fine dog act.

**I**HAVE referred to Olympe as "precocious." She must have been, for she walked at the age of six months and at the age of eighteen months, which is scarcely voting age, became a full-fledged member of the act—her first assignment being to carry the French flag at the conclusion of the routine. It brought down the house.

"Eet was so fonny," chirped Olympe. "Honest, you believe?—I remember I wanted to run out again and again and again—I like the hand-clapping so motch then. I can remember like yesterday."

By the time she was half-past seven, the child had developed into an enticing dancer with her hand-twirls and agile tumbling luring precious lines of praise from the critics, who perhaps were also impressed with her healthy young beauty of face and lithe body. Olympe was beginning to go places.

Shortly after, when two of their prize dogs died, the Bradnas decided to give up their own act and concentrate on developing the career of their young precious. They have not regretted it.

Life started to pick up for the young Olympe, especially when she began to read the press notices. At nine she was a seasoned trouper. In Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Petrograd, Madrid, "Little Dynamite" was continuing to have the time of her life, for now no one stopped her when she ran out for those extra bows—certainly not the audiences which kept pounding palms for more and more.

In Biarritz, the young vaudevillian met a  
(Continued on page 66)



# LOVE LIFE OF A VILLAIN



*Basil Rathbone, by the star's own admission, has a secret—it's about a woman—a redhead named Ouida*

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"MY secret," said Basil Rathbone, "is a woman. She is small. She is vital. She has red hair. Her name is Ouida. She is my wife.

"Without her I would be nothing; with her I can be everything. Without her I would be miserable. With her I am the happiest man in the world.

"Of course," he added, "behind the success of every man there is some woman. But it isn't often we give them any credit. That's why my confession may be a little startling. Everything I have achieved—everything I may be today or hope for tomorrow—I owe my wife, Ouida."

For an hour I listened to the most amazing earnest tribute to a Hollywood wife I had ever heard.

It came from a man who is viewed throughout the world as the very incarnation of conceit and masculine arrogance.

The epitome of self-confidence on the screen, he revealed himself as emancipated from a blighting inferiority complex only by the patient love of his wife. Celebrated as a charming conversationalist, he confessed to a tongue-tied ineptitude until she brought him out of it. Respected as a shrewd career man, he revealed how a woman had launched that career, steered it, and secured it—at the sacrifice of her own.

He did all this eagerly, humbly, happily.

WE talked of a perfect marriage, oddly enough, in the house where a prize fighter, Jack Dempsey, had once lived in stormy domesticity with his former wife, Estelle Taylor. It was in the calm of a lovely evening. The Los Feliz Hills above Hollywood were blue and the air soft. Everything in the setting suggested a prelude to a pleasant story. Basil Rathbone, just in from a romp with his six dogs, brimmed with good nature. Somehow, Basil always reminds me of a race horse, lean, long, nervous, trim. He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke to the ceiling. He talks fast and with an electric charm.

"I haven't told this before," he said, "but right now it seems particularly timely. Because, rightly or wrongly, Ouida considers her job with me done now. She thinks I am established at last and capable of looking after myself. She feels she can relax now and return to writing, the career she abandoned to see me through. And

it was she who saw me through—because, if I hadn't met my wife, I honestly don't know what would have happened to me, for until then my life had had no direction. Certainly, I could never have caught on to Hollywood without her.

"I wonder how many of us here in Hollywood would be where we are without the help of some woman who loves us. Think of the tremendous influence Dixie Lee Crosby has had on Bing. Of the vast importance of Bella Muni to her extremely talented and sensitive husband, Paul. There are dozens of cases—and you don't have

to stop in Hollywood, of course.

"It's even intriguing to wonder just how great some historic figures would have been without their wives. Disraeli, Napoleon, Washington. Can you imagine Robert Browning without Elizabeth Barrett?"

"But speaking of the Rathbones . . ." I interrupted.

Basil smiled. "Right!" he said. "I'm getting out of my district.

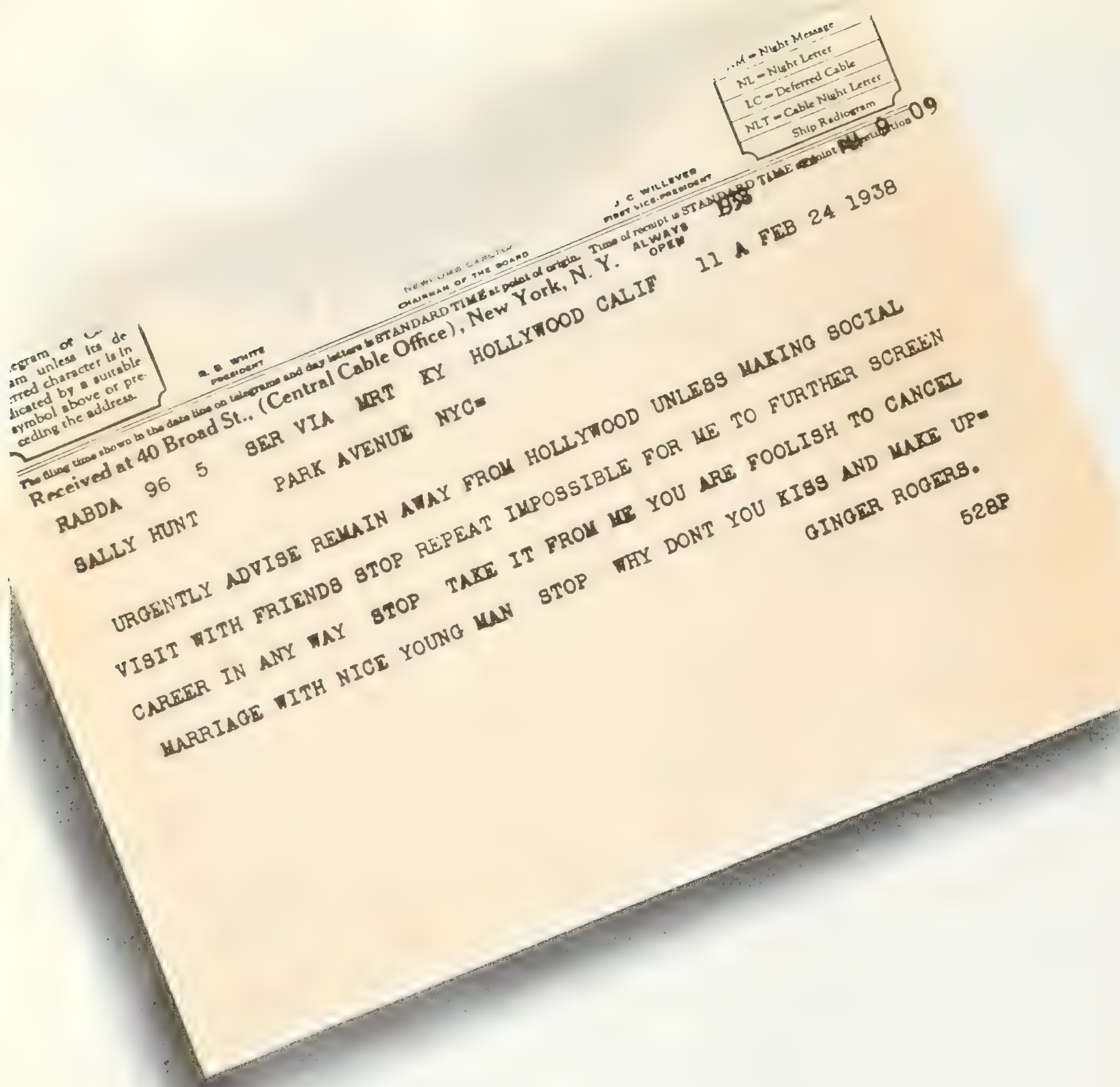
"Well—Ouida came into my life two years  
(Continued on page 67)



For what she has done for Rodion, his son (top, second left); for what she has done for his career and for the man himself, Sir Guy of "Robin Hood" sheds his screen villainy to pay humble homage to the lady of his heart



# LOVE



*Sally had the right boy but the wrong idea So Ginger took a hand—wires hummed, executives huddled, studio cops went crazy. And the outcome? Just leave it to Ginger!*

The most interesting aspect of this collection of letters, wires, memos and what-have-you is not merely that, sorted and assembled, it reads like a scenario, but that it is a sample of a fan mail assortment that might have been received by any one of Hollywood's top-ranking stars. Of course, Sally Hunt and John Carey are not the real names of the girl and boy who star with Ginger in this real-life tale. Their names must forever remain sacred to the RKO files, but they are, nevertheless, real people . . .

The . . . School for Girls  
Washington, D. C.  
February 1, 1938

Miss Ginger Rogers,  
RKO Studios,  
Hollywood, Calif.  
Dear Ginger:

May I call you that? Most people do, don't they? First of all, please don't get the idea I am just another stage-struck imbecile, wanting to get into pictures. The thing is, I have talent. I am a sort of combined Marlene Dietrich and Martha Raye. You know—long on glamour but also right there with comedy when comedy fits in. I wouldn't say this so sort of conceitedly and all, except I realize I have to sell myself if you are going to help me with a screen career. And yes, that is what I am asking you to do!

I am going on nineteen. I just graduated from this school with the midyear class of '38. It is a finishing school and I think I am quite finished. I can sing. I can dance, although not so well as you. I can ride. I can wear clothes like nobody's business. (Also I seem to have a special talent for cooking, but of course that doesn't figure in here. I just mentioned it.)

I am five feet, four inches; weight 115 pounds. My hair is reddish like yours; my eyes brown. I have a few freckles and my eyelashes are not so dark as I could wish, but what are eyelashes to

a career when you can buy them by the yard? I have not got piano legs. I am not beautiful, but there are those who say I am a pretty nifty number.

Now, I know a girl can't even get inside a studio, cold. But I feel sure if Ginger Rogers would say the word, I would have a chance. So—will you do this? Will you call up your casting office and tell them: "Here is a little girl that has something. Will you give her a screen test?"

I'll do the rest.

From everything I can hear about you, you are the regularest girl in Hollywood. I have been one of your special fans ever since "The Gay Divorcee." I haven't mentioned my private affairs, but I have a personal, important reason for wanting to get into the movies. I have to show someone I can. I simply have to! I am enclosing a stamped envelope addressed to my aunt's in New York, where I shall be soon. Although very impatient to get started, I won't leave for Hollywood until I hear from you. Here's hoping that will be soon!

Yours confidentially,  
Sally Hunt.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.  
Hollywood, Calif.  
February 5, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,  
— Park Avenue,  
New York City.  
My dear Miss Hunt:

Speaking for Miss Rogers in answer to your letter of February first, I hasten to advise you that, unfortunately, she can do nothing to aid the film career you desire. She begs to say that she has no influence with the casting office, nor any authority whatsoever in the selection of material for screen tests.

Thousands of persons try to get into pictures





# STORY

every year, and fail. The small percentage who do get in seldom get beyond the small salary allotted to a stock player. Often a foolish young girl causes her parents great worry and suffering by running away to Hollywood in search of a screen career. Almost without exception these girls ultimately must go home and eat humble pie, as failures.

In lieu of the help you ask, but which Miss Rogers is unable to give you, I am enclosing an autographed photograph of her, accompanied by her thanks for your appreciation of her work in pictures.

Very sincerely yours,  
William Brown,  
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

P. S. Are you dazzled by the "glamour of Hollywood"? Don't be. There isn't any. W. B.

New York City,  
February 10, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

I thought I wouldn't bother you with my personal affairs, but I guess it will take a little explaining of them to puncture your secretary's arguments against my coming to Hollywood. So here goes:

In the first place, there is no need to worry about my parents not wanting me to try for a screen career. My mother died when I was born and Dad married again about five years ago and he and my stepmother spend most of their time in Europe. When I'm not in school, I live with my aunt here in New York and she'll be glad to have me off her hands.

As for the small salaries mentioned, I don't need to worry about money. I have a trust fund allowance and then, there is the \$1,000 my father gave me to buy a trousseau with and which I won't need on account of I am not going to get married. Not ever!

And as for the thousands that try and make the grade in pictures . . . well, all I've got to say is that the stars Hollywood has now won't last forever. So, why can't I be waiting to jump into the breach?

Honestly, I'm so fed up with my life as it is! Parties and dancing and buying new clothes and going around in a social circle *bore me stiff!*

I think I will come to Hollywood in spite of what your secretary says.

Yours,  
Sally Hunt.

P. S. Thanks for your picture!

Date: February 14, 1938.

Subject: Sally Hunt letter (attached).

To: Gingers Rogers.

From: Bill Brown.

Think maybe this needs personal answer. Do you agree?



DIRECTED BY

GINGER ROGERS

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.  
Hollywood, Calif.

February 16, 1938.

Dear Sally:

I want to thank you for being, as you say, one of my "special fans." I am well aware it is fans like you who are responsible for whatever success a girl like me may have in pictures.

But, Sally, I cannot help you get a screen test, much less actually get you into pictures. I simply cannot. Such a thing is not within my province and to ask it of the casting office would be

to enter into affairs which are not at all my business. Moreover, can't you see that if I should try to arrange such a thing for you, I should be in duty bound to do the same thing for hundreds of others who also are asking it of me? Believe me, the only fair thing to do is to advise all that write me how difficult it is for me to comply with such requests.

One screen test, alone, sometimes costs thousands of dollars. A candidate must be trained and groomed for it for months, sometimes, before he or she is even considered by the

(Continued on page 72)

DRAWING BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.





THE

CY



Over a span of twenty-four years—from an important bit player opposite such stars as Lillian Walker (above); to a suave sophisticate with Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris" (right); to his rôle in "The Front Page" (below), which again set him on a new tack—Adolphe Menjou has guided each prosperous career with unique methods





# CAREERS OF ADOLPHE MENJOU

*He's living proof, this Hollywood sophisticated, that it's a wise man who knows when to take his own advice*

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

**B**REAK the rules!" Adolphe Menjou said with emphasis. He waved those rules aside with a sweep of his perfectly tailored gray sleeve. "That's the way to get ahead, in the movies or anywhere."

Quickly he added with a Menjou lift of the brows, "Not the laws of the land, for heaven's sake, but the rules people are always laying down for other people's success."

Now, Menjou has had three careers since he entered the picture (literally, and figuratively!) in 1914; first, as an important bit player in the silents—a career that was interrupted; second, as a suave sophisticate in the late silents and early talkies (this was followed by near-oblivion); and today, as a deft comedian and character actor (for example, the film producer in "The Goldwyn Follies"), earning an unbe-

lievable salary. Each of the careers has been highly prosperous, the third promising to become the biggest success of the lot, and each he dragged up from failure through methods useful to any job, theatrical or otherwise.

Today, past his youth, Menjou lives in one of the handsomest of English brick houses on one of the handsomest of the Hollywood hills; at his right elbow, a view to the Pacific some twenty-eight miles away; at his left, a telephone on which producers call up and ask him please, please to accept a rôle in their newest films. Shattered rules built the house, as well as the house next door, which he also owns; and shattered rules maintain it. Menjou's the living proof of the wisdom of taking his own advice.

**F**OR instance, down Hollywood Boulevard, in the days when orange groves lined that thoroughfare, there would wobble a funny car which rattled in every joint, with a man all dressed up at the wheel. Many people recall that familiar and eye-arresting sight. Striped trousers, frock coat, correct tie, exactly the right "topper" at exactly the right slant—this was Menjou hunting for work!

He lived in a succession of boardinghouses on side streets; wasn't, he says, exactly hungry "or exactly not"; and battered his way into engagements.

Now the rules would have kept him dressed in mediocre clothes to go with his mediocre surroundings.

But he had learned by observation. For weeks he had stood in a long line of extras round the casting office, a slim, energetic man, suffering from stomach trouble (it has but lately been cured)—not outwardly different from the rest except for the speculative look in his eyes. He studied his fellow extras, and himself. And he perceived the vital fact that he was not distinguishable from the crowd.

Listening hard to the director, he heard him say more than once, "Pick that bird over there, his clothes look better." Menjou determined to have better clothes, too; in other words, to have the right equipment for his work. He went to the shop of the best tailor in town.

"Stake me to some Grade A clothes," Menjou argued, "and I'm positive that I can pay you back and become a regular customer as well. I haven't any money, but I know my business. What I need is a chance, and clothes will give it to me."

Caught at first by the fellow's nerve, and later by his logic, the tailor agreed to be a sport; a decision, by the way, which has since brought him a fortune from the patronage of those who want to look as well dressed as Menjou.

A few days after his sales talk, Menjou, the extra, appeared in a hundred and fifty dollar suit. A hundred and fifty dollars! He didn't make that much in three months.

But in a throng of extras Menjou then became the only one elegantly dressed. Directors invariably picked him out, and his acting ability did the rest. He progressed to bit parts. After three and a half meagre years he rose to the rôle of polished hero, at \$7,000 a week.

Their poise, their worldliness, their appreciation for the nicer things of life make Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale a perfect couple

"Of course, when I talk about disregarding rules I take it for granted that the individual who disregards them knows his job," Menjou warned. "You need self-confidence to get along, but first you need a firm grasp on your profession or trade or whatever your livelihood may be. You have to know your business well enough to chuck all the moss-grown advice or tradition connected with it and branch forth on your own."

**S**O, today, he's the alternate hope and despair of producers. Like an architect who farsightedly refuses to enter any project which won't redound to his credit, Menjou declines to play in a picture unless he's sure it will be a hit.

Before he put pen to paper, he had to know everything about the three films for which he is at present signed up with the Goldwyn studios.

"Rather than make a fat salary in a thin rôle, I'll wait ten weeks for a part I prefer in a production I like," he says.

Recently he stayed out of work for two months and a half, in preference to acting in second-class stuff. That's breaking the rules with a vengeance. But his motives spring not alone from art; they're rooted in business sense. He no more intends to offer an inferior brand of entertainment, such as a poor rôle might entail, than a reputable merchant intends to offer inferior merchandise. And for the same shrewd reasons. Reputation has a money value.

"Success," Menjou said, his enthusiasm concentrated in a glance as direct as an arrow, "is just around the corner for practically all of us, practically all the time. It's not so much that we don't have luck as that we don't have the training or the gumption to grab success when it comes."

**F**OR instance, Menjou didn't beat his brow when, as happened several times, his hopes went boom. Instead, he broke another rule; he tried another line. Before he achieved any true success he had tried many lines, for he didn't set out to be an actor.

To begin with, he toiled as a farm hand. Actually. He'd gone from his home in Pittsburgh to Cornell University for a course in agriculture, and was headed for a future among the kale and kine.

One summer vacation he got work on a violet farm at Rhinebeck, N. Y. You needn't laugh; they did raise violets. But they raised cows also, and wanted Menjou to milk them. Menjou, milking a cow. . . .

Well, he was teachable but inexpert, so very soon thereafter he moved along to the next farm, that of Vincent Astor, for the August haying season. Hot! He stuck to it doggedly till the hay was all in, and so was he. It shows that his lot wasn't exclusively cream and violets. Agriculture, so far as Menjou was concerned, proved a flop.

Broke, discouraged, he tried the hotel business, which also flopped, and the steamship business, which flopped even faster, before he landed as an extra with the old Vitagraph Pictures in New York City. Just as he edged into prominence, America entered the War and thus was ended his first career. Three days later he enlisted with the Cornell unit of the Red Cross, and served till the Armistice. "I know what it

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# FORBIDDEN GREAT

"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"



CARL  
MUELLER



# LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

*The haunting romance of two famous stars who made a business of the art of loving—a girl who didn't believe in marriage, a man who played her game too well. Fourth in a noted series*

DRAWING BY CARL MUELLER

I WAS there at the beginning and saw it all happen right up to what I thought was its gay and glittering finale. That "always leave them laughing when you say good-by" which was her well-known creed.

I came upon the real end of the story only long afterwards, and then by accident. And it is that unsuspected ending which makes the story important. I do not think anyone in Hollywood knows it, except the two who played at their delightful romance, and it is an amazing thing that neither of them realizes even to this day that the end was the same for both of them.

I cannot help but wonder what might happen if they ever found out.

The beginning, I suppose, was midnight sailing time on a velvet spring night some years ago. The great luxury liner lay at its New York dock ablaze with lights. A sailing is always exciting, it has always some aroma of adventure, but I remember that particular one as the gayest I ever saw. So many pretty ladies in evening gowns, orchids against soft fur, music floating upon the surface of spangled waters, champagne and laughter, and ever-mounting gaiety and excitement.

Small boys in bright uniforms running along the gleaming corridors and through the packed salons. Elegant luggage being carried hither and yon. Long white cardboard boxes filled with flowers. Last minute wires being delivered. Decks and staircases jammed with those going away and those who had come to say good-by and the dock a mass of people and cameramen.

Perhaps it was the spring night which promised delicious days at sea in that floating palace. Perhaps it was because everybody knew that they were sailing. Curious, eager eyes were alert to catch a glimpse of her sleek and

shining head, her tall exquisite figure, her enchanting smile. Glamour girl hadn't become so common a term then, and she was No. 1 Glamour Girl, all right. Or they peered to see his famous, slightly graying head and distinguished profile and what the screen's best dressed man might be wearing for a midnight sailing.

At midnight the "All Ashore" call sounded and I said my own farewells and went down to my cabin to sort out the books kind friends had sent me. (I remember I was a little annoyed to find seven copies of a popular "high-brow" best seller.) Then I went peacefully to bed and awoke the next morning to a new world, without land, but with great expanses of shining sapphire water and clear blue sky and radiant sunshine. I never remember so beautiful a day at sea.

I didn't know then that they had never met. It seemed strange, in a way. But such things can very well happen in Hollywood.

SHE spent very little time in the film capital when she wasn't actually working. It was her theory that you needed to get away between pictures, to see what the rest of the world was doing and saying and thinking. So, as you know, you always heard of her on the Riviera, at Palm Beach in the season, or in New York to see the latest plays. Sometimes she took a house in Honolulu for a month or two or went cruising on some friend's yacht. She was enormously popular with the Society crowd and her name appeared as often in Cholly Knickerbocker as it did in Louella Parsons or Winchell. And, of course, when she was in Hollywood working she went out very little—on the set early, home to bed at nine, following a Spartan routine of diet and exercise and rest to keep fit for the camera.

As for him—well, sports were always his hobby. He was a man's man in spite of his great popularity with women. Shot golf in the low seventies, owned a couple of race horses, and sailed his own boat up and down the California coast. His wife—that gentle and lovely lady—understood him perfectly. She made a business of being a screen star's wife. She did it with a gentle humor, her sweet mouth curved, her eyebrows lifted as though he were a small, bad boy she had to take care of. Even when rumor and gossip connected his name with that of some other woman, she always seemed to be amused and a little worried for his sake, never angry or jealous on her own.

So they had never met until I introduced them that day on the upper deck.

I had come up just before lunch, rested and relaxed, glorying in the fact that there wasn't a telephone aboard, taking this little span of uninterrupted days as a heaven-sent gift between the hard work I had just finished in New York and the job I had to do in England. I could let down with a clear conscience and enjoy the bright days and the deck chairs.

I met her on deck as I was doing my first mile.

Even in that first moment I realized why she wanted to get away from Hollywood. I don't think anyone, seeing her then, would have taken

her for a movie star. She had on a short blue skirt, flat shoes, a woolly white sweater and her hair was blowing in a lot of rippling, natural curls. No make-up. It changed the shape of her eyes so that they were no longer slanted and cozening, no longer shadowed with unbelievable lashes, but delicately round and gay and friendly. It made her look younger and prettier, even if she wasn't so glamorous.

WE fell into step together and went around two or three times in silence. There was a splendid breeze that whipped the wind into your cheeks and the sun was hot and the sea like glass. Finally, we went up on the top deck and there he was, playing deck tennis with a young Hollywood writer and a couple of college boys, around twenty, who almost fell overboard at sight of her.

When they stood looking at each other—he was hot and sweating and very pleased with the day and himself and the game—I introduced them and said, "But it isn't possible you don't know each other."

But so it was. They laughed about it a good deal. He went back to his game and we sat down and watched them. She said, "He's not at all like I expected. One usually expects men with his reputation to be—well, rather dreadful. He's—nice."

As for that, I thought, you've a reputation of your own, my girl. You've had three or four headline romances, what with one thing and another. If you come right down to it, you're a pair.

THAT night they danced together. We had dined, four or five of us, in the smart upper deck restaurant. The music was enticing. She wore something made of wine-red velvet, very simple, and a ruby bracelet around her left wrist and a ruby clip between her breasts. When they danced, I wondered why they had never been cast opposite each other in a picture. They were so perfectly matched in tempo, in character, in poise. Like two fencers, equally matched, laughing a little at each other, well aware of each other, her head sleek and shining against his shoulder.

Oh, I thought, these are grown-up intelligent people, who are too well-bred to be openly cynical, but who understand the art of living, of enjoying, of having a good time. Love is a game to them, and they know all the moves, all the gambits, and they are champions at it. It must be great fun to play at love like that, for it is a game that has so many angles.

We were six days crossing. Two days out we unexpectedly ran into a storm that delayed our elegant and serene passage. I remember running into them during that storm. I like storms myself and had gone outside to see it. I came around a wind-swept corner and saw them—her lovely face lifted to his, lost in his glance. I knew that he was going to kiss her. I knew that they had forgotten the storm, the wind, everything but each other.

Of course, everyone on the boat knew. You couldn't help but know, seeing those two

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I came around a wind-swept corner and saw them—her lovely face lifted to his, lost in his glance. They had forgotten the storm, the wind—everything but each other



# MARRIAGE IS A LAUGHING

*The Gene Raymonds have successfully hurdled that first year of matrimony—that supposedly awful, awful first year. This is how they did it!*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IT was suddenly quiet in the Raymond-MacDonald living room as we all stopped to catch our breaths from laughing. That was what gave me the hunch.

"You two have been married almost a year now, haven't you?" I asked.

"Lacking exactly twenty-seven days, four hours and nine minutes," said Gene.

"And you are still laughing all the time?"

They obliged by laughing again and nodded their heads in assent.

"What about laughter as a basis for a perfect marriage?" I persisted.

"Would you be making a noise like an interviewer?" Gene demanded.

"Well, why not? I might as well admit that I was pretty suspicious of all that sweetness and light published about you two a little over a year ago, just before you were married. You sounded simply too happy to be true; but, after all, no people in your position stay married unless they really have a good time of it.

"So far you have solved the problem that has broken up almost every Hollywood romance—two stars, two careers, all that handicap stuff, and getting through the first year, that supposedly awful first year of marriage, and you both still looking so beamingly content and . . ."

Miss MacDonald spoke from behind those lovely teeth of hers in the sinister voice of the villainess in the old melodramas.

"And me laughing all the time," she muttered darkly. "And at what things?" She swung an enormous orb in the direction of her lord and master.

Mr. Raymond set his teeth. "You laughing?" he hissed, sounding just like Basil Rathbone on a clear day.

"What about me, my fair beauty? Would you like me to tell about the time we went searching for sunshine, searching it in Arizona, the state which you selected to find it in? Shall I tell that to let our friend here know how we laughed and laughed that time?"

The loveliest voice on the screen suddenly honied over like the voices of all the obedient wives in the world.

"Yes, dear," purred Mrs. Raymond.

"And you won't interrupt?"

"Yes, dear," she purred again.

"You mean you will interrupt?"

"Oh, yes, dear."

Gene turned his back on her with what was intended to represent sternness. "Ignore her," he said to me. "That search for Arizona sunshine happened this way . . . and it will give you a fair idea of what I have suffered for this marriage.

"My wife, that redheaded woman over there, desired sunshine. We have it in Los Angeles, you know. In fact, the place is famous for it.

But that brand wasn't good enough for her. She had to go away and get sun. I suggested a place called Palm Springs. Thousands from all parts of the country migrate there seasonally just for the sun. But no. That sunshine wouldn't do for her, either. We had, by chance, been in Palm Springs once before when it rained down there. It does rain there, very, very occasionally. But she had to act as though it always poured in Palm Springs. And she had heard somewhere that the sun absolutely positively always shone in Arizona."

Gene turned back toward Mrs. Gene.

"You had heard that, hadn't you, darling?"

"Yes, dear," answered Miss MacDonald.

"And you really planned the whole trip?"

"Yes, dear."

"And I consented to go because . . ."

"Yes, dear."

"Hey, what is this?" demanded Gene.

"A sound track," announced Jeanette's voice in deep tones.

She was stretched out on the couch by now and her eyes were closed so that you couldn't be positive but what she might be talking in her sleep.

"IGNORE her," said Gene, turning back to me. "This is the way it happened. We packed up and left Los Angeles on a beautiful balmy afternoon but as we were coming into Flagstaff I heard a low gasp from my bride. It seems it was morning. Of course I wouldn't know that for you know where I was, don't you? Yes—in the upper. My bride, being down in the lower where the windows are, had pulled up the shade and was looking out. 'Oh, Gene,' she was asking. 'What do you think I see?'"

"Well, what do you see?" I asked. "From my vantage point I can't see a thing. I'll bet you're seeing beautiful sunshine."

"No," she said, "I'm seeing snow."

"Now that made everything dandy because, since Los Angeles is in the semi-tropics and Palm Springs the desert and we were supposed to be coming into even brighter and warmer sun than either of them offered (at least according to what my bride said), I had packed neither overcoat nor woolens.

"But there we were, and since my wife had planned for us to go to some near-by ranch, and since that was as far as our train went anyhow, we got out.

"And it was indeed snowing and the temperature was somewhere within friendly distance of about nine below zero. There was the man to drive us to the ranch, too, but, after a little chat with him, my wife found out that the real place for sunshine wasn't Flagstaff, anyhow, but Prescott, a mere drop of 3,500 feet in altitude from where we were.



One happy benedict—Gene Raymond

"DID you ever drop 3,500 feet in altitude in a matter of just a few hours? And did you ever make the drop in a rickety old car, with the driver taking his hands off the wheel every little while to point out the scenery? No? Well, I assure you it is a thrill, but a honey you could get along without very nicely.

"I must say for my bride, though, that she never said a word. Of course, perhaps she was merely trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

"We just rode along mile after mile and both of us tried to appear absolutely fascinated by the scenery. All I could think of was that I hoped we could get to Prescott alive and find a nice, hot meal somewhere.

"Finally, however, we did get to Prescott and I trust I never hit a place that is damper and chillier than it was there that noon. But by this time Mrs. Raymond had learned, somehow or other, that the place for sunshine wasn't Prescott, after all. The place was Phoenix. So we kept our teeth clenched and said we must laugh, we must laugh, over and over to ourselves and discovered that we could get a bus to Phoenix. It was leaving almost immediately but we had time for a bite, they said, at the restaurant across the square.

"We rushed over there, with visions in mind of sizzling chicken, great piles of vegetables, steaming coffee and discovered that today's dish was cold roast beef. They did have the coffee, though. So we climbed up on twin stools and ate that roast beef washed down with weak coffee. Then we made a run for the bus.

"Another joy I'll bet you've never had, you lucky girl, is to go down a mountain road in a bus. Do they rock you! We sat back in our seats with that cold roast beef sliding from side to side and made up our minds we wouldn't be sick and pretended that we were going to sleep. But the man in back of us had asthma, so that was that.



# MATTER



The camera charts the history of the MacDonald-Raymond grin: it started when the bride and groom stepped down the aisle; was still going strong, a year later, on a New York holiday

## His marital accomplice—Jeanette MacDonald

"Eventually, after what seemed a month, we did get to Phoenix. I had only one idea. To get into the hotel and go to bed.

"Upon arrival in our rooms, however, my bride decided that the bed wasn't wide enough for her. I never looked at my bed, but no, she had to have a double bed. So finally we got that put up in the other room and I crawled into my single cot and off to slumber I went.

"But not for long. I had been asleep for what seemed two weeks to me when I became conscious of a flashlight being flashed right over my eyes. I sat up, expecting to see at least a burglar, but you know who it was, don't you?"

"Me, the heavy," supplied Jeanette.

"Ignore her," ordered Gene. "But that is who it was.

"What on earth?" I demanded of her.

"I can't sleep," she said.

"Well, what am I supposed to do about it?" I asked.

"You are supposed to wake up and tell me a story that will put me to sleep," she said.

"I just gazed at her for a moment and then I remembered that we were the wonderful Raymonds. We always laughed. So I said then I would tell her about the history of Arizona.

"You see, knowing we were coming to Arizona to seek sunshine, I had looked up a book on the place.

"Well, the history of Arizona ought to put me to sleep," said Jeanette. So I launched forth . . .

Gene got up and began strutting around the room in a magnificent burlesque of himself telling the story.

"Well, I began talking that history big," he said. "I told her about the winning of the old

West. I told her about the Indian wars and our brave boys fighting to make it free for us." He waved his arms around in mock bravado. "Was I terrific? I'll say I was. I put Mrs. Raymond to sleep almost at once. She slumbered like a babe, lying on the bed that had been too narrow for her.

"But me! Ah, there you have something. I'd got myself so excited over those Indians that I couldn't go to sleep for hours."

"He did, though," murmured Jeanette from the couch. "He got to sleep around six but I woke up around eight, not knowing that, and I wanted to go horseback riding and I woke him up to tell him, didn't I, dear?"

Gene gave her a look. "You did, indeed, dear," he said.

He sat down, shaking his head in mock sor-

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# MUSSOLINI—

## MOVIE STAR



Star Il Duce in the rôles of dictator and father—two scenes from "The Private Life of Mussolini"

*When dictator turns leading man—pity the poor producer! Presenting the headaches and high lights in filming the private life of Italy's Public Hero No. 1*

BY EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

**E**DITORIAL note: the author of this amazing article modestly omits what we believe to be an important fact in connection with the filming of episodes in the life of one of the world's great men—namely, that Mr. Hullinger's trip to Italy to make "The Private Life of Mussolini" was conducted entirely on an unofficial basis. Yet, with no formal entree into government inner circles, he was successful in obtaining the right to film the first complete screen biography ever made of Il Duce. A remarkable motion picture resulted, highlights of which are presented here.

**BENITO MUSSOLINI** is a movie star.

He has just completed his first picture, taking the part of himself in a feature pictorializing his private life.

To his already widely diversified rôles of dictator of Italy, holder of many cabinet portfolios, journalist, playwright and aviator, he has now added that of leading man on the screen.

Along with Clark Gable and William Powell, he is an "attraction" among the flickering marquee lights above the box office.

I have just returned from Italy and from producing this picture, the first screen biography, I believe, ever made of a living world statesman.

For years he has been an ardent picture fan (Mussolini's enthusiasm for movies is common talk in Europe; he personally censors all the newsreels produced in Italy) but not until now has Il Duce consented to step before the klieg lights and submit himself to one of the most exacting of all tests, the test of the screen.

**HOW**, I have been asked, did he handle himself during the "shootings"? In comparison with his professional screen colleagues, how did he "do his stuff"?

I never have produced a film of William



Powell, but, as a writer in Hollywood, I often watched America's leading screen stars at work on the sets.

In some ways, making a picture of a dictator is just like making any other picture. You use cameras and microphones and artificial lights. You have your leading man.

That's where the difference begins.

Dictators—or at least this dictator—do not care to be dictated to. That meant, for one thing, that direction from behind the cameras was taboo. You could not shout "Cut!" and bully Mussolini into "doing his lines over." Once the shooting of a scene began, it plunged forward to its finale without control. All the control you had was your arrangements in advance and, of course, your scissors when you saw the "rushes." You had to gamble on what took place between times. You got the scene set in

(Continued on page 87)



THE

*Camera*

SPEAKS



The cinema's champion sinner, baddest "bad lady" in the movies—jumpin' Jane Withers, competent cutup in 20th Century-Fox's "Hello Hollywood"

ON THIS AND THE  
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY  
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT  
ITS PICTORIAL BEST



HURRELL PRESENTS . .





... Through Photoplay, these pages of noteworthy unpublished portraits, direct from his personal private files

The ideal Saturday night date of all gallant Romeos in America—Olivia de Havilland. A demure young miss with ingenuous brown eyes and an air faintly reminiscent of hearts and flowers, she is a descendant of English aristocracy, though, paradoxically, she was born in Tokio, Japan. Possessor of a curious penchant for writing poetry in bed, "Livvie" is, otherwise, a normal young person of twenty-two, who likes to sleep fourteen hours a day and dance all night—when she gets the chance. Amateur high-school plays intimated her value to motion-picture scouts; her Technicolor beauty in "Robin Hood" proved it to producers



Reserved bystander at the Hollywood social merry-go-round is this urbane English colonist of Filmtown. An intelligent gentleman, he clings to his pipe and his tweeds by reason of his Surrey background; to his box-office by right of his competent screen love-making. Viking at heart, he sails the high seas often; divides his "land time" between the set of "If I Were King" and the library. An excellent Hurrell portrayal of an excellent actor: Ronald Colman, master of the pleasant white house in Beverly Hills

A small person with a mind of her own—Janet Gaynor, pretty "George-Ann" of "The Young in Heart." Born Laura Gainer in staid Philadelphia, she entered the business world unobtrusively as a shoe-store clerk, sprung dynamically into the film industry by her work in "Seventh Heaven." A freckled little redhead, who, in her thirteen years in films, has run the gamut of fame, failure and return to glory, she is presented here in her true mien: the wistfulness that she has embodied in the American film tradition





## HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ESTATE

**W**HEN a lucky guest enters the Harold Lloyd estate for the first time, he probably pinches himself to see if he'll wake up from the beautiful dream. Before him stretches a fairyland of eighteen acres—grounds which require the services of six gardeners. First, there is the nine-hole golf course—all part of the landscaping. Through it meanders an eight-hundred-foot stream, with three canoes

ready for anyone wishing to explore its length. Feeding the stream is a waterfall with a hundred-foot drop, which on special occasion is lit up at night. There are miles of trails, and the main walk before the house is lined by imported Italian cypress trees. Also, there is a huge water lily pond, a barbecue pit where large parties can be held, hothouses, an apiary and several gardens. For sport lovers there is a walled-in tennis

court, the blue-tiled swimming pool, an indoor handball and squash court with a gallery which accommodates one hundred and thirty people. The children delight in a miniature Normandy playhouse complete with living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom and even boasting an electric stove, running water and a telephone. Harold Lloyd will soon again be seen in "Professor Beware," released by Paramount.





Views of "Greenacres," in Beverly Hills, the house that Harold built. Opposite page: the court and mill; this page: above, the breakfast room; left, pool; below, the library and "Poplar Garden," with its fountain







An irresistible smile—the common property of two charming blondes. French Anna-bella first flashed hers in a Paris school, later won with it actor Jean Murat . . .

. . . whereas Claire Trevor's smile broke the heart of many a college man, gave her the title of all-American coed. At present, it's a career instead of a husband for the single "double" here



English to the core is juvenile Richard Greene, late of the "Atah," now of Hollywood, with—and tie—resembling those of

## "LOOK-ALIKES"



A fifteen-year-old girl with the voice of a mature woman—phenomenal Deanna Durbin, whose twinkling eyes and oval face are almost counterparts of the features . . .



. . . and expression of the First Lady of Hollywood, Norma Shearer. Two fitting "look-alikes" by reason of their Canadian birth, their poised charm, their buoyant spirit



Sisters under the Fox flag—Sonja Henie, brilliant blonde from Norway, whose dimples, smile and sturdy little figure remind one . . .





Robert Taylor, straight from a  
ka town, all-around American  
profile has made millions of  
s (and dollars) flutter



Of Andrea Leeds and Janet Gaynor: "Saw both  
girls at a party comparing the almost identical  
color of their hair and eyes and the way  
they wrinkle their noses when they laugh" . . .



. . . so commented columnist Louella Parsons  
on the similarity which links these two:  
Andrea, a Hollywood newcomer, and Janet,  
who has thirteen years in films to her credit



of another tiny blonde, noted,  
for sparkling footwork. And  
Zanuck says, "... Sonja Henie  
grown-up Shirley Temple."

*We heard these stars resembled each other but,  
like the Man from Missouri, we had to have posi-  
tive proof. These amazing unposed informals from  
Photoplay's files convince us beyond a doubt*



Two golden-haired girls—whose verve and vi-  
tality belie the lazy tradition of the Deep  
South. While one perky lass's nimble feet were  
bringing her closer to fame and fortune . . .



. . . another Southern gal was using her head  
to conquer Broadway. Hollywood brought them  
together; Photoplay finds them twins: Ginger  
Rogers and her "spittin' image," Miriam Hopkins



# Hair Raisers



1914—Beverly Bayne  
Psyche on her mind



1919—Mary Pickford  
Sweet, simple and curlish



1920—Lois Lee  
The wrap-around



1921—Blanche Sweet  
A bad case of shingles



1922—Lila Lee  
Oh rats!



1926—Lois Wilson  
Marcel—that washboard look



1927—Billie Dove  
... and she had a little curl



1928—Alice White  
Gone with the wind



1929—Norma Shearer  
The better to hear you, my



1934—Joan Bennett  
Going up!



1935—Constance Bennett  
The lunatic fringe



1936—Ginger Rogers  
Page Ginger!



1937—Sylvia Sydney  
Roll your own!





1915—Marjorie Rambeau  
Heavy hangs on thy head



1916—Blanche Sweet  
Wild and woolly wistfulness



1917—Irene Castle  
First bob—revolution!



1918—Doris Lee  
Wartime bigwig



1923—Barbara La Marr  
Strike up the band



1924—Gloria Swanson  
Patent leather finish



1925—Norma Talmadge  
Hothouse flower—made by hand



1926—Clara Bow  
The flapper's bounding mane



1930—Greta Garbo  
Slick, sleek and slinky



1931—Dolores Del Rio  
... the pug came tumbling after



1931—Kay Francis  
Male order for charm



1932—Laura La Plante  
"Dipped"—in more ways than one



1938—Loretta Young and Barbara Read  
A salute to the present!



*Herewith Photoplay's hysterical his-*

*tory of three decades of "crowning*

*glory" brainstorm on the distaff side*





Latest International Alliance—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Danielle Darrieux in Universal's Comedy, "The Rage of Paris"





# ANKY BOY

Scotch-Irish product of Indiana and Princeton—James Stewart, first of his kind on the screen and "tickled pink" about it. Long, lean and likeable, he ambled his ingenuous way from stock, to Broadway, to Hollywood, where his drawl, his cowlick and his brilliance made him box-office. Veteran of a few "very light" loves, he now concentrates his affections on "Son," his police dog, his talents on "Shopworn Angel." His impression of himself on the screen? "All arms and legs!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING LIPPMAN





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2



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# W H O S E ?

Each object on these pages is associated with some famous star. If you know your movies and movie gossip, filling in the owners' names in the blanks below should be child's play. If the going's hard, see page 79

- |        |         |
|--------|---------|
| 1..... | 10..... |
| 2..... | 11..... |
| 3..... | 12..... |
| 4..... | 13..... |
| 5..... | 14..... |
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As the bearer of a future pot of gold, Zanuck has chosen photogenic Arleen Whelan, ex-Hollywood manicurist. Leading lady in her first rôle: the "Jeannie" in 20th Century-Fox's "Kidnapped"



Veteran of films is sixteen-year-old Helen Parrish, who appeared in movies at the age of two. A comeback staged in "Mad About Music" won her a contract—and high praise at Universal



Night-club protégée of Benny Rubin, Ann Miller has proved the value of her nimble feet to RKO by four successful rôles. She has now been loaned to an eager Columbia for "You Can't Take It With You"

Four years ago, a fourteen-year-old blonde came to Hollywood on a two weeks' vacation—and remained to become a movie star: Universal's child of genius—Nan Grey of "Danger on the Air"



## WHITE HOPES

On the dark eyes, bright smile and intrinsic talent of Southern Marjorie Weaver, 20th Century-Fox pins its faith. Coed winner of a beauty contest, she was spotted by a scout, coaxed to Hollywood, where, today, she wins uncontested laurels in "Three Blind Mice"







ita—slender, olive-skinned Mexican, studios' "perfect Polynesian type." duct of a vaudeville act, she clicked Mutiny on the Bounty," was appointed ogram's future box-office prop



Graduate of Broadway's white lights is Louise Campbell, prime starlet at Paramount. Emigrating West, she passed her preliminary film quiz in six pictures, graduates now to "Men With Wings"



Baby of the Lane sisters—peppery Priscilla. A twenty-one-year-old blonde with theatrical training, she has an eye to the future and (in "Cowboy from Brooklyn") her feet solidly on the Warners' ground

rinkled with stardust are these meteoric young-  
ers on whom Hollywood producers have pinned  
their hopes for creating stars with box-office magic

In a schoolgirl outfit she flashed across the screen as the young victim in "They Won't Forget"—and people came away talking. Personal find of Mervyn Le Roy is "The Sweater Girl"—Lana Turner, now the choice of M-G-M for "Love Finds Andy Hardy"



Imported delicacy who made Mickey Rooney's heart flutter (with box-office results) in "Judge Hardy's Children" is Jacqueline Laurent, late of French films, now of M-G-M's promising roster







Box office's King and Queen hold court again on the M-G-M lot, and here is the first picture on the first day, with newcomer admitted to the charmed circle. This time it's Walter Pidgeon in "The Hot to Handle" who completes the trio instead of Spencer Tracy of "Test Pilot" far



# Cal York's



Janet Gaynor, minus Tyrone Power, plus a wisp of a hat, an orchid corsage and handsome Richard Carlson (latest Broadway import) makes a new equation—answer yet unsolved. Right: George Raft plus Virginia Pine totals one long-standing romance



## GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

*Presenting the low-down on the high  
jinks of filmtown—as jotted down  
by our wily Coast G-Man York*

### They Do Say:—

**TYRONE POWER** is casting longing eyes in Sonja Henie's direction once again—and little Sonja admits she's never lost her fondness for "Ty" . . .

Katharine Hepburn is slated for *Scarlett*—if the public will accept her. How do you feel about it, by the way? . . .

It's love and probably marriage between Mary Maguire and Joseph Schenck, 20th Century-Fox producer . . .

Despite all studio attempts to make Richard Greene another young man-about-town with the ladies he remains loyal to his very first American sweetheart—Arleen Whelan. . . .

### Guilty, Wayne?

**PERSISTENT** rumors are making the rounds that Wayne Morris is taking his screen luck just a mite too importantly for any good.

A very prominent actor who was recently co-starred in a picture in which young Morris

played, tells of meeting the blond actor at a recent gathering. Rushing up to the star, Wayne is said to have shouted, "Boy, I've just seen the preview of my new picture. Wait 'til you see it."

The silence that followed was deep as a sea.

Let's hope Wayne, who is really a most likeable kid, gets hep to himself, in time.

### Is It Love—Or Is It?

**WHO** would ever think PHOTOPLAY, at its age, would turn out to be a Danny Cupid de luxe?

Yet it happened. At our Hollywood party in honor of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, one Michael Whalen came over breathing questions in our ear.

"Who is she? She's marvelous. She's wonderful. I must meet her."

We looked over and discovered Michael's object of adoration was none other than the lovely Ilona Massey.

So, leading over an excited Michael to a calm Ilona, we spoke their names.

That was as far as we got. They just sat there absorbed in each other.

And now Hollywood's greatest romance is Michael and Ilona. The two are seen constantly together.

Recently, in the corset section of a local department store, we ran head on into Michael waiting patiently for his mother.

"I can't thank you enough," he enthused. "It's the romance of my life."

So PHOTOPLAY takes a bow for furnishing its own "Who's going with whom" material.

### French Accent on a Practical Joke

**THE** French wife of Fernand Gravet is wading through the intricate and weighty business of learning English.

A wag, meeting her at the studio, offered to help. "If you want to please and surprise Fernand with your progress, say to him when he arrives home this evening, 'You are a ham.'"

Delighted Mrs. Gravet memorized the line and waited for her handsome husband's return.

"Fernand," she cried "you are a—" and then stopped. "I have mislaid the word," she cried. "Oh, I am sorry."

"What does it sound like?" Fernand urged.

"Oh, it was lovely, I am sure. Something so nice. Oh I am so sorry."

The Gravets are still wondering about the lost and so-beautiful word.

### Rudy, How Could You?

**HOLLYWOOD** is still in a well-maybe-we're-wrong daze.

It seems the first day Rudy Vallee reported on the "Gold Diggers in Paris" set, he carried a book under his arm. Between each scene Rudy would hurry back to his book, feverishly turning the pages.

"What's he reading?" Allen Jenkins kept asking everyone.

"I think it's a mystery story," Rosemary Lane replied. "No other kind of book could be so absorbing."

However, no member of the cast could ever



# ICE SKATING

★ *Every* AFTERNOON... 2:30 to 5:00  
EVENING... 8:00 to 10:45  
SAT. & SUN. MORNING 9:30 to 12:00

WORLD'S *Greatest* MUSICAL REVUE  
**ICE FOLLIES of 1938**  
DIRECT FROM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK  
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT... NIGHTLY at 8:30 *Starling SAT.*



The Ice Follies of 1938 brought out the town. Myrna Loy and husband Arthur Hornblow made an informal evening of it . . .

. . . while J. Walter Ruben kept a formal date with a lovely blonde—Virginia Bruce Ruben



get close enough to the book to find out, until one day Rudy carried the book from his set dressing room and carelessly laid it down on a chair.

With one fell swoop the cast was on the book.

It was called "How to Act." Rudy was then on the chapter dealing with repression and its value.

## Hollywood on Trial

**A** THIN wisp of a woman, still girlish in spite of more than thirty years before the footlights, tells an amazed reporter: "I am definitely through with films," in commenting on an offer of \$85,000 for one picture.

Helen Hayes, who reached cinematic heights in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "A Farewell to Arms," ignores Hollywood to do one-night stands on the road in her sensational stage success, "Victoria Regina." In her devotion to the theater as opposed to the more lucrative field of motion-picture acting she is like such other stage favorites as Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Gertrude Lawrence and Ruth Gordon, all deserving of the term: "Great."

Some years ago, Miss Fontanne made one picture for M-G-M, "The Guardsman," which was a great artistic success but made no money. In the early talkie days, Gertrude Lawrence

made several pictures, but the results were so unfortunate that the very sight of a motion-picture studio makes her ill.

Neither Katharine Cornell nor Ruth Gordon has ever faced the camera. True, neither is beautiful in a conventional sense, yet each is far from unattractive. There is no reason why, with the aid of expert make-up and skilled photography, they should not emerge as extremely personable on the screen.

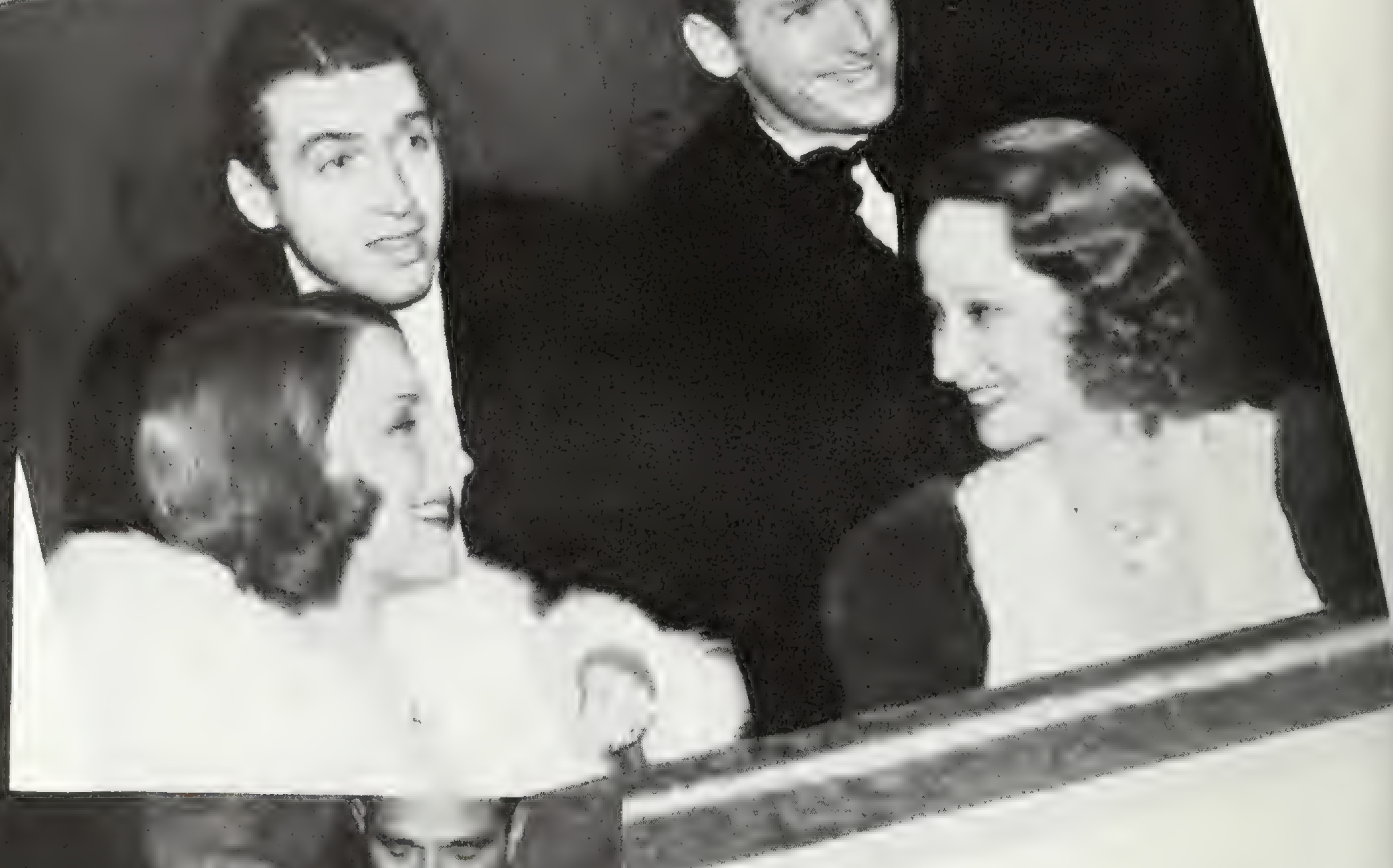
What is there about motion pictures which makes them refuse to make so much as a motion-picture test?

Is it because they have seen other fine actresses, such as Julie Haydon, Helen Chandler and Zita Johann, all of whom have youth as well as great acting talent, ignored and mis-handled simply because Hollywood producers seemed unable to bring out to the fullest their rare and unique talents?

Is it because of the impersonal methods necessary in the studios geared to turn out a great many pictures each year?

Whatever the reason, fans are being deprived of an opportunity to enjoy the greatest acting talent of our age.

Hollywood owes this debt to the legions of motion-picture devotees who have helped to make it the rich, powerful industry it now is. The question now is what are we, the film-going public, going to do about it?



In the spotlight were Jimmy Stewart, Doug, Jr. and those two inseparables, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon, who agree on the glamour of white for after-dark

## Preview Peep of a Newcomer—

**HIS** name is John Litel. Already fans are beginning to write in about the smoothness of his work and to ask questions about Warner Brothers' newest contribution to films. So, just so you can be ahead of the parade, we tell you:

He's direct from the New York stage. His father, a Wisconsin banker, insisted his son follow the family profession. He became an actor instead—only to play the banker friend of Kay Francis in "My Bill." He's so tickled to exchange the uncertainty of the stage for the security of movies and his orange ranch, he can't see straight. Thinks actors who keep yelling for the stage are blockheads.

Joined up with the French during the early stage of the World War and can tell stories 'til the cows come home. Pours coffee over his vanilla ice cream, has gone wild over petunia planting in his garden, knows how to meet all kids on a man-to-man basis and has stirred the fancy of all theater-goers in "Little Miss Thor-oughbred," "Alcatraz Island" and others.

What's more, he's a honey. Take our word!

## Farewell to Fans and Fame

"I'll occasionally make a picture if they want me—providing I'm in California and providing it fits in with my husband's plans," Kay Francis told us recently over the telephone, "but otherwise the day I marry I'm finished with pictures as a career. I always said marriage and movies wouldn't mix, remember?"

"Well, I meant that."

And so, with the pealing of wedding bells, a beautiful actress says farewell to fans and fame. "A good sport," Hollywood agrees. "Kay took the hard luck with chin up, no alibis and no tears of regret."

They refer to the recent series of "B" pictures handed Kay by her studio. Without a word, Kay accepted her lot and gave them her best.



Seen at the Phil Selznick Café: Hank Fonda, minus his spouse, and Josephine Hutchinson, minus her bonnet. Also sans chapeau, Simone Simon (below) squirmed by Joan Bennett's "ex," Gene Markey



"A good 'A' picture would have meant new life and a new beginning to Kay," Hollywood says. "Instead she took what they gave her and made a graceful exit."

Cheerio and good luck to Kay Francis, then, a beautiful lady who played the game.

### The "Four Men" Go Wrong

**REUNION** in Vienna, the glamorous plot of yesterday's theater, has its rival in a recent Reunion in Hollywood. Only the latter is no playwright's pipe dream but is actually a real-life happening.

It seems Loretta Young decided to invite her four leading men of "Four Men And A Prayer" to a reunion luncheon. The boys, David Niven, George Sanders, Richard Greene and Bill Henry all accepted gladly, but, in a little pre-luncheon huddle, decided that a movie star's idea of luncheon couldn't possibly appease Four Hungry Men and an Appetite.

"You know how they eat," Niven said, "like a butterfly. I think it a jolly idea for each of us to stoke up on a round or two of hamburgers first. What say?"

So they stoked.

"Sorry, boys," Loretta greeted them, "but we've gone to no extra fuss. You'll eat just what I eat every day for lunch."

Niven passed out a see-what-did-I-tell-you look to the other boys and proceeded to the table.

They had soup first. Then a vegetable salad, large portion. Then baked sausages and sauerkraut with vegetables. Hot biscuits with jam followed with rich custard and a generous slice of chocolate cake.

Along about the sausage stopover, young Greene began wilting. At the hot biscuit stage, Niven and Henry turned a fascinating old ivory. Sanders held out to the custard round.

All four boys politely but unsteadily lurched from the table and excused themselves while Loretta looked on in astonishment.

"What's got into them?" she asked herself politely, finishing up all the extra pieces of cake.

The boys were later found on the studio gym floor—moaning softly.

"Four Men and a Stomach Ache" the gym instructor explained to the janitor. "Just let them alone."

### It's Rare in Hollywood!

**GEORGE BRENT**, who has a delectable sense of humor, tells this story on himself.

During the making of "Mountain Justice," Director Michael Curtiz wandered onto the set one day for a visit and, approaching the assistant director, said, "Who plays the girl in this picture?" He was told Josephine Hutchinson.

"Oh, yes, and who plays the father?" The answer was Robert Barrat.

"Oh," said Curtiz, "and who plays the hero?"

"George Brent," came the answer, whereupon, Curtiz threw one hand up in the air, crying, "Stop, I have enough," and went goose-stepping off the set.

(Continued on page 70)



Brian Aherne gives a party at the Victor Hugo before sailing for England. Above: Maureen O'Sullivan, the host, Andrea Leeds. Below: Herbert Marshall, Countess di Frasso, Edmund Goulding







★ **WHITE BANNERS**—Warners



★ **TROPIC HOLIDAY**—Paramount

**S**TERN and stuffed with preachments, this sad story has a few things in its favor. One is manly Jackie Cooper's nice acting as a sixteen-year-old who needs regeneration. Out of the storm to a poor inventor's family comes Fay Bainter, whose saintly qualities get sticky at times; she takes over the household, eggs the professor-inventor, Claude Rains, on to devising the first electric refrigerator, nurses Bonita Granville through pneumonia and gets a glint in her eye periodically when she sees Jackie. This is because, in reality, he's her illegitimate son. Out of all this comes a series of lectures on the "turn the other cheek" philosophy; Jackie's conversion into a young scientist; and a fine renunciation scene when the boy's father returns.

**P**RODUCER ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR., deserves a hand-embroidered sombrero for this comedy musical. It is swell summer fare. It is also timely, with the headlines screaming Mexico. And Mexico it is—not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight, but a sleepy coastal town, where Ray Milland, a screwy Hollywood writer, goes to get an idea for a screen romance. He finds love with Dorothy Lamour, a native in a skirt this time—with ruffles! Fireworks pop when Ray's screen star lady friend learns she's been jilted.

The tropical settings, the Ensenada Singers, the Dominguez Brothers' Marimba Band, Tito Guizar's songs—all are elegant. Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both toned down, are consequently really funny.

# The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE  
NEW PICTURES

## THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **HOLIDAY**—Columbia



★ **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**—  
20th Century-Fox



★ **LORD JEFF**—M-G-M

**W**ITH all the fuss about Katharine Hepburn and exhibitors complaining that she is not box-office, this has a special interest in that it presents her in a more appealing fashion than ever before. The hurried, accented speech, so susceptible to parody, has almost disappeared; she is warm and sincere and distinctly interesting. "Holiday" itself has always been a distinguished story, although in 1938 it will seem a little dated. You can't ask a recession-ridden audience to weep over the unhappiness of people who are so filthy rich they live in a house like an apartment hotel, and don't know what to do with their money.

Cary Grant, inimitably reassuring in this somewhat solemn shriek against the evil of piling up riches, plays the philosophical young businessman who falls in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions. He wants to get enough money together to take a holiday and find himself; she wants him to go into her father's bank and slave. There follows nearly an hour and a half of discussion about this, with Miss Hepburn, Doris' rebellious elder sister, pulling for Cary—whom she, unhappily, loves also. This version is much longer than the one Ann Harding made, and much more talkative. George Cukor has directed it at a leisured pace and each portrayal is a masterpiece in itself, especially that of Lew Ayres as the disillusioned and drunken younger brother. Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon both do a sympathetic job as amiable, if poor, friends of Grant's.

**M**R. ZANUCK calls this an American Cavalcade told in music and there can be no better way to describe it. After a series of mediocre productions this gorgeous picture is a reminder that Hollywood can still give out with the best entertainment in the world. Filled with nostalgic melody, lavishly created, splendidly directed and with a cast of beautiful and talented people, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is directly appealing to every type of theater-goer.

The story begins on the Barbary Coast thirty years ago when a Nob Hill renegade to ragtime, Tyrone Power, discovers the music of Irving Berlin's "Ragtime Band" in a honky tonk and introduces it. Don Ameche plays the piano in Tyrone's little group and Alice Faye, a cheap-looking café singer, does the warbling. As Power adjusts her to his standards of taste, love comes to them; the band rises to success, Alice becomes a musical-comedy star and Ameche turns song writer. Then War—Tyrone and Alice quarrel, he goes to the front, and she marries Don. After the Armistice Tyrone returns to build Alexander's band once more to phenomenal heights and the picture culminates romantically and melodically at Carnegie Hall.

The thread of story is not too exceptional, although it has one magnificent climax in the renunciation scene. More important is that one man's music, played in 1938, can recapture so completely three decades of American social history. Ethel Merman, Jack Haley, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley and others deliver exceptional performances.

**S**INCE Freddie Bartholomew has grown out of the Eton collar stage, his studio has been hard put to find perfect stories for him. This one seems to be a kind of answer, although in it he must again share all honors (as in "The Devil Is a Sissy" and "Captains Courageous") with that fine young actor, Mickey Rooney.

Freddie plays a rich orphan boy who's the dupe of jewel thieves. When he's caught, he's sent to a British merchant marine training school where he meets Mickey, boy petty officer. Antagonism grows between the two kids, and Freddie's adjusted adolescent mind leads him into trouble from which Mickey, unwilling, but spurred by a sense of duty, must rescue him. It's a story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship.

Charles Coburn and Herbert Mundin both have excellent opportunities and use them, but Gale Sondergaard (still remembered for her knockout performance in "Anthony Adverse") is not at her best. The most consistent scene stealer is a tiny lad named Terry Kilburn, who, despite Rooney's salty performance, and the brave little appeal of Bartholomew, succeeds wholly in capturing the audience's heart.

Director Sam Wood's direction of the marine scenes in the English Navy is as fine as in those he created for "Navy Blue and Gold" and will hold interest for any one in these days of "big navy" talk. The entire picture is so pure, you may bring the entire family. They will enjoy it immensely.





**GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners**



★ **THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal**



★ **THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox**

**THE** Frères Warner have made another musical. Our impulse is to repeat that sentence until all the space is used up, but this one deserves special comment because it has an amusing story twist, Rudy Vallee and the Schnickelfritz Band in it. Mistaken identity is used to the hilt, with Hugh Herbert, as a French representative (ugh), thinking Vallee's Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet group and inviting them to the Paris Exposition. They go, get into trouble, save everything by presenting their own show.

Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. The best numbers are "I Wanna Go Back to Bali" and "A Stranger in Patee." Production is lavish, of course, with plenty of Berkeley girls.

**IT** was probably inevitable that Universal would introduce new star Danielle Darrieux in a comedy. The surprising thing is that Darrieux took the tired script and made it successful entertainment. As a French girl out of work, she sets out to get a rich husband—and, by golly, gets one. Louis Hayward, who apparently drips with the necessary, is snapping at her bait when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., comes along, kidnaps the gal, takes her to his mountain lodge. At this point there is much cute business which Darrieux carries off hilariously.

Both Hayward and Doug, Jr., live up to Miss Darrieux's pace. Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer are very chipper—but watch the stars shine for the newcomer. Enfin—Heigh Ho the Darrieux!

**THREE** sisters, living on a chicken farm, get a legacy, decide to spend the money to secure a rich husband for one sister. Lots are drawn. Loretta Young wins. In Santa Barbara, chosen as the base of the trio's man hunt, there are two men. One, Joel McCrea, looks rich but isn't; the other, David Niven, both looks it and is. Loretta chooses Joel; finds he's broke; takes David. Then Joel comes back, says "But we love each other"—and she goes back to him. The other sisters, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore, are then constrained to find a solution that will reconcile wealth and love.

This is the prize package of all recent stories about predatory girls, but you will find it amusing. Wise-cracking Binnie Barnes takes top honors.

## SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

### THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

<b>Alexander's Ragtime Band</b>	<b>Tropic Holiday</b>
<b>Holiday</b>	<b>White Banners</b>
<b>Lord Jeff</b>	<b>The Rage of Paris</b>
<b>Hold That Kiss</b>	<b>Yellow Jack</b>
<b>Three Blind Mice</b>	

### BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Tyrone Power in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"  
 Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"  
 Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris"

Fay Bainter in "White Banners"  
 Jackie Cooper in "White Banners"

Mickey Rooney in "Lord Jeff"  
 Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff"

Binnie Barnes in "Three Blind Mice"

Dick Powell in "Cowboy from Brooklyn"

Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack"

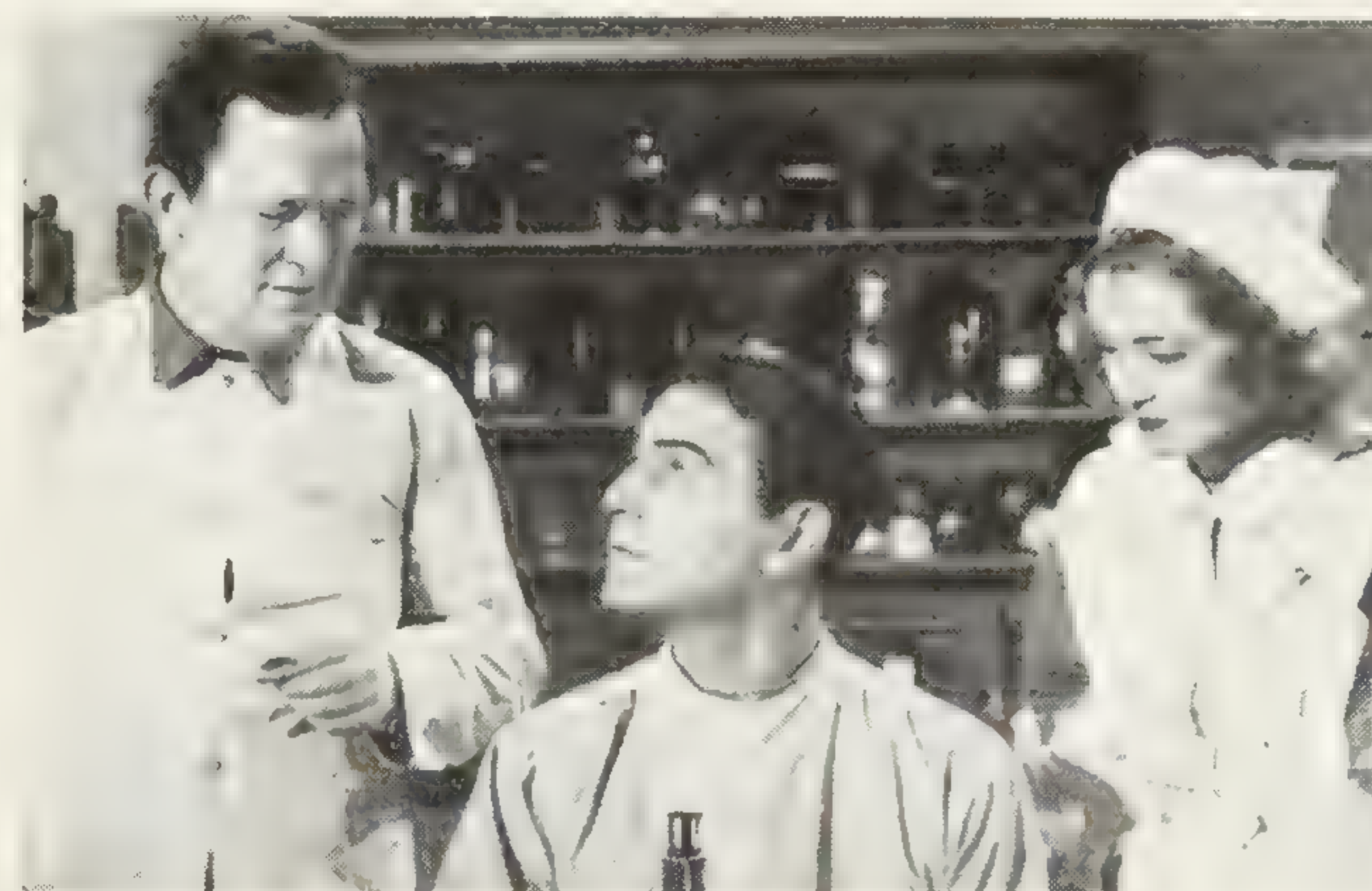
Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday"  
 Cary Grant in "Holiday"

Mickey Rooney in "Hold That Kiss"  
 Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss"



**BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio**

**INTO** this emaciated yarn, transparently thin in spots, Richard Dix manages to inject a neat and wholesome bit of entertainment. Dix poses as a blind sculptor in order to retrieve stolen letters from a museum piece of statuary. Ace, the Wonder Dog, comes in for plenty of honors when the thieves gang up on Dix. Whitney Bourne, Frances Mercer and Eduardo Ciannelli feature in the cast.



**PRISON NURSE—Republic**

**ANOTHER** Big House story dealing with a convict doctor, Henry Wilcoxon, who wins a pardon for his aid in stemming a typhoid fever epidemic in prison. However, just as Wilcoxon is about to be freed, he becomes innocently involved in a prison break and loses his freedom. Marian Marsh and Johnny Arledge complete the cast principals. Dull and pointless throughout, so just skip it.



**THE LADY IN THE MORGUE—Universal**

**REGARDLESS** of the rather gruesome title, this turns out as a breezy high-stepping little mystery tale with Preston Foster once again proving himself a modern Sherlock Holmes. When a woman's body is found in a hotel room with no clues to her identity or her murderer, Foster steps in, and presto-chango—the mystery is solved. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers.

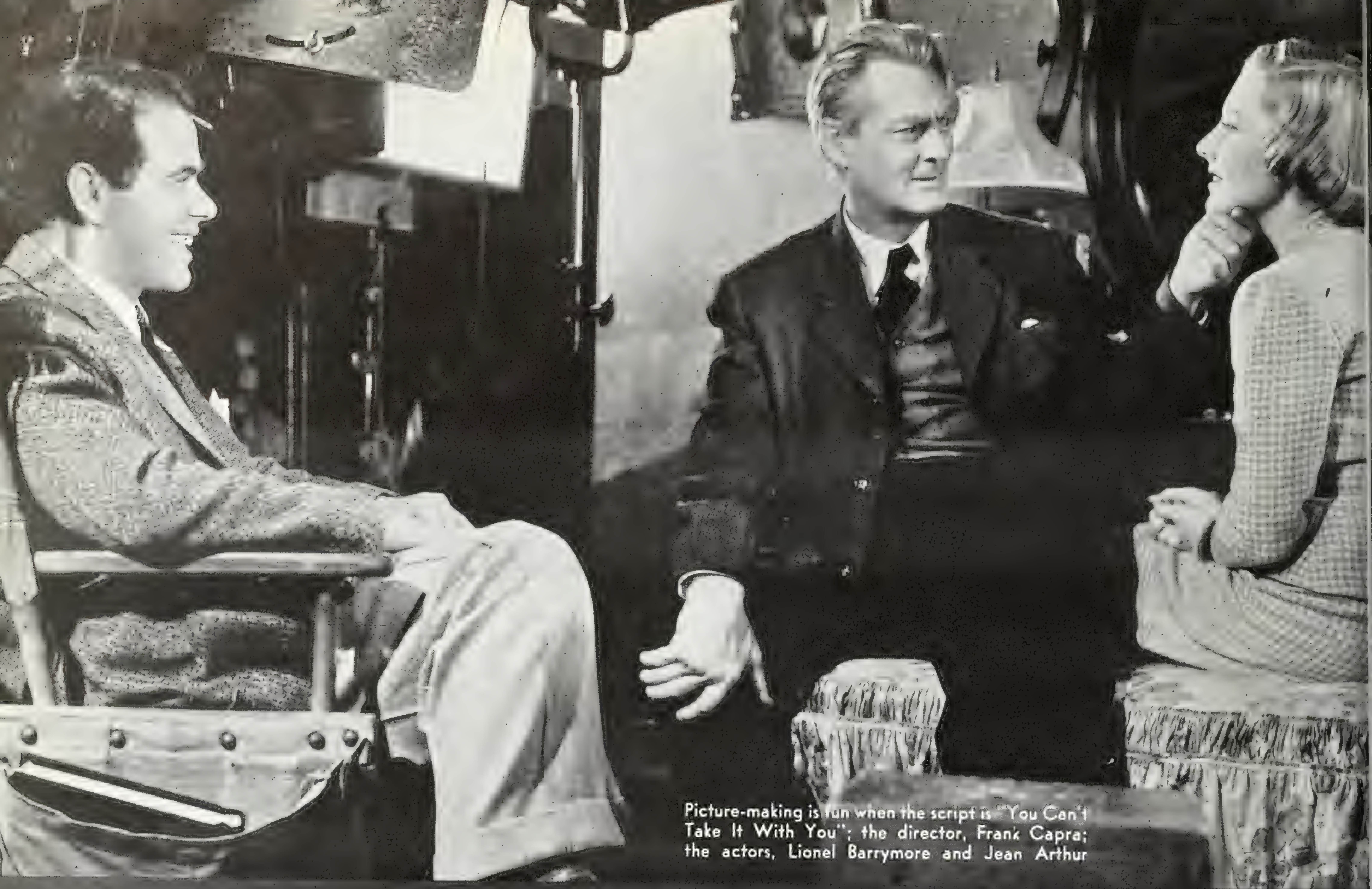


**SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M**

**LAUREL AND HARDY** return to the screen in a picture far below their usual high brand of comedy. The boys, mousetrap salesmen, journey to Switzerland, where they meet Della Lind, who is in love with her composer, Walter Woolf King. Each routine seems stale and reminiscent of Mack Sennett. King and Miss Lind sing pleasingly.

(Continued on page 89)





Picture-making is fun when the script is "You Can't Take It With You"; the director, Frank Capra; the actors, Lionel Barrymore and Jean Arthur

# WE COVER

*Our studio sleuth looks in on summer sets to check up for you on a long list of surprise packages for the fall*

**BY JACK WADE**

**I**F Hollywood is on the spot these days—one thing is certain. It's as busy as a bird dog working its way off.

We heard that the stars weren't clicking and a lot of pictures weren't sticking out in the wide, wide world. So we decided to run right out and see what the studios are doing about it.

And that, take it from us, is plenty!

If this summer's line-up of big pictures doesn't ring the welkin in the fall, then you better get out your old stereoptican slide and view again the wonders of Niagara Falls and Paris After Dark.

But we don't think that will be at all necessary.

For one thing, Frank Capra is back at work,

making "You Can't Take It With You" at Columbia. That's our first stop, because Frank Capra is Hollywood's Medicine Man. He has a genius for giving the movies a "shot in the arm" when they most need it. Remember "It Happened One Night," and "Mister Deeds Goes to Town"?

Well, after watching one big scene of "You Can't Take It With You," we'll risk our roll on another Capra hit. This hilarious but homey Broadway play, by Kaufman and Hart, looks like what the doctor ordered for sagging box-office lines.

**I**T'S delightful and delirious—all about a family of relaxed people who believe in having their fun out of life while they're on earth to enjoy it.

We look in on one of the swellest of scenes—the night Jimmy Stewart, a rich boy in love with Jean Arthur, arrives to meet Jean's family. Everything goes wrong for Jean, and the bewildered Jimmy thinks he's in a madhouse. Lionel Barrymore as *Grandpa*, Spring Byington as the fluttery *Penny*, Jimmy, Jean, Sam Hinds, Halliwell Hobbes, Mischa Auer—practically the whole cast joins in the full house of family boners that makes Capra grin from ear to ear, and keeps the assistant director screaming "Quiet!" to down the lusty chuckles of all present—including us.

When a scene is long, fast and furious, with lines overlapping and all the uptakes quick, you'd be surprised how a studio set onlooker loses himself in the action. Three times Capra has to "cut" because of squealing bystanders; only once because an actor muffs a line!

**S**UCH a set we've never seen. It's strewn with household gimcracks and gewgaws that seem to have been assembled from all the swap-shops in the land. It's a prop man's nightmare, too, we learn, because Capra's been shooting the same scene on two stages; one on location ten miles away. Every day they've been hauling the doodads back and forth and putting them in place, like a jigsaw puzzle.

After the "cut" Jean Arthur sweeps by, snooty and unsmiling. Jean does not win our popularity contest in Hollywood, but maybe she doesn't want to be the life of the party. She looks very much the same after her year's hold-out. Columbia used this grand part to lure her back again after her sulk about bad assignments. Still, she doesn't look a bit happy about it.

Jimmy Stewart is more congenial. While he takes an experimental workout on the xylophone, he tells us he's the luckiest guy in the world to get a part in this picture—but someone else tells us that Capra considers himself the lucky one to get Jim. He held up the picture a week, until Jimmy finished "Shopworn Angel"—just couldn't see anyone but that Stewart boy in the part.

We get in a word with Capra, while the Miracle Man leans back in his canvas chair under the camera. We're after his directing secret and we tell him so. "If I had a secret," he smiles genially, "I certainly wouldn't tell it—but I haven't! I just get the right actors and the right script. Then there's nothing to it!"

Well, maybe not. But that "nothing" is quoted at a cool million dollars on the open market in



Anne Shirley, Ralph Morgan, Ruby Keeler and Fay Bainter are involved when the feathers start to fly in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

Hollywood. That "nothing" is the little item that makes every Capra picture the "white hope" of Hollywood. That "nothing," ladies and gentlemen, is one of the greatest assets in the movie business—and "You Can't Take It With You." But oh, how many studios wish they could!

Prospect number two for a greater fall movie menu is steaming up at Selznick International. No—not "Gone with the Wind." In fact, a little sparrow chirped to us that "Jezebel" put a serious crimp in production plans for that too-long delayed picture. As we stalk up the walk to the white colonial Selznick piazza, however, a sign tells us it's "Scarlett Way"—so they're still thinking about it over there, anyway.

"THE YOUNG IN HEART" brings S-I to life again. It also brings Janet Gaynor back to the screen after too, too many months. And how it brings her back! The first thing we notice when we step on the set is Gaynor, or rather Gaynor's graceful gams—or just plain legs, if you prefer. Didn't know she had 'em, did you? Well—you'll see.

For this is the first time in history Janet has ventured the movie world a peep at her pretty supports. She's strolling around in a pirate outfit, as we come up. Big, floppy, skull-and-crossbones hat, shirtwaist and such short panties! It's a shame they're not making this one in Technicolor like Janet's last, "A Star Is Born," because there is no red hair in Holly-



# THE STUDIOS

wood with just that heavenly sheen that Janet's has. And no brown eyes, either.

"The Young In Heart" stems from I. A. R. Wylie's saga of a delightfully irresponsible clan, "The Gay Banditti." It promises to start a new cycle of insane pictures—but this time intelligently insane ones, if that makes sense. Slapstick vulgarity is out—witty dialogue and adultly amusing situations are on the way in. Sophisticated screwballs, as it were. The cast of this ties in with that idea—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke—and a new, smooth lover, Richard Carlson, who'll fling woo with Janet while Doug gets Paulette to pet.

Only Janet and Richard are on hand to thrill us with *amour* today, but Billie Burke, Roland Young and a crowd of brilliantly costumed guests cluster around a gaming table in a Riviera villa set, clinking silver recklessly. (In the movies you don't have to go broke at that pastime.) The camera shoots through this group and out on the balcony where Richard Carlson, in a gorgeous Scotch tartan get-up, is to stroll arm in arm with Janet. When they tested him for this part they made sure Richard had a shapely brace of calves, so Janet's streamliners wouldn't put him out on a limb, so to speak. Now, in kilties, he looks beautiful but a little unhappy.

"What's the matter?" we ask him.

"No pockets in this darn' thing," he grumbles.

"And what," inquires Miss Gaynor, "would a Scotchman want with pockets?"

Just when Director Richard Wallace is ready to roll, Janet, to our amazement, slips into a



Paulette Goddard, on the side lines since "Modern Times," at last experiences that first day on the set of Selznick-International's "The Young in Heart"



polo coat and trips nonchalantly over to her dressing room. A second later the camera whirrs and there goes Janet strolling across the scene! It isn't black magic at all—just Eleanor, her new stand-in, who's so much like Gaynor in every department that they can use her in the long shots!

"My Lucky Star," the Sonja Henie film at 20th Century-Fox, offers one of the most spectacular sets of the month—a complete college campus, white with gypsum snow. Sonja's a little coed in this one, sent to school by a big department store, to get the college cuties clothes-minded. She changes sensational habits every few feet of film, and loves it.

We find her done up in white dress and hat with candy-stripe trimmings, sitting in a college sweet shop set, tearing into a strawberry sundae. In this scene, Richard Greene, TCF's new Boy Beautiful, keeps her company because Richard's the love interest.

The minute the Director cries, "Print it!" Sonja hops across the set where a soda fountain is set up. It's a real one, too, with honest-to-goodness ice cream, phosphates and fizz. "Strawberry sundae," she orders!

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S** having a little trouble on the "Lucky Penny" set, so we have to pass it by for a peek at Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver in the circus film, "I'll Give a Million," with Peter Lorre and Jean Hersholt.

We're amazed that everything Director Walter Lang shoots today is in one take. After two or three scenes, even Warner gets suspicious. "Say," he asks Lang, "have you got a date, or something?"

"Don't kid me," interrupts Marjorie. "You two are going fishing and you want to get through!"

We have to drive over the hills to fashionable Bel-Air where the richer movie moguls live, to watch Barbara Stanwyck earn her salary in "Always Goodbye." The company has taken over a magnificent private mansion with a big garden.

In back of the house mammoth gold-leafed reflectors burn the sunshine in. Barbara cries for help after a few minutes.

While she cools off, Director Sidney Lanfield explains the plot of "Always Goodbye" to us. As we suspected, it's another self-sacrifice part for Barbara, in spite of the wardrobe finery. Once you show a talent for something in Hollywood, you'll get more of it—you can bet on that. Barbara plays a fallen woman whose love for her baby makes her give up real romance, and choose the man who'll give her boy the best future. That, in this case, is Ian Hunter. Herbert Marshall's the beloved loser.

Seeing Ian getting the girl is almost too much for us, and him, too. "I can't understand it," he grins. "I always suffer and suffer, in a welter of unrequited love!"

**AT** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we find that the only two new films actually before the camera are "Woman Against Woman," with the ubiquitous Herbert Marshall, Mary Astor and Virginia Bruce, and Battling Bob Taylor's second he-man drama, "The Crowd Roars."

"Woman Against Woman" for us, is a closed issue, because only technical shots are on the card, so, skipping this adult divorce triangle, we size up Terrible Taylor, the leather pusher.

"The Crowd Roars" looks very much like a cross between "Golden Boy" and "Kid Galahad," with a little bit of every past prize-fight picture thrown in. Bob's an East Side kid whose pop, Frank Morgan, wants him to be an opera singer. But he gets mixed up with the fight world and the racketeers, and then it's too late. Maureen O'Sullivan is the good influence again, and Edward Arnold, Nat Pendleton and Isabel Jewell handle the character parts.

A large prize ring looms in the center of the

stage, where Bob will square off with professional punchers in a few days. Bob has another ring at his Northridge estate. He's taking this fighting stuff seriously. Maybe he has a few reporters in mind!

**WE** find Warner Brothers, our next studio hop, pretty firmly in the grip of the Lane-Morris combine. The Lanes, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, have made Fannie Hurst's "Sister Act" a strictly family matter.

"Sister Act" is small-town, human-heart stuff—about a family of girls who all long for one man, but pretend to one another they don't care a bean for him. The young man so delicately desired is a new Warner hope, one Jeffrey Lynn, who stepped right from nowhere into this grand part because Errol Flynn decided to cruise around Cat Cay in the Caribbean, rather than come back to work. The part was meant for Errol.

Jeffrey's on the side lines today, though. This scene's all feminine and seventy-five percent Lane. The fourth sister is Gale Page.

We watch a nice "Sister Fight" scene, after which the Lanes' small niece, "Missy," comes toddling up and asks us, "Where's Weenie?"

We look blank. "Weenie," Lola explains, "is Wayne—Wayne Morris."

"Oh," we say and promise "Missy" we'll go find "Weenie" right now.

**SO** we do. He's out on the back lot where that old favorite, "Valley of the Giants," is under way at last.

It suits Wayne perfectly. He's a big, rugged guy with a natural outdoor look, anyway. And in "Valley of the Giants" there'll be plenty of magnificent scenery and virile action to match his husky personality. The scene is laid in the mountain country of California, in the early days of the lumber industry, when men were men and women a good excuse for a fight. Wayne plays the manly, good influence of the camp, versus that perpetual movie troublemaker, Charles Bickford. The girl, Claire Trevor, Alan Hale, Jack LaRue and El Brendel kick the rugged plot along with Western character.

Warners are busy on "Garden of the Moon," their night-club musical, which we covered last month, and "Racket Busters" with George Brent, Walter Abel, Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Dickson and Penny Singleton. "Racket Busters" is the sort of thing Warners can do better than any other studio, in our opinion. As you can guess, it's an exposé of a racket—this time the trucking racket—and we don't mean the dance.

They'll be rehearsing on the "Racket Busters" set for an hour or two. We watch Lloyd Bacon direct a fast-talking rehearsal with Penny Singleton, Allen Jenkins, George and the roughest looking bunch of truckin' mugs ever collected in Hollywood. One line gives us a chuckle. Penny

Singleton, hands on hips, is giving George a piece of her mind. "Women!" she cries. "What do you know about women?" Offhand, Penny, we'd say the answer is "Quite a lot," but this is no place to bring in personalities. So we tiptoe away from temptation and head for Paramount where the ultra-violent Martha Raye is wrecking the Navy in "Give Me A Sailor."

In "Give Me A Sailor," inspired by Charlotte Greenwood's old hit, "Linger Longer Letty," Martha's an ugly duckling who blunders into a national leg contest, wins it and then goes glamour girl in a big way, winning Ensign Bob Hope right away from luscious Betty Grable. Along the way there's plenty of opportunity for a parade of funny gags, some cute and hot Robin and Rainger songs and a chance for musical-comedy star, Jack Whiting, to join in.

**UP** the street at RKO, we find something we've been waiting a long time to see, namely: our favorite twosome—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, back together again in "Carefree."

Fred is a psychiatrist in "Carefree," one of those trick doctors who can tell you all about your complexes, inhibitions and suppressed desires. He goes to work on Ginger to make her break down and fall for his pal, Ralph Bellamy. But she fools him by breaking down and falling for Fred instead! The dances and the songs—all by Irving Berlin—fit into a fast and funny hypnotic routine.

RKO is shooting to capacity with "Northern Flights," a commercial aviation picture with Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Joan Fontaine, and "Cheating the Stars," a film exposé of the astrology racket with two newcomers, Frances Mercer and Allan Lane. But we've been waiting a long time to see Ruby Keeler in the turning point of her career, so we make quick tracks in the direction of "Mother Carey's Chickens."

"Mother Carey's Chickens" was originally booked for Ginger Rogers, but Ginger was too busy. Ruby was under contract at RKO and agreed to do it. She's staking a lot on how it turns out, but nobody ever called a Keeler a scared-cat, although Ruby confessed to us she was pretty nervous the first day of shooting after an absence of a year and a half. Director Rowland Lee cured her by calling off a dramatic scene and moving the script up to a pillow fight!

"After that," Ruby smiles, "I was relaxed all right—and so were the pillows."

It's odd after watching a particularly tear-jerking scene, somehow, to see Ruby Keeler light a cigarette, Anne Shirley rouge. Those things seem out of place. We shrug our shoulders—actors are just actors after all.

Then we notice a little rim of flesh tape around one of Ruby Keeler's fingers. Did she hurt her hand?

"No," she tells us, "that's my wedding ring under there. I've never had it off since I married Al. I wouldn't take it off for the best part in Hollywood!"

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Royer created this perfect two-piece summer frock of Bianchini's Toile Croisiere white linen for Barbara Stanwyck, RKO star, to wear in 20th Century-Fox's "Always Goodbye." Royer embroiders the blouse with orange and green yarn, and stresses the green contrast by a Knox sailor of rough straw. The white cashmere vest is finished smartly at the neckline with a choker of pearls

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL











On this page, Gail Patrick wears the grey wool jersey travel suit that will be a highlight of Universal's "Wives Under Suspicion." The fabric of the jacket and cape banding is striped in white; the cape is hip-length with graceful flare, and the trim skirt is pencil slim. Gail's grey felt beret is tied on with black veiling

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

Norma Shearer, whose return to the screen is heralded in the M-G-M film, "Marie Antoinette," poses in her first fashion photograph. It is exclusive to Photoplay. Her white silk jersey gown, designed for formal evening wear, has a softly draped skirt held by a wrapped belt, and a fitted bodice trimmed and closed with self-covered buttons







Hip-length jackets are Hollywood favorites for topping prints. Ann Miller, RKO player to appear in Columbia's Frank Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," selects hers in black Shantung linen, contrasting her beige background Berliner print flowered in orange, yellow, green and black. The collarless jacket has waistline buttons and inverted pockets. Ann's hat has a high flatiron crown, her toeless white suède pumps have vamp motifs, lacing and heels of black

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN



Renie, designer for RKO, features the marine influence in this grand tropic suit of white tricotine that she created for Lucille Ball. The jacket outline band, pockets, buttons, bound buttonholes and high-neck blouse are of navy, and this contrast color is repeated most effectively in the trim of the white felt hat Lucille wears. The gloves are hand-stitched in navy and the white kid bag matches the slip-on, heel-less, toeless shoes. Lucille's last film was RKO's "Go Chase Yourself"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIEHLE





# CAMPUS OUTLOOK

The wise girl, planning her campus clothes, thinks first of a casual coat and hat ensemble. Phyllis Brooks (below), of 20th Century-Fox's "Straight, Place and Show," selects this Voris ensemble: hat and coat of brown suède with silk lining striped in red, green, blue and brown. Her bag is of rawhide



PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE KORNMAN



PHOTOGRAPHS (ABOVE AND OPPOSITE PAGE) BY CARPENTER

Our prospective coed then considers another important point: the woolen suit that will go to school, to week ends, to football games and "to town." Anita Louise, Warner star borrowed for M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," suggests a contrast suit of black and white (above). A white slub yarn stripes the black woolen of the single-breasted, fitted, collarless jacket that is outlined with black silk braid and belted with kidskin. The stripes on the banding of the slit pockets run contrariwise to effect a novel detail. The skirt is a four-gored black woolen; the hat, black felt with tiny crown veil and chin ties

Maureen O'Sullivan, who is to be seen next in M-G-M's "The Crowd Roars," also suggests a contrast suit for this all-purpose "must" campus costume. The skirt of cocoa brown tweed is topped by a box jacket of periwinkle blue and brown check. Maureen wisely intensifies the lighter hue by wearing a cashmere sweater of the same delicate shade. The deeply notched, collarless neckline of the jacket is a trick and compelling style note. The narrow felt band that gathers the crown of Maureen's brown felt hat slips through the brim to form a chin strap that ties in an amusing large bow









Rita Hayworth (top, left), Columbia contract player, models the tricky Byron sport hat, "Bar Harbor." It is individualized by a pleated crown and a contrast grosgrain band that is finished with a double knot as front trim

Jacqueline Wells (top, center), who is now appearing in Columbia's "Highway Patrol," suggests "Paget," a new Roxford felt beret for campus wear. It boasts a creased sectional crown, a saucy dip in front and a perky bow



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SCHAFER

Hats go skyward as Rita's "Tahoe," off-the-face Byron (top, right), becomes the sensation of the month! The gathered front fullness is caught by a contrast tailor's tack. This hat is a grand investment for campus, town, sports

## WHERE TO BUY THEM



The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats shown on this page are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 88

For those who prefer an off-the-face hat, Jacqueline suggests "Hampshire," a youthful Roxford model (left), also styled of felt. It has a high irregular crown and a gay contrast band ending in back tabs and streamers



# Photoplay's Fashion Club Styles

To dramatize delightful summer evenings, Doris Nolan, currently appearing in Columbia's "Holiday," suggests three of the season's loveliest gowns. The black silky lace model (it also comes in white) at the right is frankly borrowed from the ball gown of a 19th Century Southern belle. Grosgrain ribbon bands and bows accent the décolletage and waistline. Her second gown (below), created in the same period mood, has a bodice fitted over stays to assure support to the low décolletage which is softly trimmed with footing to match the edging of the hemline. It comes in this luscious white with contrast flowers or in pastels. Puff sleeves that broaden the shoulders and exaggerate the tiny waistline and a softly gathered heart-shape bodice outlined with pleating and caught with bouquets lend picturesque charm to this youthful pink satin formal in Empire style. Comes in white and other pastels



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES  
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY  
HOLLYWOOD FASHION  
LOOK FOR IT







# MIDSEASON MIRACLE

Are you seeking that "Midseason Miracle" costume that combines the summer gaiety of color and the autumn chic of black? Adrienne Ames, who returns to the screen via Progressive's "Slander House," shows you just such a find—the trick lies in the dusty-pink crepe knife-pleated panel, the matching pearls and gloves! Adrienne's halo hat is of black stitched taffeta. Her shoes and bag are of patent to match the leather in the belt of her frock

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIGI DE ANGELIS



# PHOTOPLAY'S

## own *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK  
PROP.



Marie Wilson presents variations of a new cool, summer coiffure. A double row of pin curls, completely encircling her head, may be combed loosely (above) and caught by an ingenue ribbon . . .



. . . or transformed by subtle arrangement into a smartly sculptured headdress for important evenings. Marie has discovered a way to give her locks that lovely luster, too

**The upward trend in hair-do's sponsored by Hollywood offers anyone a new personality—even a dual one!**

**H**AIR MUST RISE TO THE OCCASION—Hollywood, rather bored with the regulation page-boy hair style and its long bob with the curled-up ends, is very heartily supporting the new trend toward a high coiffure. And when Hollywood goes in for a new style, the rest of the country dashes pell-mell to be in on it, too.

There are so many lovely variations of this upward hair trend that I'm sure you can adapt it to your own advantage. You can look more exciting, more charming—you can even change your whole type by merely giving yourself a new hair-do. Besides, a new coiffure does wonders for your morale as well as your appearance. It gives you a bright new outlook on life. A nice thing about a higher coiffure, too, is that it's so grand and cool for the summer.

Summer hair styles should be simple because you're wearing light simple dresses. However, every now and then we're faced with a very festive occasion and we want a coiffure that's a little more elaborate. And experimenting with

a new style just before a great occasion is often a boomerang, because if you don't like it, you don't have the time to change it. So the trick is to have your hair done in a way that's perfect for daytime and yet can be adapted to a more formal style.

I saw Marie Wilson on the set of "Boy Meets Girl," and she helped me solve the problem of a double-duty hairdress. She posed for the pictures on this page, illustrating how you can have your hair set so that it can be combed out in a daytime style and then also be arranged for evening.

You can have your hairdresser set your hair in these little pin curls around your head. Here's how it's done: the hair on the crown of the head is parted in the center from the top of the crown to a point about two inches from the forehead. Then the hair is swept up from the temples to meet the band of pin curls which completely circles the head. The body of the hair is brushed to follow the lines of the head, and rather loose pin curls follow over the ears and meet at the center back.

For general daytime wear, the hair is combed out loosely. From the center part, the hair at either side of the face is swept up and back, meeting the rest of the hair over the ears. The top of the head and the back are brushed smoothly down, and the ends curled softly up so that you have a crown of curls circling your head. A narrow ribbon holds the hair up off the face and ties in a neat bow at the top. It's a very charming, youthful style, and one of the smartest to be seen around town. Don't forget, though, that the ends must be combed out very loosely and allowed to curl up as they please.

Now, for that dance at the country club that you've been looking forward to all summer (and you have firmly made up your mind that you're going to look sensational that night!), you simply concoct yourself a brand new hairdress by combing out your hair in a different way.

Marie shows you how you can achieve this formal hairdress by brushing out the pin curls and sweeping all of the front hair upward across the front to either temple. Comb out the ends into large loose curls across the front of the head. Notice the soft wave at the temple that softens the face and avoids the harsh look that strained-back hair tends to give. Get yourself one of the rat-tail combs that taper to a point. You wind the curly hair over your finger with the tapered end of the comb to make these soft curls. Your hairdresser always uses it and you can rearrange the curls at home much more easily with it.

For the back of this formal hairdress, the hair is brushed down flat to the head from the center part and the ends combed out loosely in soft curls. Marie wears a band of small gardenias pinned in place to hold the hair close to the head. It gives a clean-cut modeling to the back of the head as well as being extremely smart and attractive. This hair-do is becoming to almost any type of face and you can see how it heightens the youthful charm and dignity of Marie's pretty face.

If you're a blonde like Marie, and want to accent the loveliness of gleaming blonde hair, you may find Marie's method of caring for her hair helpful. She shampoos her hair twice a week, alternating between soap and dry sham-

(Continued on page 85)





## LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

THERE was a gentle, warm night gathering outside and Loretta Young Withers knew it, sensed it while she stood and passionately kissed the dark young man with the glossy hair. She said aloud, "I adore you. There's no need to tell you that. But this must not be," and she said it well. But she was thinking: *I've got to get out of here, I'm tired and I can't be tired tonight, he will be there, he won't like it if I'm tired.*

"Okay," a voice said, and a whistle blew, and lights went up. "Print that. No more now."

She walked slowly over to her dressing room without even glancing again at the man who had held her so closely a moment before. She opened the door and went in and saw Grant lounging against the piled cushions of the little built-in sofa. As it always did, a clear shock started suddenly under Loretta's chin and ran downward in the instant before he kissed her. She thought: *It stopped at my knees tonight, though. I must really be tired.*

The most sought-after girl in Hollywood has married only once. That marriage was a failure. Yet her one year as Grant Withers' wife affected Loretta more than anyone has ever known







# Born FOR Romance

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Outside, in the motor court, she said, "Take the big car home, Smith. We'll use the roadster." As they drove down Sunset Boulevard, a little later, she let the wind blow the careful curls of her hair into frantic clutter and inched herself to the left until her shoulder touched his comfortably.

"I didn't know such happiness could exist," she murmured. "Or such love as ours. There was nothing like this in the books I read . . ." Her mind remembered suddenly that the words she had just spoken were out of a romantic novel, and she recognized the circumstances: a roadster, a tropical night, two lovers.

*I needn't have said that. It would have been just as well if I hadn't.* He didn't answer—

"Let's go back to the apartment and have dinner together alone," she said out loud. "I'm sick of dining out."

Grant turned the car around at the next intersection. "That'll be fun," he agreed listlessly.

AT home—at the storybook apartment they had furnished as soon as they had come back from Yuma—Loretta rang for the cook and then went over to the huge radio, touched a button, watched the top open into a bar. "I'll fix you a martini," she told Grant with a deliberate gay note in her voice. "Ring for Anna again, will you?"

Four seconds later she remembered. "Oh how silly! Never mind—I told her this morning she could go to the beach this evening. I thought . . ." She saw the quick annoyance in his eyes. "Well," she cried, "I'll just run you up a little something with my own lily white hands. Come on. We'll see what's in the refrigerator."

A little later, after she had tied a baby's cambric handkerchief that was an apron around her waist, she stood uncertainly holding the refrigerator door open, eyeing the mysteries within. "Are you terribly hungry, darling? I could do

an egg—I think. And some tea. And apparently that's ice cream in that tray, there."

"Anything," Grant said. He took her shoulders suddenly and kissed the back of her neck. "It'll be ambrosia, if you fix it. I'll set the table." He was making an effort, too.

"YOU'RE not eating," she accused him, as they sat at supper.

His fork made little, unearnest dabs at his plate. "I can't figure out how you did this egg, is all."

A note of irritation colored her voice. "It was going to be boiled, but the shell broke so now it's poached."

The fork clattered against china. Grant smiled weakly. "We—maybe we should just go on down to the Derby and eat. It's not late—"

Loretta pushed her chair back with a scraping noise and stood up. "There's something wrong," she said.

"I don't mean the dinner—that just went haywire—but beyond that there's something wrong. With us. I've felt it all evening. Tell me."

"Don't be silly, sweet." He lit a cigarette. "There's nothing at all."

"I know there is. Tell me."

"Well—" He considered each word carefully—"you're not very practical, darling. You live in a dream world. You expect this place to run itself and life to flow smoothly and everything to be perfect, all the time. Marriage isn't like that."

"Just as an example, Anna should have been here tonight. She's never here. You let her off so often I forget what she looks like."

"Oh please, don't complain!" Loretta's eyes were wide with tears despite herself.

He shrugged.

She stared at him in silence. After a moment he turned, picked up his hat, and went out.

As the door closed behind him she grabbed a heavy crystal ash-tray and threw it with all her strength at the nearest window. There was suddenly a ragged hole in the glass and then, seconds later, came a faint tinkling far below. She stood still, quivering, for one full, tense moment, and then ran into her room and made a running dive for the bed.

The cream of the Hollywood male crop has vied, year after year, for dates with Loretta. Here are some of the chosen few:

- 1 In 1931, it was Mervyn Le Roy, now married to Doris Warner, who was seen here, there and everywhere with her
- 2 For a while after the film, "Man's Castle," coworkers Spencer Tracy and Loretta saw the town together
- 3 Then Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's "ex," went to the top of the list. But this twosome was but a brief prelude to . . .
- 4 . . . her two-year romance with Director Eddie Sutherland. Filmtown, speculating on wedding bells, was disappointed . . .
- 5 . . . for David Niven, whose name had often been coupled with Merle Oberon's, began to buy Loretta's gardenias
- 6 On these nights, however, it's writer Joe Mankiewicz who rings the Young doorbell with the best results

AT about one o'clock she heard the bedroom door open softly. Grant came in and a moment later she felt his hand touch her shoulder. She sat up.

"I thought—you might like this," he said, holding out a package.

It was a bottle of perfume, a hundred dollar bottle, and he could not have paid cash for it. She thought: *But I don't care. He's so dear. I love him so much—*

She opened her arms and held him fiercely to her. "It'll never happen again," she said; "I promise you it will never happen again. Everything will be all right from now on."

But she lied, and she knew she lied.

She divorced Grant Withers eleven months after their marriage, but she had been living at



home with her mother and sisters for weeks before that. It was 1931, and she was eighteen, and in retrospect she could see that from the beginning the thing couldn't have been a success. She had fallen in love with a Prince composite of many Princes from many glamorous tales: seventeen, untutored in the ways of passion or of passing affairs, she had thought that when any two people needed each other so desperately as all that, the only thing to do was to get married. She weighed no consequences at the time, considered no futures. So far as she was concerned marriage was a state unassailed by common problems, set apart from the dusty world.

She had dreamed of a handsome lover, a perfect husband; of having a baby. Remembering her age, you can translate the entire matter into glandular equations if you like.

There was, underneath the casual manner Loretta had prepared for her family, a vague, indefinable hurt which she herself could not understand or interpret. It would be best, for the time, not to try analysis, not to lie awake at night examining her reactions, not to let the flood of realization loose her mind. It was 1931, with the Depression starting, but that didn't affect Loretta; Warners had put her under contract with a schedule for the year, which she had complained about at the time, but for which she was glad now.

LORETTA made ten pictures during 1931, working all day and every day except Sunday, when she studied scripts, and she bought a huge new Colonial house in Brentwood, filling it full of beautiful antiques and the members of her family, and she read one hundred and three serious books with only two romantic novels as balance, and she said to her mind and her heart: be still. Then, in the late winter she met a man whom we shall for any and all purposes call Bill Anstruthers, and gradually she was content again.

Bill was the antithesis of Grant: older than Loretta by twelve or thirteen years, a New Yorker, sophisticated and smooth and suave. He was, she felt, one of the best actors she had ever watched perform; his flattery, then, was of the subtlest kind when—knowing her opinion of him—he praised her professional ability.

She had dinner with him a few times and after that she was infatuated with him, an infatuation coloured by her experience with Grant, not quite so frantic, not quite so immeasurable; but it was enormously important.

For a month she saw him nightly, heard his low, controlled voice speak without affectation of things and places unknown to her, saw through his worldly eyes the glamour of a world less California, less physical and more mental in occupation, less linen-slacks and more dinner-jacket in mood.

He called for her one late afternoon when the sky, washing darker into night, was too clear for February, and the moon too large, and the air too warm, fragrant. As they drove slowly up toward Hollywood Loretta stretched suddenly back in the seat and said, teasingly, "There's only one thing to make this perfect, now, and that's for you to tell me you're married."

She was already laughing a little at her own gag when he said, very quietly, "I am."

"You're kidding." But the gaiety of her voice was belied by the pleading note in it.

"No. I thought you knew. She's in New York. But—it doesn't make any difference, Loretta."

"Yes, it does. Bill, take me back now. I want to think about this."

He didn't protest. Back in her own room again, Loretta paced angrily from windows to chaise longue to wardrobe to windows, trying desperately to readjust her mind to this new circumstance. At last she thought, *It hasn't gone too far. I've not given him my whole heart. And I'm not going to be a fool. If I'd never known it would have been different—but if I let myself go into this now, opened myself to hurt,*

*it would be my own fault. I'll go to San Francisco for a week or so, let it cool. It'll be all right.*

She rang for her maid.

THAT was Tuesday. On Thursday, as she came into her hotel suite after tea, the phone was ringing. It was her mother, calling from Brentwood. "There's a Doctor Edwards who's been calling you steadily since early last night," her mother said. "He won't leave any message or any number. He just wants to speak to you. I thought you'd better know."

"Edwards?" Loretta said. "A doctor? Hm. Well, if he calls again ask him to ring me here at the Mark Hopkins. Darling, you know that white piqué sports suit of mine with the red trim. . . ."

That night, while she was brushing her teeth, the phone rang again. "Los Angeles is calling," the operator said, and in another moment a male voice said, "Miss Young? This is Dr. Edwards—"

Bill Anstruthers, three hours after he had left her Tuesday afternoon, had been brought to a

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## Coming:

**The Hollywood influence on modern youth has been told from many angles, but never so hilariously as in this autobiography of an autograph fan which begins in Photoplay next month. If you're a Problem Parent, you'll learn plenty; if you're a Problem Child, you'll grin and bear it; but you're all in for a marvelous time.**

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hospital for an emergency operation. "And he wants you," Dr. Edwards added. "His condition is critical, I'm afraid, and if you could come here to the hospital it might help a little."

"I'll catch the first plane down," she shouted, and hung up. After an hour of agitation she settled in the leather-air cushion of the plane chair and waited impatiently for the take-off, thinking, *Only an hour or so. Poor Bill. Poor Bill—*

She half dozed and her mind worked involuntarily for a time. Suddenly she sat up, realizing that for half an hour she had been thinking of how unpleasant it would have been if this thing had happened while she had been with him. *I mustn't*, she thought, fiercely angry with herself *Poor Bill. Poor Bill. . . .*

When she got out of the plane, early in the morning, at Burbank, her car was waiting for her. She'd wired ahead. For a moment she debated with herself, and then she said, "Home, Smith." She was tired and dirty and mused. A bath, a clean dress, a cup of coffee, and she'd be more help at the hospital.

Her mother was up, waiting in the drawing room. "Darling," said Mrs. Young, coming forward. "I'm so sorry."

Loretta smiled carefully. It was better than crying. "It's all right, Mom," she said. "I'll feel better after a bath. That long trip—"

"You don't understand," said her mother. "He's dead."

SHE stood alone in the garden, watching the mouth of a copper satyr spout clear water into the pool, seeing the moon again, only slightly altered from the shape it had been the night Bill had said he had a wife in New York. She had

decided to face it. Looking upward, she waited: now the multiple hurt, the dramatic sorrow of her personal liebestod could flow unchecked through her mind, washed in tears, if it would.

After a long time she realized that nothing was happening, that nothing would happen. She felt pity for Bill and a sense that she had been cheated of something—or perhaps had mislaid it—as a result of his death. But there was nothing else.

She felt suddenly frightened, wondering if ever in her life an emotion had been genuine, real. She tried to recapture sensations, the reason for tears, the cause for joy in the years past in order to analyze them—but they were misty and mercurial. She had lived too long in a world of printed pages in which everything was prescribed for her, coated with glamorous polish; in which emotions were calculated to respond to a certain formula of writing.

Once she had cried, she remembered now, because the combination of a certain scent and a certain bar of music and a certain time of evening had made her sad; and this sorrow had been more real to her than a more genuine grief in the stark light of day, without the assistance of perfume or melody. And that time she held onto tears, hating to let the mood pass because it was luxurious and satisfying.

Perhaps she could feel nothing because as long as she could remember she had used her emotions at will—during the convent years to make the quiet drab life more exciting, and now for further years so the camera could record them. I've come to the studio hurt and angry, she thought, and I have had to be brilliantly gay for eight hours. I've felt happy and had to submerge that in crying scenes because a script called for it. . . .

She walked slowly along a garden path, thinking of the first time she had been in love. She had been fourteen, and the boy had given her a ring. Then, one afternoon as they sat together, a perverse thing in her had said, "Give him the ring and tell him you want to call it quits, just to see what he'll do. He'll plead with you, and then you'll relent, and then the afternoon will have been a little more exciting."

So she did. He took the ring, looked at it, said: "Do you really mean this, Gretch?"

"Yes," she nodded positively.

He didn't protest. He just reached for his coat, stood up, said, "Well, good-by then. It's been fun," and walked quietly down to his car.

She had sat wordless for minutes, staring at the curb after he had driven away, refusing to believe it. She has never seen him again.

Later she had said, "I'll never take a chance like that again. Next time—"

NEXT time had been Grant.

Could she really have been in love with Grant if the collapse of her marriage to him had hurt her so little? Could she really have been in love with Bill if, now that he was gone, she could not even weep for him?

Then suddenly she was crying in earnest for the first time, not for Bill, not even for Grant, but for the fear in her heart that she might have lost her heritage of romance—that she might have given up the capacity for love, for emotion. Finally she found a marble bench and sat on it, and in the ensuing minutes made to herself a solemn vow.

"When I love again I will forget caution, I will forget consequences. I will take everything, and if there will be great happiness I will have that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too. I will have these things, next time."

But it was three years before she loved that much, or kept her promise.

*Climax in romance, stark tragedy and eventual happiness in her own personal life marked the astonishing career rise of Loretta Young during the years that followed. Her life story will be concluded in September PHOTOPLAY.*



# WOO, WOO, AND I DO MEAN WOO



He's usually flying off at tangents with the greatest of ease, but here are two calmer views of the bustling mayor of Studio City: above, with Peachie and Mrs. Herbert; left, in the vineyard, a noted part of his valley farm



## BY SARA HAMILTON

**I** KNOW now, heaven help me, how it feels to be a lollipop-snatcher-away-er from helpless babies. Or even a penny-grabber from beggars on cold wintry corners. Fagan should have known me—Hamilton, the artful dodger—who reaches out, without a word of warning, and snatches away from his devoted public—Hugh Herbert.

Awful, isn't it? And don't think I haven't spent hours on my knees (dimpled, and at my age) in solid meditation over the problem of whether to leave Hughie as he seems to be or reveal him as he really is. Always, in my deliberation, comes this thought—if I can replace in the hearts of Herbert fans a man twice as lovable and just as amusing as the woo-wooing catastrophe of the screen, then maybe I may be forgiven. And, thank heavens, there's enough of the cyclonic screen Herbert carried over to the off-screen Hughie to make the whole upsetting business very upsidsaisy.

There is something about Hugh Herbert behind a desk on the screen (a place he migrates to as birds do to oak trees) that defies description. There are no words to picture the monkey business that goes on between Hugh, his desk, the things on it, and people who come within five miles of him. Inanimate objects leap and fly into stenographers' faces. And places. Telephones answer Hughie, rugs spill over the inkwells, hysterics have people, the Dipsy-Doodle has kittens, and everything goes plumb to pot and hell.

Silly for Hugh, amidst the bedlam, to flutter about asking, "Woo, woo, what's happening to me?"

Woo, woo, what's happening to everybody and everything on God's green earth is more like it!

There is something about Hughie behind a desk off screen (a place he migrates to as naturally as ducks take to Joe Penner) that again defies description. The bedlam gives way to a certain calm as disturbing in its serenity as the film convulsions are in their intensity.

Yes, things are quieter but never, never can you convince me they aren't so funny.

As Mayor of Studio City, a small flat section of North Hollywood, just a good egg's throw

*A dozen good laughs, perhaps a tear, in this story of Hugh Herbert, small-town at heart, big-time in soul—the most exquisitely screwy, revealingly human story in months*

from Warners Studio, Mr. Herbert has business to attend to. Big business.

As President of the Studio City Chamber of Commerce, again Mr. Herbert has business to take care of.

As Chief Columnist of the Studio City News, Mr. Herbert has more business to take care of.

For instance, in a recent issue of his weekly column headed, "The Mayor-Hugh Herbert-Says"—he vehemently attacks a local group who has the impertinence to suggest that the city's name be changed from Studio City to Laurelwood Village, of all forsaken things.

"Why?" columnist Herbert demands (boy, that's putting it to them). "Why? Who are these people?" (Hear! Hear!). "Why isn't Studio City a good name? Haven't we three studios in our midst? Well, two anyway and one pretty near in our midst. Laurelwood Village," he goes on, "sounds to me like a cemetery and there are no dead ones in Studio City." (Sounds of chicken ranchers screeching "amen" for miles around.)

"If you are with me as Mayor," goes on Mr. Herbert, "send in your name on a postcard and mention your pet peeve and I will try to get it

(Continued on page 74)



# What!



It has been said that Hepburn invariably gets what she wants. She wants to play Scarlett—and she has already started a strange campaign to that end

**W**HAT'S happened to Katharine Hepburn?" is the question all Hollywood is asking. "When a leopard changes its spots, what can it mean?"

During the last week or two of the shooting of "Holiday" everyone noticed that Hepburn—the hellion of Hollywood—had become a tame little lamb.

No longer did she object when a few chosen visitors were allowed to visit her set. This was, of course, an unheard-of thing!

Apparently welcoming such opportunity as a great personal pleasure, she consented to pose for dozens of tiresome fashion photographs.

When the "Holiday" company went on loca-

tion in the North, Hepburn got up at dawn every morning, sneaked off by herself and came back with mountain trout for the crew's breakfast. Needless to say the crew became momentarily speechless from admiration and a new wonder.

After this picture was finished, there was a big party given at the fashionable Victor Hugo in Hollywood for the entire company.

To everyone's surprise the unsociable Hepburn stayed until the last gun was fired. She stayed to applaud, in hilarious amusement, Cary Grant doing the Big Apple.

Hepburn was completely charming and natural. Gone was all trace of the *enfant terrible* of former days.

# ANOTHER

—perhaps. In any event, here is  
an amazing disclosure of Hepburn's  
secret fight for this coveted rôle

BY ADELHEID KAUFMANN

In spite of Katie's boyish, brusque attitude, she has proved more than once that she is a poignantly feminine creature. She proved it as the beloved Jo in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women"; again, in her exquisite portrayal of Phoebe Throssel in "Quality Street."

It is the spirit, the soul of a character, which must be portrayed, and Hepburn has the rare gift of thinking, breathing, living the part she plays.

When Katie first read "Gone with the Wind"



Scarlett O'Hara, as artist Vincentini portrayed her in a recent issue of this magazine

she was wildly enthusiastic. She tore into Pan Berman's office at RKO and begged him to buy the book for her. But, before producer Berman could say "Jack Robinson," David Selznick had beaten him to the finish by reading this successful best-seller in galley-proof form at the publisher's; thus triumphantly scooping Hollywood on the distinguished novel of the year.

Naturally, this was a bitter disappointment to Katie but, characteristically, she didn't give up hope. From that day to this she has never relinquished her dream to play the part of *Scarlett*.

It has been said many times that the indomitable Hepburn invariably gets the thing she wants. As I checked back into her colorful young life, I realized this was no fallacy.

Hepburn always manages to hang on to the right side of the wishbone. It isn't luck or fate; it's a power greater than these two things. It is Hepburn's determination plus faith in her own



# CARLETT O'HARA?



capabilities as a superior dramatic actress. She studies and works day and night to achieve her ultimate goal. Innumerable obstacles, which seem undefeatable to Hollywood, disappear like thistledown before her tumultuous attack.

If she does play *Scarlett O'Hara*, which at this writing seems inevitable, it will be a triumphant *tour de force*. For it is amazing to watch the Hepburn strategy. With the dexterity of a polished diplomatist, Hepburn has achieved an abrupt right-about-face in the Hollywood acting world.

Katie can whip up an unholy scare in a new leading man if the impulse comes over her to do so. She's proud and haughty and gets a kick out of putting people in an uncomfortable spot. As far as she's concerned, everybody is a sissy if he doesn't pay back her way. In other words, the gal may be a "debil" but she is dynamite enough to get away with it all.

In view of all this, her capricious about-face caused people to grow suspicious, for Hepburn is not the sort of person to turn into a temporary angel for nothing.

Your guess is as good as mine as to why all this is happening. I can only report on her behavior and draw my own conclusions. Ever since the rumor started that Hepburn had signed a new contract with David Selznick, she has been constantly with her favorite director, George Cukor, who directed her in "Holiday" and who will direct "Gone with the Wind" in the autumn.

The two have had one conference after another in the seclusion of Cukor's famously beautiful house, hidden behind ivy-covered walls. If she isn't in a verbal huddle with him she is in his marble swimming pool.

It was Cukor, if you remember, who was responsible for bringing Hepburn to Hollywood in the first place. She was his discovery and when she made a hit in "A Bill of Divorcement," he behaved like a man who had just won the Kentucky Derby.

She followed this first triumph with "Morning Glory" and with a later triumph directed by Cukor, "Little Women."

So, it would seem like a born natural for Cukor again to direct Hepburn's destiny, should she get the lead rôle, *Scarlett*, in "Gone with the Wind."

**MEANWHILE**, Constance Collier goes right on coaching Paulette Goddard for the *Scarlett* rôle.

There are rumors whispered around that Paulette's tests were not so hot. That's one rumor. There are many others, such as the report that Charlie Chaplin doesn't want Paulette to make the picture.

Paulette told me with tears in her eyes, "My real story is a crazy one. I want to work more than anything else in the world but I'm never allowed to—"

She twisted a new two-inch cabochon diamond and ruby bracelet around her slim brown wrist, while she looked wistful about no job.

Those who think Hepburn too boyish for the rôle of *Scarlett* must remember "Little Women" and "Quality Street." If they think she is too thin, perhaps not voluptuous enough for the off-the-shoulder dresses, they must remember that the world's greatest designers can create almost any illusion of perfection. But don't forget that Hepburn is a great actress! She can throw herself so completely into a characterization, she is the person she portrays.

Hepburn is *Scarlett O'Hara* at heart. George Cukor said in a recent interview: "*Scarlett* is typically Southern. That kind of woman couldn't have happened anywhere else. She is very female and like the average woman has no abstract sense of proportion. She hasn't much of a mind and she has no nobility. Yet she has a lot of character."

"I know at least five women in Hollywood and on the stage not as stupid as *Scarlett*, but who have her kind of temperament. They all came from the South and they have cut a wide swath," Cukor laughed.

Much later, we talked about the dress problem in "Gone with the Wind." An amusing person on the left of George Cukor at the luncheon table said, "*Scarlett's* clothes reflected the bad taste she displayed in picking her friends—she chose them because she thought they were fun."

Hepburn used to work on commission and got a percentage of box-office receipts when she insisted on doing arty costume productions. She made a great many unnecessary financial sacrifices for her art. Now that there is a possibility that she is to do the biggest rôle of her entire career, this becomes a vindication of Cukor's faith, and, in a way, it becomes a vindication of all those years in which Hepburn sacrificed her salary for her art.

Doesn't a modern quote like this from Hepburn's own lips sound a little as though *Scarlett O'Hara* might have spoken had she been a young star in Hollywood?

"I have moods," said Miss Hepburn. "Well, they're mine. Why should I change? If I don't feel like having my picture taken at a tennis match, why should I? If I feel like putting my hands over my face, why shouldn't I? Posing for pictures takes time. You know that I will not be anything but myself for anybody. Why don't you leave me alone?"

Don't forget Hepburn is a great actress. The difficult rôle of the Southern vixen needs one

George Cukor, below, who is set to direct "Gone with the Wind," first brought Hepburn to Hollywood. It was he who directed her most successful films. Now, today, Cukor and Hepburn are constantly in conference. One more proof?





# Here Is Bradna

(Continued from page 14)

nice-looking, sad-eyed young gentleman who solemnly shook hands with her, inquired politely would she mind being his girl when she grew up and just as politely said good-by. The young gentleman was Charlie Chaplin and the nine-year-old starling never forgot him—but hasn't seen him face-to-face since, although now they live within hiking distance of each other.

She was nine, too, when she met King Gustaf of Sweden, who leaned over from his towering height to pat her on the head, and later there was a handsome, young, jittery sort of fellow, who also shook hands with her and even proposed that perhaps the next time they met they might have a little whirl around the ballroom if they were in a ballroom at the time. He was Prince of Wales then, and later he became King of all England and Olympe met him again—but they did not dance.

SO Olympe went tramping over the Continent, gaining in beauty, and poise, and charm and whatnot and meeting people of vast importance in the international scheme of things but none impressed her more—and I have her word for it—than a baldish, suave young fellow with a not-too-important act which was meeting with fair success in Stockholm. He had a wooden dummy and the dummy said the most preposterous things in Swedish. Edgar Bergen was his name—but Olympe doesn't recall the name of the dummy except that she is positive it was not Charlie McCarthy.

Bergen was great fun—and Bergen it was who kept insisting that some day Olympe would be a great, great star. Would she please honor him with her autograph now—before she became so famous he would have no opportunity to even approach her?

"So, I meet him several times later," says Olympe. "And always he says, 'Hello, star. How about an autograph?' Well, now he is such a beeg star and I am in Hollywood and frightened maybe he will not remember me. So there is a party and we all go to Santa Anita and Edgar Bergen is in the party and he says: 'Hello, star, how about an autograph?' It is such fun."

Little Olympe, to get back to Sweden or Madrid or London (you take your choice), was coming on—or have I said that before? There was her long term in the original Folies Bergère in Paris. There were three cinematic experiences in rapid succession—"Flo-floche," "Roger-la-Hont" and "Une Petite Fille."

And then Clifford Fischer, with his dream of bringing a new type of cabaret entertainment to America, brought her over along with other members of the Parisian Folies Bergère. That was in 1935 and Chicago was the first American city to hail her.

It wasn't until some months later, when she opened at the French Casino in Manhattan, that I first saw her—and if you'll go back to the beginning of the article, you will know precisely how she impressed me.

I shall never forget the rumble of enthusiasm that swept through the mixed audience of society fashionables and Broadway sophisticates that opening night. Tall, handsome young ladies had strutted out in furs and in silks, in clinging gowns—and in nothing at all except a necklace. And then, "Little Dynamite" came tumbling out—in trim sailorboy suit—tumbled and twirled and tossed and at the end of a succession

of flips, shouted "Voilà." The smart audience thundered for her return and when she came tumbling back again, one distinguished gentleman arose from his table down front, held up his glass of champagne, gulped down the contents, smashed the glass on the table and yelled, "Okay, Kid, okay." And Olympe, round, pinkish, baby face beaming, yelled back, "Voilà—okay, Keed, okay."

They tell me this was the first English ever spoken by the young lady. The management hinted she was seventeen and, because of the management's "hint," various young, handsome men of town of ages of discretion and indiscretion, young men of wealth and social distinction, beseeched introductions. Only then was the awful truth let out and as Mama and Papa Bradna guarded their young hopeful, word gradually seeped through. The little "toast of the town" was fourteen, spoke no English, still played with dolls and was certain that there were such things as fairy godmothers—also Santa Claus. It was a bitter disappointment.

AND so Paramount beckoned and, as I have already said, she was permitted to wander around the lot with no one paying any attention to her until one day George Raft spotted her on a set, having seen her previously in New York, and suggested to Director Henry Hathaway that she be given the rôle opposite him in "Souls at Sea."

teeth in—that first rôle they gave to Olympe—but she made a great deal of it—and the Paramount muck-a-mucks and the critics were highly impressed. So much so that each succeeding rôle was just a little warmer and fuller as she went from "Three Cheers for Love" to "College Holiday," thence to "The Last Train from Madrid"—and then—the Big Day. Stardom. Stardom at seventeen—in "Stolen Heaven," opposite the blond Gene Raymond.

WHEN the little French girl tumbled out on that French Casino stage she was five feet, one inch in height and weighed 109 pounds. Also she was earning \$250 a week. Today she has grown to five feet, three inches in height, weighs 115 pounds and earns close to three times her French Casino salary.

Lovely, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, roundish-faced queen is she today, soft of voice and sparkle-eyed. The shyness is gone and there is much of warm humor in her speech. She has read well and wisely although Dickens and Thackeray and much of Edgar Allan Poe have been neglected.

Papa and Mama Bradna have persuaded her she is too young for beaux and whether to believe her or not, I don't know, although, as I say, she is much too young and wide-eyed to fib successfully and so I can only quote her.

"I am so, so busy I don't find time for

not think she would remain in pictures for more than five years.

"After that—you are finish, I think, don't you?" she said. And when I pointed to Joan Crawford and Garbo and a few others, Olympe shook her head and pleaded: "Well, maybe one exception—maybe two. But five years—and that's enough."

And I am almost inclined to believe she means what she says—now. Five years from now, it may—probably will be—a different story.

OLYMPE lives in Van Nuys with her papa and mama in an unpretentious little home with no swimming pool, but a nice garden and not too far from the ocean where, when she isn't riding a horse, she likes to go swimming, and when she isn't swimming, she takes long hikes. Her day is a full one—even when the studio isn't making its demands—for she has her schooling from nine to twelve, her singing lessons, her hour of limbering up and acrobatics and her dancing lessons.

Speaking about singing, she has a nice voice and is sensible enough not to want to be an operatic star—but ambitious enough to want to use it in her next picture.

Her complexion is olive and she rarely uses make-up off screen—save lipstick. "Maybe," she giggled, "I change that, too—when August comes and I am eighteen—and go out with boys to please the writers. Wonder what he will look like—the first boy, I mean."

I am no stickler for statistics when sitting tête-à-tête with a beautiful young girl but somehow it did leak out that Olympe wears size 6 B shoes, preferably with high heels to give her height, that her fingers are the tapering artistic type—but what I can't remember, and I am genuinely ashamed of myself, is whether or not she has dimples. Somehow, I seem to have a hunch she has.

HER greatest thrill, while on her recent trip East, was the visit with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Blue Room of the White House. The First Lady chatted amiably with her for many minutes, told her she was just the type of daughter she herself wouldn't mind having and urged her to pay another visit the next time she was in Washington.

"I think," glowed Olympe, "she is the most charming lady I have ever seen. She just—how shall I say—floats into a room—and when she smiles, you know—this is a real lady. Ever since, I am trying to learn to float into a room. Eet is wonderful."

Twinkle-eyed, soft-voiced, shapely little Olympe has left the office now—and across the way the boy who fusses with the proofs and who has been finding a dozen excuses for coming into this office, now looks very abstracted and my secretary tells me she is certain that queer noise was a big sigh coming from him. They tell me, and I believe it, that throughout the land there are young men who sigh just like that during a picture in which Olympe Bradna is featured—and if that is so, I am ready to agree with the enthusiastic gentlemen in power at Paramount—and with Mr. Edgar Bergen—that the young wide-eyed French princess will be a star for a long time.

I hope so—because just before she left—I made her give me her autograph.



Back "home" with her famous folks on the Brooklyn circus grounds. Olympe's mother is far left, second row; her uncle beside her

I learned from Olympe, as she sat in the office here looking out of the window at a passing freighter, that the time of idleness had not been wasted. She was mastering the difficult English syntax—and what that young lady has done with it in the brief period between the time she left New York and now, is something that makes a writer want to go and hide his head in a bushel of diphthongs and dictions. To Laura Barringer, her instructor, goes the credit, and, if in citing Olympe's conversation I play a few tricks in the spelling to convey the accent, you mustn't think for a second that it is a thick accent or that her speech is not beautiful—it's far more so than that of our average young finishing school ingenue.

There wasn't too much to sink your

boys. But some day—maybe five, maybe six years from now—then I will find a nice man and I will marry and have children and a nice home. Is that all right to say, you think?"

"Why that's perfect, Olympe—but until then—no boys, no romance—no nothing?"

"O, no, no. Soon as I am eighteen then everything changes if I like. But nothing serious—I hope nothing serious—because it is too important I do something with myself first. But my papa and mama say it will be all right to go out with boys and have parties when I am eighteen—and I think so, too."

Olympe averred solemnly that when love entered her life and she wed, she would not stay on in pictures or in show business in any form. For that matter, she insisted that, at the most, she did



# Love Life of a Villain

(Continued from page 15)

before I met her . . ." And thus began this inspirational love story in which the screen's prime villain plays a major rôle.

It was in the winter of 1921. Basil Rathbone was playing in "The Czarina" on Broadway. In one matinee audience sat two women. As the tall, dark, attractive English actor strode on the stage, one of the women turned to the other and said, "There is the man I'd like to be my husband." Two years later they met at a party. They fell in love at once and were married.

"What Ouida saw in me then, I don't know," confessed Basil. "But looking back, I can tell you what I see in myself. I was a man living from day to day and perfectly content in doing it. I had no plans, few ambitions. I had come back from the war, where life had been like a long, terrible dream. At the front I had never thought about what would happen or why. There was no past and no future. Nights were either wet nights or dry nights. The important things to me then were whether my billet was warm or cold, the food good or rotten.

"I suppose when you meet death daily for a long time you give up trying to order things. I came out of the war comparatively untouched. That is, I wasn't shell-shocked or scarred up. But I had lost all sense of life's realities.

"I found I was still a good enough actor. I got some good parts in London. Whatever they offered me, I took. Money meant nothing to me. I never thought of getting ahead. I never cared about it.

"Somehow I expected to be taken care of—as I had been in the army. I shrank from decisions. I never went after things I wanted. I hated any sort of battle or argument. I just wanted to be let alone—to vegetate. I was completely negative."

It was hard to believe the words I heard. Basil Rathbone, one of the most positive personalities in Hollywood, branding himself as a negative, shrinking soul!

"I remember how shocked I was," he continued, "at something that happened in London. Perhaps it prepared me a little for Ouida's influence, later to bear fruit. I had had a bit of London success in a series of plays that John Barrymore did in New York, notably 'Peter Ibbetson.' When Barrymore's latest Broadway hit, 'The Jest,' came to London, I naturally expected to play it. In fact, I counted on it heavily. But I made no effort to get the part. It never occurred to me they wouldn't offer it to me. Such a thing seemed out of the question. Well—it wasn't. Someone else did it, and I was stunned. But still the lesson didn't sink in.

"I was still in this semi-helpless, negative state when I married Ouida. She made me positive.

"I'll never forget her as I first saw her. Everything about her was definite. The way she looked, the way she talked. She was completely opposite to me. I was indefinite. I fell in love with her on the spot. I have never fallen out of love.

"Ouida taught me some very important things at once: that you are as important as you make yourself; that you must have respect for yourself or no one will respect you; that an actor, particularly, must be aggressive; that it's all very well to expect and accept breaks and good fortune, but it's not



Last year the Rathbones gave a memorable "Bride and Groom" party. This year the real thing took place in the garden of the Rathbone home when Rodion, son of Basil, married attractive Caroline Blake Fisher, dramatic student. The wedding party, left to right: Mrs. Rathbone, Mrs. Cedric Frances, Constance Collier, the bride and bridegroom, Walter Wurdeman, Cedric Frances and Basil Rathbone

enough. You must back yourself up.

"My wife was Ouida Bergere before we were married. She was a successful screen writer. Paramount was paying her a thousand dollars a week, so I think you might say she was well along on her career. The day she married me she quit writing, abandoned her career. Or rather changed it. For twelve years, Ouida's career has been—me.

"She was a practical woman then, as she is now. She knew first that there should be only one pay check in a family. Two pay checks mean two separate lives. If she continued her work she would have to be in Hollywood, while my interests were still on the stage in New York. She said, 'If you are very much in love with something, you must be with it. I can't write in Hollywood when you are in New York. So I won't write!'

"But I think she knew, too, that the job of making me over would take all of her time and energy. I was a pretty hopeless case."

Basil Rathbone laughed. "Frankly, I suffered from the worst inferiority complex Dr. Freud ever imagined. I had no assurance whatsoever. Conversations with people terrified me. I was a social flop *par excellence*—you know, the kind of chap who sits by himself at

parties and says 'Yes' and 'No' or perhaps 'Really?' when he's spoken to. I didn't let myself express my thoughts. I was too afraid. In spite of my years and all I had gone through, I was actually timid with people.

"It must have been bad, because it was so obvious. Every fortuneteller I ever went to spotted it at once. They invariably told me I was dangerously lacking in the 'civic side,' as they sometimes called it, or the 'social side.' They always said my social outlets were dammed up by fear. That was before 'complexes' were popular.

"Developing that 'social side' of me has been one of the hardest jobs my wife or anyone ever faced, I'm sure. I am naturally a shy person, but she knew how important such a side is to everyone—not only an actor, but a doctor, lawyer, writer, businessman. So she set about it.

"She did it very cleverly. She did not demand much of me in the way of social activity. But Ouida made me enjoy the times we did go out or entertain. She brought me in contact with interesting people. She drew me out and turned the conversation to me. I can hear her now saying, 'What do you think about it, Basil?' I'd have to speak up then, and, with a little encourage-



Among the wedding guests were Ruth Waterbury, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon

ment, I soon found myself talking and liking it."

I had to smile. In Hollywood today the Rathbones are celebrated as hosts. They move mostly in the circle of picture people interested in the arts. The Max Reinhardts, the Edward G. Robinsons, the Henry Blankes, the Charles Boyers are among their intimate friends. When Basil and his wife entertain, it's very much of an event, too. Hollywood has seldom seen a party to match the costume affair they gave celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary last year. It was a brilliant event, and I said so.

"I'm glad you mentioned that," said Basil. "I think it was a grand party, too, and I can say so because I come to my own parties as a guest. Ouida does it all and when Ouida does anything she does it right.

"But she never overdoes it. It is only because what she attempts is done so well that it's remembered. She still demands little of me in the way of social activity. We are at home three hundred nights in the year, easily. That is because the home that Ouida has woven about me is so attractive to us both that neither of us wishes to be anywhere else.

"I do not like to play the often quite despicable characters I do. To be convincing, I have to summon up such unpleasant thoughts and feelings. I am frequently worn out and discouraged after a day with them at the studio.

"But when I come home in the evening it is to a home that has been created about me and in which I feel at once happy. My wife has a quality of relaxation and assurance about her which immediately restores me. She is small but colorful, dainty but strong. She always reminds me of a Goya painting. I draw new life from her."

It was getting dark. Basil Rathbone reached up and snapped on the light.

"No," he protested, "don't go yet. Let me tell you of Ouida's latest gift to me. I think it is the finest thing I have ever known. She has brought me back my son, Rodion. He is the son of my first wife. We have been separated since 1919. He is here now, living with us, working in the technical department at Warner Brothers, and loving it. Ouida did it alone. Unknown to me, she made friends with Marian, my former wife. She wrote my boy in England and made friends with him, too. She brought us together again, and now my happiness is complete. And I owe this, as I owe everything, to her."

We were shaking hands. The glow of the lamp revealed the strong, good features in Basil Rathbone's sensitive face.

"You can see," he said, "that for a thousand reasons I owe my wife a debt of gratitude I can never repay. The least I can do is give her the credit. Because of Ouida, life to me is intensely enjoyable. She has helped me live in an age of super-realities and at the same time to hold onto my dreams—which she loves as dearly as I do—and as I love her."

He looked away into the dusk. "I think," he said, "a great many Hollywood husbands might say the same thing—if they would."

"Or if they could," I suggested. Then I left, thinking what a really bitter travesty on Hollywood it is that a man of Basil Rathbone's warm and sentimental soul should be known all over as a cruel, black-hearted villain.



# BOOS

AND

# Bouquets

## FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

### THE WINNER!

**I** NASMUCH as theater owners have made accusations against certain stars and stars are accusing producers and producers are accusing practically everybody, I take it this is a free fight, so count me in. The bone I have to pick is with no other than the very indignant theater owners.

Going to the movies has been a family institution in this household, and probably in several million other households, for a good many years. In the old days Dad used to crank up the Model T while Mom rounded up the family and off we would go for a couple of hours' entertainment. There was always a cartoon for the children, a newsreel for the adults and a good feature picture for the whole family. Well-balanced entertainment and back home in good time to get our sleep before the alarm went off.

But what is the situation now? The theater just down the block runs *triple* features five days a week. Three bad pictures for the price of one good one and a piece of pottery thrown in. On Sunday they give you a break. Just two pictures, possibly only one bad, and the same on Monday with a can of soup. The newsreel is a rarity, comedy shorts are extinct and you can't have a cartoon for Junior because it takes all evening for the three "quickies." Whenever a good picture is playing we have to sit through two or three hours of sheer tripe to see it and by that time how could anything seem good? No wonder people aren't going to the movies. Nowadays, it's too much of a strain for everyone concerned.

**I**T is hardly logical that the stars are responsible for the box-office slump. The cry for new faces is just a way of passing the buck. In the only pictures worth seeing you will find the same stars that have been satisfying the public since long before theater managers started holding endurance contests.

Of course, it isn't the fault of the independent owners that Edward Arnold, Dietrich, Hepburn and the others labeled (or should I say libeled?) not "box-office" have been recently cast in consistently poor pictures, but that very fact makes their charges baseless.

And it is the theater owners' fault that in order to see Joan Crawford in that refreshing picture, "Mannequin" I'll have to sit through at least one mediocre melodrama, probably one I had struggled through before, and try balancing a surrealistic sugar bowl at the same time.

H. BENGTA NIELSEN,  
Chicago, Illinois.



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## SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

### LONG MAY HE WAVE!

In that supposedly "artificial" town called Hollywood, the one big star who is really one of us common folk is Bing Crosby.

Bing doesn't pretend to be a great actor; his business is singing. He sings swell, and as long as his films are full of his songs, we, the public, will continue to pay and pay to see them. We like his naturalness, his simplicity, his friendliness, as seen in these simple but very entertaining movies. Then, there's also Bing in real life—he's so much one of us in his desire to dress in comfortable clothes regardless of their age, their wrinkles, and their clashing colors; in his heartwarming pride in his four baby boys (God bless 'em!); in his hobbies, horses, horse racing, and more horses; in his love of his pipe, his fireside and his family.

Too, there's Bing's graciousness with us, his fans. He'll pose for pictures anytime, for any

Even in midsummer, Sonja Henie, of "My Lucky Star," keeps cool—that is, except where her heart's concerned. For more about her love life, see page 41

one of us whenever we ask him and he doesn't care whether these candid snaps flatter him or not. When one of us writes to him, either praising or criticizing his radio or picture work, he goes to all the bother of answering to thank us for our interest. Very few of the Hollywood stars show this kind of courtesy to their admirers. Again I say, Bing Crosby is one of us, and I think we ought to give him a special award for being just Bing—typical American and a grand guy!

MARY JANE O'BRIEN,  
Akron, Ohio.

## THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

### COUNTERPANE

Time: Early evening

Place: A tubercular sanatorium

Players: Fifty patients

Scene 1. A young girl leans from the window of a cottage. Her eyes are dancing—"It's 'Romeo and Juliet' tonight!" she calls excitedly, "Pass the word along!" In no time at all the glad tidings have been duly passed and the privileged patients are happily donning robes and trooping down the walk to the "show."

In two hours they will return, tired, sleepy but happy. For in those two short hours they have lived an exciting episode of the world "outside"—a world away from the sanatorium, a world they seldom, if ever, see. They will go back to their beds to sleep, to dream about the time when they too will live and laugh like the people in the picture, far away from this land of counterpanes.

The motion-picture companies donate the pictures to our sanatorium. I wonder if they really know how much we appreciate their generosity and how much a weekly glimpse into that coveted "outside" world means to us.

NORENE FIRTH,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### ALL CRITICS AGREE ON "TEST PILOT"

One of the finest pictures I have ever had the pleasure of seeing is the thrilling saga of the life of a test pilot, and believe me in "Test Pilot" M-G-M has produced one of the most thrilling and realistic air pictures to reach the screen since the immortal "Wings."

It seemed to me that I actually rode the heavens with Gable and Tracy when they attempted to climb to 30,000 feet to attain an altitude record while testing a new plane and as they climbed up, up, piercing the very peak of heaven, my breath came in gasps as did those of the people around me. Tracy's splendid portrayal of the ever-faithful friend will rank with the best the screen has ever brought forth. Gable in the title rôle gives a matchless performance and Myrna Loy as Gable's wife pulls your heartstrings. Bundles of praise to the expert pilots, superb photographers and splendid direction, and to all who had any part in making "Test Pilot"—it sure is a humdinger.

BENJAMIN PAUL SHEPARD,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 81)



# Here's the way to be sure of **DAINTINESS**"

says Barbara Stanwyck

NO SMART GIRL  
NEGLECTS  
**DAINTINESS**. IT'S  
THE CHARM THAT  
ALWAYS WINS!

YOU CAN PROTECT IT  
THE DELIGHTFUL WAY  
SCREEN STARS DO...  
USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**  
AS A BATH SOAP, TOO

THE **ACTIVE** LATHER  
LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**  
DELICATELY FRA-  
GRANT. YOU'LL LOVE  
A **LUX TOILET SOAP**  
BEAUTY BATH

Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

**T**HE LOVELY BARBARA STANWYCK gives you a tip that clever girls everywhere are following. Hollywood's favorite complexion soap makes a wonderful bath soap, too, because it *insures* daintiness. Its **ACTIVE** lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Try this luxurious beauty bath. You'll love the fresh smoothness it gives your skin—the delicate perfume that clings about you.



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars**

**use Lux Toilet Soap**



# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

## Bright Saying—Crawford Style

THAT keen sense of the ridiculous that makes Joan Crawford good fun, was again displayed at a recent preview. One after another the feminine audience filed in wearing silver fox capes of various shapes and sizes. Joan stood for a moment and surveyed the furred group.

"My word," she said, "this audience looks as if it had been trapped."

## Pass This One On to Rooney

THE car crept slowly along the palm-lined boulevard, stopped suddenly, began again with a violent jerk, and repeated the performance all over again.

A motor cop, lurking around a corner to trap speeding motorists, stared at the galloping caterpillar in dazed wonder. Finally, his curiosity got the better of him and, with sirens screaming, he caught up to the car.

"Hey," he began, when the driver interrupted.

"Officer, really I was not exceeding the speed limit. Really, Officer, I—"

"Wait a minute," the officer grinned. "What I want to know is why only ten miles an hour? I suppose you have your license, young man?"

"Oh, yes, sir. See, I just got it," and a grubby finger pointed to the name Freddie Bartholomew.

"Well, Freddie, you're doing all right for a beginner," the cop grinned, "but take it just a little faster, eh? Liable to block traffic you know. And take it easier, too."

"Oh, thank you, I shall. And sir," said Freddie, "when I tell Mickey Rooney I've already been stopped by a traffic cop, he'll think I'm some pumpkins."

And the Leaping Lena went on its jerky way while the cop stood and roared.

## A Day in the Life of a Sullavan

WE trotted vaguely out to Maggie Sullavan's new house the other day. Down the unfinished driveway, past a baby girl sleeping in a net-covered arrangement—on her chest, with little fanny pointed skyward—and into a house loud with the clatter of carpenters we went, peering diligently. Margaret had bought this house with husband Leland Hayward, and was reconstructing it to live in always. Dressing rooms had already given way to bathrooms, closets to sun porches, dreary small windows to great sunny bays. Servants whisked about, tripping over hammers and sawhorses. Very busy. There was no sign of Sullavan.

She appeared in a few minutes, dragging after her a huge and very beautiful collie she had just brought from a training school. On her birthday, two days before, Leland had given her a great Dane—which was all right except it wouldn't believe it wasn't a lap dog and it frightened poor little Brooke, the baby, out of her diapers.

The collie was named Firefly and knew tricks; Margaret had it lie down, retrieve, stand up, take things from one spot to another. Brooke awakened, looking like an advertisement for baby food, screeched in cacophony with Firefly's excited barking. The carpenters banged, a dredge dredged at the new swimming pool, John Swope drove in blowing his horn, Maggie began shouting for Brooke's nurse. We held our ears.



## Check the Correct Answers on Page 80

FOLLOWING are listed ten questions which have ONE correct answer. Score ten points for each one answered correctly.

1. What one of the following people has Universal Studio paid more than \$40,000 for learning how to speak English?

Franciska Gaal	Sam Goldwyn
Charles Boyer	Danielle Darrieux
Ilona Massey	Tala Birell
Annabella	Rose Stradner

2. This may surprise you, but one of these actors gets more fan mail than anyone else in Hollywood:

James Cagney	Tyrone Power
Clark Gable	William Powell
Gene Autry	Cary Grant
Robert Taylor	Pat O'Brien

3. Lucille LeSueur is the right name of:

Deanna Durbin	Phyllis Brooks
Bette Davis	Kay Francis
Janet Gaynor	Lola Lane
Loretta Young	Joan Crawford

4. The musical director of Warner Brothers' Studio is:

Alfred Neuman	Max Steiner
Leo Forbstein	William Axt
Boros Morros	Louis Silvers

5. When Claude Binyon writes a screen play the chances are that one of the following men will direct it:

Archie Mayo	Wesley Ruggles
Clarence Brown	Henry Koster
Henry King	Tay Garnett

6. In the picture "Dead End," the part of Humphrey Bogart's mother was played by:

Lucile Gleason	Marjorie Main
Cora Witherspoon	Claire Trevor
Fay Bainter	Alice Brady
Majorie Gateson	May Robson

7. A friend of yours has a sore throat and wants to see a specialist. You, of course, suggest the husband of:

Dolores Del Rio	Jean Arthur
Madeleine Carroll	Irene Dunne
Claudette Colbert	Myrna Loy



8. Most pictures end with the hero kissing the heroine, but not so when the hero is:

Don Ameche	Michael Whalen
Fred Astaire	Richard Dix
Ronald Colman	Gary Cooper

9. Ralph Rainger, the composer, is to Leo Robin, the lyricist, what Lew Pollack is to:

Mack Gordon	Gus Kahn
Sidney Mitchell	Ira Gershwin
Irving Berlin	Jimmy McHugh

10. This actress came into prominence because of her outstanding performance in "Stage Door":

Ginger Rogers	Nan Grey
Ruby Keeler	Lana Turner
Andrea Leeds	Gail Patrick

It is that kind of a household, and always will be. It is the kind of home Margaret eventually would settle into. Her contract for seven years at Metro secure, her love for Leland deep-rooted, her child growing healthily, the Sullavan finds a haven at last, after two bad marriages. But not peace.

Fortunately for her, she doesn't want it.

## It's a Boy

DID you know that that jolly outlaw, Robin Hood, is now a godfather? And that the lucky infant is none other than the very young son of his stalwart henchman, Will Scarlett? In real life, of course, the baby's father is the ex-Britisher, Patric Knowles, and the sponsor Pat's close friend, Errol Flynn. The child, Michael Patrick, who was born on May 11, is the Knowles' first. He has everything in his favor, too: a happy home, a lovely mother and a swell dad. If he grows up to be a star, he will come honestly by it because Mrs. Knowles, too, loves acting. She was Enid Percival of the London stage before she married Pat.

## Brief Note from Cupid

WHEN Hedy Lamarr wins that divorce from her wealthy munitions husband, Reginald Gardiner will be the lucky man.

Jimmy Stewart has fallen hard for the exotic loveliness of Merle Oberon.

Virginia Field and Owen Davis, Junior, former boy friend of Ann Shirley, are knee-deep in romance.

## Life's Minor Tragedies—

THE famous inch-long carmine fingernails of Paulette Goddard are no more. After having petted them along these many years she had to offer them as a sacrifice to Art—David Selznick ordered them chopped off when he cast her as a stenographer in "The Young in Heart." "Any stenographer wearing nails as long as that would be fired!" was his edict.

While on the subject of Paulette: friends inform me that she's traded in her yacht on a plane, and, although she can't pilot it as yet, she's hired herself a sky chauffeur and spends most of her time zooming about over Hollywood.

## Donlevy And The Indian

BRIAN DONLEVY and Chick McGill, his cameraman, are now joint owners in what may be a very rich gold mine. The only difficulty is that the vein is 8,000 feet above Death Valley, and, even though the ore assays very high, it would be a tremendous undertaking to build the necessary equipment to take it out.

Not long ago, Brian secured the services of an old Indian to guide him up to his stake. "You white men funny people," that worthy told him. "You climb high mountains to look for gold, dig deep holes to get it out—then give it to the government in Washington to keep and they take it over and dig deep hole and bury it. Very funny people." Seems that one of the government gold storage vaults is located near there and the old Indian didn't see the point in the transfer.



# Now—Apply Vitamin

# A

## the "Skin-Vitamin"

## Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin!

Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

**Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin**

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin.

It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

**Same Jars, same Labels, same Price**

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

**Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...**

### First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

### Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

### The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

### Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.



MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."



MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."



# Love Story Directed by Ginger Rogers

(Continued from page 17)

authorities. No, Sally, attempting to break into pictures is a poor way to spend one's trousseau money. Did you, by any chance, break your engagement because you preferred a screen career to marriage? Better reconsider, Sally.

Most cordially yours,  
Ginger Rogers.

New York City,  
February 21, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

This is what happened to my engagement: my boy friend—his name is John Carey—and I were all set to be married this month, right after I graduated.

And then John came down to Washington one night and took another girl out instead of me and spoiled everything. Of course, I was rehearsing for our class play and kind of forgot our date for a while, but he could have made allowances for a thing like that.

Anyway, it was about 9:30 when I remembered our date. I rushed to the phone and called his hotel but he was out. And then, the next day, I heard he had dated another girl.

I can tell you I was furious. I called him up and reminded him that he knew I had to rehearse. He said he had come all the way to Washington to see me and that was more important than a silly school play. I asked him what did he mean silly and he said all acting was silly. Well, one thing led to another and I told him I'd show him!

Then I hung up and sent his fraternity pin back and we're not speaking.

Thank you for your nice letter—but I'm coming to Hollywood, anyway!

Yours,

Sally.

February 24, 1938.

Sally Hunt,  
— Park Avenue,  
New York City.

Urgently advise remain away from hollywood unless making social visit with friends stop repeat impossible for me to further screen career in any way stop take it from me you are foolish to cancel marriage with nice young man stop why don't you kiss and make up

Ginger Rogers.

Date: February 25, 1938.

Subject: Rogers telegram.

To: Bill Brown.

From: Phone operator 5.

Western Union says message from Ginger Rogers to Sally Hunt, NYC, dated Feb. 24 cannot be delivered. Party has left city.

Date: February 25, 1938.

Subject:

To: Bill Brown.

From: Phone operator 8.

Please call Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, HO 2442. She says Ginger R. knows her.

Date: February 26, 1938.

Subject:

To: Bill Brown.

From: Phone operator 9.

Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, called you or Ginger R. at 9:55 a.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 4:50 p.m.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.  
Hollywood, Calif.

February 27, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,  
Roosevelt Hotel,  
Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Hunt:

This is to advise you Miss Rogers is

away on location for her new picture, "Having Wonderful Time."

I trust you have a pleasant vacation in Hollywood.

Sincerely,  
William Brown,  
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel  
Hollywood, Calif.

March 7, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I read in a gossip column you are back from location so I hasten to take pen in hand and tell you your RKO gatemens are heartless. It was like trying to see the Queen of England, or something, to attempt to see you! Couldn't be done. So I'll have to think up another way of getting in. I bet I can!

Sally.

Date: March 9, 1938.

Subject: Studio wall.

To: Studio manager.

From: Patrolman No. 3.

Think wall adjoining cemetery near Santa Monica Blvd. should be higher. Caught girl climbing over, using tombstone for ladder. Not a prowler; just a fan. Name: Sally Hunt.

Date: March 11, 1938.

Subject: Efficiency.

To: Publicity dept.

From: Superintendent's office.

For the luvvape, man your gates a little better! Realize bona fide press should be able to get in and out of studio at will but not the G. P. Officer 3 reports twice caught girl sneaking down publicity back stairs into grounds. Only way she could have gotten in was through your front doors. Girl's name: Sally Hunt. Says Rogers knows her.

University Club  
Boston, Mass.

March 12, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers,  
RKO-Radio Studios,  
Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Rogers:

I am sorry to ask such a favor of you, but I have reason to believe Miss Sally Hunt, a friend of mine, is in Hollywood and in touch with you. If so, will you please forward her the enclosed note?

I might say in closing that I admire you on the screen, Miss Rogers, but I wish to heaven Miss Hunt did not!

Then perhaps she would come to her senses and forget this screen career she is so set on. I think a lot of her, Miss Rogers, but I have seen her in amateur theatricals and she's no great shakes. Also, she does not photograph well.

Sincerely yours,

John Carey.

Date: March 14, 1938.

Subject: Sally Hunt.

To: Ginger Rogers.

From: Casting office.

How in thunder did you happen to think this gal would be good screen bet? She's okay to the eye, maybe, but murder to the camera. If she's a protégée of yours—and she says she is—better put her wise right now to the truth, i.e., she's lousy.

Date: March 16, 1938.

Subject: Sally Hunt.

To: Casting office.

From: Ginger Rogers.

For goodness' sake, I didn't send her to you! You should know me better than that. Whatever she told you was strictly her own idea. Me—I know what a headache being in the movies can be. I should help another girl into the same kettle of fish! How did she get into the studio?

Date: March 16, 1938.

Subject: Casting office memo on Sally Hunt (attached).

To: Bill Brown.

From: Ginger Rogers.

Bill, please tone this down so it won't hurt her feelings and send a copied version to Sally Hunt.

Date: March 17, 1938.

Subject: Sally Hunt.

To: Ginger Rogers.

From: Casting office.

We don't know how she got in but we suspect the wall by the cemetery. It is being raised.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.  
Hollywood, Calif.

March 17, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,  
Roosevelt Hotel,  
Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Hunt:

Herewith a copy of a memo to Miss Rogers from our casting office, which speaks for itself concerning your chances for a screen career:

"Re Sally Hunt: Sorry. While

Miss Hunt is an attractive girl, she is not good camera material and could never succeed on the screen. This is final."

Hoping you may nevertheless have an enjoyable vacation in Hollywood, I am

Cordially yours,  
William Brown,

Secretary to Miss Rogers.

March 18, 1938.

John Carey,  
University Club,  
Washington, D. C.

Sally hunt at roosevelt hotel here stop why don't you join her stop she has had bad jolt our casting office turned her down flat saying she has terrible camera face despite apparent prettiness stop suggest you don't reveal you know truth but come on out here and take over stop have feeling you will be welcome stop good luck

Ginger Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel  
Hollywood, Calif.

March 20, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I was wrong, wasn't I, and I am sorry if I caused you any trouble. I guess I was pretty much of a fool, but I can't say you didn't warn me.

But one thing kind of nice has happened. John Carey—my ex-fiance—just phoned me, and I guess I have you to thank for telling him how to find me. He is coming right out to the hotel and—well, if he wants to make up, maybe I'll be willing.

Anyway, thank you for everything, including your efforts to keep me from making a fool of myself. I guess, though, when you are bound to do that, heaven itself can't stop you.

Yours, sadder, but wiser,

Sally.

P. S. I am not going to tell John I flopped. If I decide to marry him, I'll kind of let him think I gave up a career for him.

March 21, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers,  
RKO Studios,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sally and i married fifteen minutes ago and blissfully happy stop she thinks i think she gave up career for love which is jake with me stop all i care is she mrs carey now stop leaving night plane for boston where expect to live happily ever after thanks to you

John Carey.

Date: March 23.

Subject: Present.

To: Bill Brown.

From: Ginger Rogers.

Will you please ask Brock and Company to send out some silver sandwich plates and other things suitable for wedding gift for the little Hunt girl? Would like to make selection myself.

Brock and Company, Jewelers  
Los Angeles  
California

March 30, 1938.

In account with  
Ginger Rogers,  
RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

1 sandwich platter	\$39.50
	1.20 tx
Total	\$40.70

PAID Apr. 8, 1938.



A bon voyage party for the Darryl Zanucks at the Troc brings together Margaret Sullivan, John Swope and Ginger Rogers. Maggie can't quite make up her mind about Ginger's new curl cluster—which we think is tops!





## *"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked—"*

says **DOROTHY DIX**, famous adviser on life and marriage



**I** CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

*"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears, and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others..."*

*"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom and good old Dick, you may find that one of*

them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

\* \* \*

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



# Woo, Woo—and I Do Mean Woo

(Continued from page 63)

straightened out for you." (Why isn't this man in Congress, tell me that?)

The column then concludes with the vehement denial that Wayne Morris is going to buy the Herbert acres and a startling revelation that a Mr. Hull has a swell spray gun for rent.

So, you can plainly see, Hugh Herbert's off-screen days and evenings are given over to the fulfillment of his Civic Duties. Crossroad shops within the Studio City limits are visited and boosted in his column. Committees on why the Acacia tree on Lanewood Street should not be cut down meet with Chamber of Commerce President Herbert in the local meeting room. No one puts anything over on the President. Or the Mayor. Or the columnist, who is out bag and baggage for the little fellow.

There is a seriousness of purpose in the Rotarian Babbitry of Hugh Herbert that reveals something touching and even tender about the man. He is not just another actor riding high in a community. He is a man, small-town at heart, big-time in soul, doing his best for his home town.

AND there it is. And is, if I may say so, the secret that lies behind the tremendous and even confounding appeal of the man Herbert. Behind his everlasting woo, wooing and pitching around the hysteria, there lives, not an eccentric or a clown or a fool, but a kindly man attuned to every other ordinary man's way of thinking and living.

And what's more, he's cute. And pretty, in a depressing sort of way.

He takes a secret (and even gloating) pride in the fact that something is un-beautifully wrong with his face and tells of an incident that happened recently near Warners' Studio. A woman, passing by, glanced at Hugh as he stood waiting for his car. Walking on, she finally hesitated and came back.

"Are you Hugh Herbert?" she asked.

Hughie replied he was.

The woman took one more good look, "Oh, my God," she gasped—and hurried away.

And there's the time he discovered an old script over at Universal Studio on which was written, "Need actor with a face like a hot water bottle. Suggest Hugh Herbert."

THE whimsy pooh quality that radiates from Herbert's screen personality is carried over into his private life in a generous measure. It is noticed, in his conversation particularly, when he is deep in relating an amusing incident. A trip to Catalina, in company with his dearest friend, William Demarest (Shirley Temple's step-papa in "Rebecca"), coming from Mr. Herbert, goes something like this.

"Bill and I were on the boat going over. She had another girl with her, we saw them by the rail, wasn't you who said it Bill, no I said, ever hear of Robert Taylor—they must have come down from the hills—and she said no she hadn't, have another highball—what was it you said Bill about did you hear of Hugh Herbert and then her friend came up and she hadn't heard of Hugh Herbert either—we were just out for a good time, and were they dumb, and then the fans started crowding around and did she look surprised? So I said I'm Hugh Herbert. She got seasick."

Everything is there in that story as told by Mr. Herbert—idea, substance and climax, but what sets it apart from ordinary storytelling is the fact that,

over the whole, Mr. Herbert has poured a tantalizing mixture of confusion, meekness and nervous hysteria.

Again it takes another turn, this whimsy of his, when carried over to his everyday life. For example, it was during last spring's flood. As a community loving citizen, Mr. Herbert got himself a lantern, from heaven's knows what cow shed, and set out amidst the destruction to be of service. Through the drenching rain of night, Mr. Herbert and his lantern bobbed along, missing puddles by inches.

Suddenly the figure of a man approached out of the dark. "I'm looking for the Mayor," the man said. "My chickens have been washed away."

"Well, come along," Mr. Herbert said. "I have a lantern here. Lights are out everywhere. Terrible disaster, isn't it? Watch that puddle there. We'll find the Mayor over near the town. He should be there." And on and on through the night they trudged.

Suddenly Herbert stopped as though seized with an idea.



A guest at the Zanuck party—happy homecomer Claudette Colbert, looking more chic than ever after her European holiday

"Who did you say you were looking for?" he said.

"The Mayor."

"Why, that's funny," Herbert said. "We must be mixed up. I'm the Mayor." And Mr. Herbert was just as surprised at the turn of events as the man himself.

He's been in Hollywood for years and years and years and has done everything there is to be done in pictures except sew lace on Kay Francis' screen nightie.

It was way back in silent days that he directed the late Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women." But it wasn't until Joan Blondell opened the door for a scene in "Goodbye Again" and a funny little mudpie-faced individual walked in and right into the hearts of the audi-

ence that Hughie (for it was none other than he) came into his own.

New York born, Hugh Herbert began his theatrical career writing vaudeville skits for others. They sought him out, these two-a-day troupers, begging him to create for them a funny fifteen minutes for big-time circuits. He made money hand over fist in those days, for vaudeville was at its delightful heights. When he tried the stage on his own it was to portray serious long-bearded Jewish characters which he played sensitively and to perfection.

ACTORS like Herbert but (I must be honest, Hughie) they don't like working with him for several simple reasons. For one thing, he always loses his script the first day of shooting and no one, from Jack Warner down, can find it. He loses every script they subsequently dig up during the shooting. With his script gone (and on purpose, if you ask me), he merely manufactures his own lines, much funnier than the prepared ones but lines that leave members of the cast ten feet up in the air, hot as blazes, and no way to get down. What to answer to Hughie's impromptu dialogue has thrown more actors into acute neurosis than any other vexation.

And, finally, he always steals the scenes anyway. Weep, storm, complain, go to pieces in corners as actors may and do, Hughie steals the scene just the same. Hughie is a bad boy. He's an Elk, too. And goes to lodge meetings like mad.

He has a hog named Minnie and a swell yogi in a turban. The yogi is put into service when Hugh entertains. His duties being to throw everyone including Hughie into a trance. Or something.

There was the day that Mr. Herbert, in a moment of weakness, reluctantly sold Minnie with his other livestock. Mr. Herbert did so love that livestock, but, being a bit on the sentimental side (which is an outrageous understatement), he couldn't bear to eat or in any way profit by his darling cows, hens, turkeys, goats and hogs. Each had a name of its own given it by Mr. Herbert and, even though several hundred chickens roamed the Herbert hatcheries, Hugh never, never mistook Bessie for Alice. How he knew them apart no one knows, but know them he did.

Of course there was nothing to do but finally sell most of his pets and take the balance out to his hidden ranch far back in the hills. Big Boy Williams, who lives near Hugh, bought Minnie the hog. But one evening as Hugh and Demarest sat talking they got to thinking about Minnie. It seems life had become a desolate waste without Minnie. So the two cronies trotted over to Big Boy's place and bought back good old Minnie, sow that she was.

That was two nights before the floods came, a flood that washed Minnie from her moorings far down the highway where she finally came to rest, squealing and drenched, on a native's front porch. At the sound of the squealing outside, the householder turned to his wife in surprise. "My Gawd," he said, "that sounds like Mr. Herbert's Minnie."

The picture of Mr. Herbert with a Mack truck and two assistants in a cloudburst of rain recovering Minnie from a watery grave will live in the memory of several Studio City inhabitants as long as they live.

He loves a good joke on himself. Recently Bill Demarest took all the old gold fillings that the dentist had re-

moved from his teeth and, grating them finely, planted them in the rocks back of Hughie's ranch.

Well, if ever you've seen a chicken with its head off it was Hughie when he struck gold. He sent off the rocks for analysis and even went so far as to talk of organizing a mining company.

He laughed when Bill told him the truth but somewhere in the back of his mind is the fixed idea that the rocks had really framed Demarest, and gold, tons of it, is lying about on his ranch. He'll do something about it one day, you'll see.

Cooking is his passion. His spaghetti is the talk of the town. Caruso, back in New York, taught Hughie how to make the sauce. Actor friends beg, literally beg, to be invited to a Herbert spaghetti throw.

Not a dinner is served in the Herbert home that the master doesn't superintend. Every evening finds him in the kitchen, probing into this dish and that dish.

He's forever changing cooks. Chinese, Italians, Swedes form a constant parade of nations through his kitchen, so that from each one he may learn some new thing.

HUGH HERBERT, or Herbert Hugh as Director Michael Curtiz calls him in all seriousness, is a man who speaks a universal language—one understood by the entire world. When the Jahore of Arabia visited Warners' Studio he asked first to see the Woo, woo man.

"You are big for laughs in my country," the Jahore of Arabia told him. "You a Woo, woo man."

Hugh claims that trademark originated from a scene he did with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Diplomaniacs." The three boys were sitting on a tree limb while below sat limp and pensive Indians who refused to respond to the director's plea for animation.

Suddenly Hugh felt the limb give a little and cried "Here we go, Woo! Woo!"

Immediately the Indians leaped into action. "Woo, woo," they cried back at Hugh, "Woo, woo!"

He's used it ever since.

In his valley home, the one he once considered calling The Huberto Rancho (may the heavens forgive him), he lives with his wife, a fish pond in the living room, a guest book in the bar and his beloved dog and cat, Gertie and Peachee. "I stay home a lot," he says, "because Mrs. Herbert likes to go out and play bridge and I don't. In fact, the first thing every morning when she wakes up she looks over at me and says, 'I bid four spades'."

When Hugh wanted to enlarge his house, he thought and thought about the fish pond directly in his way. "Aw nuts," he finally said, and built the room around the pond.

He loves, too, this mild maniac of the screen, to sit alone at home for hours at a time—with Gertie his dog and Peachee his cat and their bowl of raisins by his side. And many a day he'll sit there alone throughout the entire afternoon until, outside, shadows through the pepper trees tell him that the sun has gone about its business and twilight has come.

And sometimes on the porch eaves the pigeons will begin their plaintive cry of, "Woo, woo! Woo, woo! Woo, woo!"

And Mr. Herbert will turn a bit in his comfortable chair by the fire and with a smile at his own whimsy, softly call back, "Woo, woo!"



# Are you Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

## You can look lovelier with COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP for

## YOUR TYPE



*Ruby Keeler and Anne Shirley*

IN RKO-RADIO PRODUCTION

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"



### ★ **NEW!** MAX FACTOR'S NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM

Here's a sensational new kind of cleansing cream originated by Hollywood's make-up genius that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

**55¢**

*Max Factor ★ Hollywood*

Do you realize that the secret of beauty's attraction is color? To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created Color Harmony Make-Up...*powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades*...to intensify the charm of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types.

Share this Hollywood secret...choose *your* color harmony shades in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick and see how much lovelier you will look. *Note coupon below for special make-up test.*



### *Satin-Smooth* POWDER

Choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder...then note how perfectly flattering the color is to your skin. Soft and smooth, too...hours later your make-up will still look lovely...one dollar.



### *Lifelike* ROUGE

Harmonize rouge with powder. Max Factor's Rouge will give your cheeks the charm of natural beauty, and also blend perfectly with your Max Factor powder. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily...fifty cents.



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For lasting lip color, apply lipstick to inner, as well as outer surface of lips. You can do this with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick because it's moisture-proof. Color harmony shades...one dollar.

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"....FREE 1-8-46

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and below <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



# FASHION LETTER



BY  
GWENN  
WALTERS

As a midseason pickup for Arleen Whelan in 20th Century-Fox's "Ellis Island," Gwen Wakeling styles this suit of white linen, novelizes it with Royal blue stitching and glamorizes it with blouse and kerchief plaided in blue, burgundy and white

**R**IGHT in the middle of summer play (and I do hope you had a grand and glorious Fourth) it seems rather dreadful of me to intrude with chatter and worry of clothes, but as your fashion advisor I'm right on the spot to warn you that this is the time to think of them, and what's more do something about them—that is, if you plan to take a fashionable bow as the curtain swings down on the finale of summer!

You see, it's time to remind you that clothes get tired, even as you and I, after weeks of rushing about.

And to add that there's nothing so disastrous to glamour and charm as "weary white"—shoes and bags that refuse even one more dose of polish—limpid frocks—tired hats!

To remedy these weary wardrobes Royer, designer for Twentieth Century-Fox, suggests a grand revival plan that they may finish summer's fashion race in first place!

The keynote of it is to make several well planned purchases at the end-of-the-season sales—for this is sale month, one in which you can double your dollars in a real clothes investment (and who among womankind can resist something for nothing!).

At these sales Royer suggests that you search for smart, too-expensive shoes that are now marked to half their price; a couple of bags at a figure you can't resist; frocks that have been sacrificed to your pocketbook; play togs, swim suits, hats and any number of odds and ends that are frankly a steal—in other words, a few buys that will completely renew your summer wardrobe.

Royer, however, gives a word of warning that it would be well to heed before you start on your tour of sales.

Be sure to make a list of your "must haves," and then promise yourself to complete the purchases on it before you succumb to other bargains. This procedure will assure wise buying

and will prevent a sad argument with your budget.

Of course, you'll not come home from shopping without at least one brand new midseason hat which, if you follow Royer's advice, will be one of the wonderful new models in velvet, for he fancies this fabric for sport, street or cocktail models. Its possession will add the final fillip to your wardrobe, as well as stir your interest to plan for fall clothes which will soon be in the shops.

By the way, I've gathered some grand advance fashion hints for these coming fall clothes; but, before I write of them, I want to give you a few general style notes on midseason hats that may help you with your selections.

**HOLLYWOOD** sponsors no one particular trend—the beret, the halo, the toque, the turban and off-the-face creations all share equal honors—therefore, the style that most becomes *you* is truly the season's smartest hat. Crowns are reaching skyward again (likewise the brims of the halo hats and the irregular drapings and shapings of the other models); and the fanciful trims of the past two seasons have surrendered momentarily to allow exquisite fabrics and styling details just recognition (although veulings still persist).

Felt vies with velvet for fabric distinction, and you'll find delightful combinations of both. The perennial favorite—taffeta (in dark colors)—gets top scoring in the hat that transforms your summer print into a charming midseason costume.

Now for those notes on fall clothes so you'll be in the know as you begin to plan for them.

Ginger Rogers wears a "Sweetheart" dress created by Howard Greer, in "Carefree," that your heart will yearn to own. The dress is of sheer black woolen and features a short-sleeved, and untrimmed, high circle neckline blouse, and a full circle skirt held in slim line with all

'round inverted pleats. One silver arrow on the right sleeve points to several that dart the blouse across the front until they reach a four-inch, blood-red heart of solid beading on the left. It is a gloriously simple dress, full of glamour and appeal!

As brides are always in fashion and as their gowns are of first importance, I must tell you of the wedding gown Greer has created for Ginger to wear in the same picture. It is styled with a full circle skirt, a fitted bodice and puffed sleeves. The fabric is white net almost solidly covered with rows and rows of narrow ivory Val lace. The tulle wedding veil, also in ivory hue, releases from a coronet of tiny wheat stalks that have been brushed with gilt. There are two commanding fashion notes to be gleaned from this costume—the first is that there will be a young, romantic feeling in fall wedding gowns with net and lace replacing sophisticated satins and velvets; the second is that there will be a picturesque gayety of coloring with muted pastel hues winning out over traditional white. (The ivory tone of Ginger's gown is so deep that it gives the illusion of soft yellow.)

The circle skirts mentioned in the descriptions of the two dresses above deserve a few added notes. Greer has used these circle skirts exclusively in the clothes Ginger will wear in "Carefree," and they are sure to influence fashion. In all daytime frocks he slims them with inverted pleat treatments so that their fullness is not observed except in motion. This circle skirt trend is definitely youthful—and it strikes me as a grand new campus fashion.

Greer has selected the same style of hat (executed in varying fabrics) for Ginger to wear with all of her frocks. The reason—well, Greer has a grand one. Specifically—because the style particularly becomes Ginger.

This explodes the theory that one should wear crazy hats that are *not becoming* because they are the style, so if you are one who has refused to wear hats that ill-become you, preferring a particular style in various colorings and fabrics that does become you, Greer's *one style* hat selection for Ginger should cheer you.

Among the clothes Howard Shoup has designed for Margaret Lindsay to wear in "Garden of the Moon," the gayest is a street or spectator sports ensemble of plaid and plain. The frock of green sheer woolen is simply tailored with short sleeves, slim skirt and corseted waistline. The collarless, circle neckline is accented by a multiple-strand choker necklace of lightweight wooden beads painted barbaric colors. Atop this frock Shoup places a dashing woolen short box jacket plaided in green, blue, coral and brown to match the necklace hues. Margaret's hat is of green felt.

A midnight blue velvet and gold lamé evening gown is designed by Vera West for Danielle Darrieux to wear in "The Rage of Paris." The velvet fashions a princess skirt—the lamé a backless, peplum bodice that has a widely squared front décolletage.

As we're chatting about fall clothes let me ask you a question. Do you plan to purchase a sleek, new foundation garment before you select your clothes—to wear it when you have them fitted—and to wear it religiously?

If you don't, you should, in the opinion of Orry-Kelly, Warners' famous designer currently creating costumes for Bette Davis to wear in her newest starring production "The Sisters," as *foundation for fashion* is his first command.

Next month I'll write you highlights from Orry-Kelly's fall forecast, which is truly one of Hollywood's most cherished fashion offerings!



# These lovely hands

ARE THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED IN AMERICA . . .

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"I like Revlon's smart shades, of course, but the fact that it wears so well and looks lustrous and lovely for so long is most important. Even the smallest flaw in my nail enamel might ruin a picture completely.

"And there's still another very good reason for preferring Revlon. Longer nails—*streamlined* nails—are best for photography. They make hands look slimmer and more aristocratic. So a broken nail, which may be an annoyance to you, is a *tragedy* to me! . . . But when I use Revlon, even though my nails may get plenty of hard knocks, they always look perfect. I find that I can depend on Revlon's quality—and that means a lot to me."

Try TARTAR and LANCER—Revlon's newest high-style shades.

## NAIL "TIPS":

Do not have your nails filed deep into the corners if you want longer, stronger nails. Allow them to grow out at the sides to give support to the tips.



# Revlon

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Eleanor Fisher  
"Miss Typical America"  
appearing in  
Paramount's  
"True Confession"

## Glamour WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS

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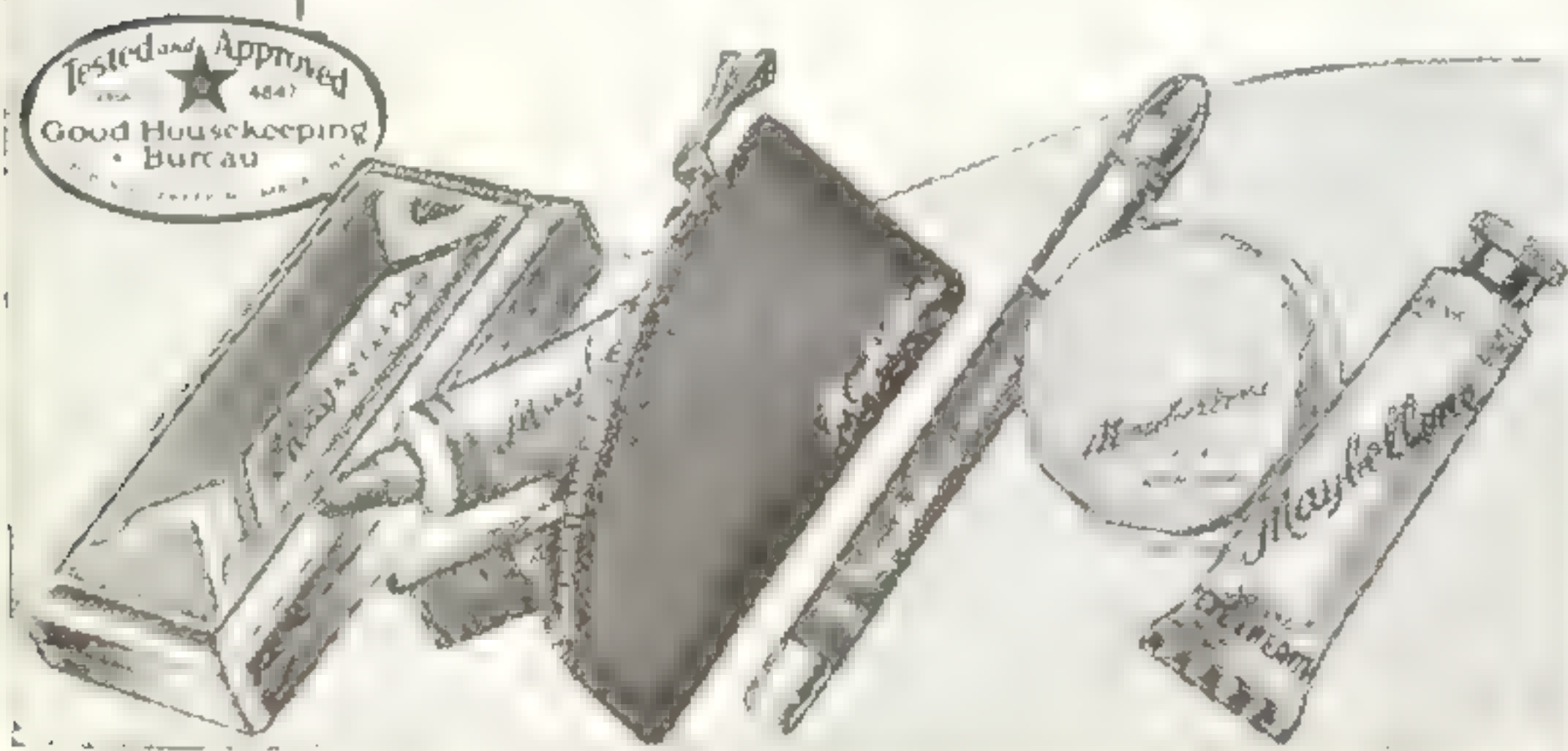
- Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

- Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

- At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

- Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

- Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue, Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet, Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



# Confessions of a Hollywood Hairdresser

(Continued from page 13)

effect. Ianthe must have been the original girl in Irvin Cobb's story—they had to burn down the schoolhouse to get her out of the second grade, and she knew but one word of two syllables: fillum. Ianthe started things in the middle and finished them before the end. She was supporting twenty-three relatives, friends and servants, and the bills hadn't been paid for three months, when I finally left and went to work for a while in the old Sadye Nathan Shop. The twenty-three disappeared like smoke when Ianthe hit the skids.

These days, Ianthe often comes to my house evenings to have her hair and nails done. Sometimes she gets a rare day of extra work. I send her board money straight to the landlady; Ianthe wouldn't have a cent of it by the time she got home. A few old friends slip her a five-spot now and then, and she buys a dress or a hat.

**HOLLYWOOD** people are kind and generous, more quickly touched by a sob story dramatically presented than by patient fortitude. They are increasingly interested in social problems. Many of their charities and generosityes never reach the public ear.

One of the most beautiful gestures of altruism I have ever seen occurred here a few years ago. A girl we will call Mary played small "bits" in several pictures and fell madly in love with rather a casual actor, who was soon bored with the affair.

Mary grieved and starved herself into T.B. There is no blame attached to the actor—he knew nothing of it, hadn't seen her for a year. An extra girl happened to tell one of our popular leading men about Mary.

Polman and a friend of his, Colwell, went to see her that same night, although both men were busy on pictures and had innumerable demands upon their evenings. The next morning an ambulance arrived at Mary's cheap little hotel and she was taken to a first-rate sanitarium near Los Angeles. She stayed there for two years; and every week, unfailingly, during that time, one or the other of these men drove out there with magazines, books and flowers, and cheerful chatter. I know, because several times I went along and did Mary's hair and nails. Mary was not particularly beautiful or intelligent. She was just another human being who needed help. She recovered fully, and is now happily married to a technician.

A lot of things like that happen in Hollywood. Every person in this episode was sworn to secrecy, so you never heard of it. And you do not hear of many other instances because a ripe juicy scandal, an insipid romance, finds a more ready market.

In Hollywood beauty parlors, the old routine of ex-wife and other woman in adjoining booths has been played so often it no longer arouses much comment. The air out here is charged with electricity and something really novel must happen to make it snap.

**HERE** are episodes out of a fairly typical day, selected at random:

Two actresses, one of whom has just been signed to play the part the other wanted, enter the salon at the same time, and stare frigidly at each other. One cancels her appointment and departs in fury, leaving her sister actress in such spacious mood she takes every treatment in the place and buys three hundred dollars worth of cosmetics.

The promising young dancer who didn't think "Mother knows best" and eloped with an unpromising young man, is reunited with Mother in the permanent wave room. Annulment proceedings begin next day.

A blonde comedienne clutches a telephone (each modern beauty parlor as well as restaurant in this town has a telephone plug every ten feet) and shrieks at her bookie. This goes on most of the time she is in the shop and an operator has to be a contortionist to work on her. She hangs up and wails, "I just lost a thousand dollars! I had a hunch on Hardtack in the fifth and didn't play it!"

She pores feverishly over racing charts, doping them out for tomorrow, asking advice of everyone in the place. She works very hard at it, keeps her edgy nerves whipped to a frenzy, and says she almost breaks even . . . I understand the studio is a trifle fed up with separating her from a telephone long enough to play a scene, and it is too bad because she is really almost as funny on the screen as off. Perhaps she hasn't noticed how easily anyone can be replaced in her business.

**THE** fine character actor and his wife, steady patrons for my special scalp treatment (many of my customers are men), have separated. She, a pretentious artificial woman with a bitter tongue, is trying to serve him with papers accusing him of everything in the Decalogue. Actually, he is a studious, solitary sort of man, sweet and charming. He makes a game of eluding the process server, until she is foaming.

One day he comes in for his treatment and I happen to look outside, catching sight of the missis leaving her limousine. I rush him into a lavatory where he remains for three hours, while madame has a leisurely massage, shampoo, wave and manicure. I manage to slip him a few magazines, and he emerges serene and unruffled.

On another day, a colorful young swashbuckling actor comes in for a permanent wave. He is about to play a character who must have curly hair, and he has gone without a haircut for weeks so it will be long enough to wave. His marriage with an actress has been one prolonged sparring match, which both thoroughly enjoy. He is just having his hair wound on the spindles, when she whirls in the shop.

For some reason, reticence overcomes him, and he refuses to talk to her. So she flashes up to the front of the shop and industriously writes him insulting notes, sent back to him by the maid—and he industriously answers them. They have quite a literary morning, with the lady prowling up and down between correspondence like a tigress on a diet. Finally Beulah, our colored maid, who has a swell sense of humor, gets tired of shuttling back and forth. She pauses in the massage room, on a return trip, unfolds and edits the note, writing in some "dears" and "darlings." The actor is not too surprised, accustomed to his wife's mercurial temperament, and sends back "Let's skip it and be pals again." The reconciliation took place a moment after we had removed the pads and clamps from the actor's head, which, as Beulah remarked, was a nice piece of timing.

A little drama which required several years to play concerned a New York actor, his wife and their chauffeur, whom the actor brought to Hollywood

with him. The actor went down the ladder almost as fast as the chauffeur went up. When the ambitious young man wanted a studio job, the actor helped him, and, within seven years, the ex-chauffeur became a full-fledged producer. The wife, who formerly detested him, divorced her actor-husband and married the ex-chauffeur.

A confidence from one of my customers, inspired by her desperation, resulted in the most enduring happiness I have had from life. I am afraid it did not do as much for her, but it was her best alternative. We may as well call her Emily. She was a plain undistinguished woman with great possibilities—the kind you itch to advise. I persuaded her to let me arrange her coiffure along classic lines which brought out the lovely shape of her head, the purity of her features and the texture of her hair. Encouraged by this success, I volunteered advice about her clothes, and she was a woman you would look at twice, in Hollywood or in Paris.

Her husband was a busy "realtor," who did not have much time for her, and, before the transformation was completed, he went to San Francisco and stayed there six months on a business deal. He did not know what an attractive wife he had at home and never bothered to travel that short distance and see her during that time. They had reached rather an impasse in their marriage, anyway.

When Emily met a suave English actor who gave her a lot of attention, she fell pretty hard for him, even though she knew he had a wife and two children in England. To this man she sacrificed the rest of her life. I do not defend her. It was wrong. But the best a hairdresser, like a doctor, can do in this world is try to help people out of their difficulties and not be too critical of how they got into them.

**EMILY** came to my home one night and told me she was going to have a baby. She wanted it, desperately. She and her husband had no children. What should she do? Her husband would be home soon. Well, it seemed best, as I saw it then, to tell her husband and hope for his humanity and forgiveness. It did not seem impossible that he might eventually forget its paternity and grow fond of the child, since I have seen time and understanding perform even greater miracles than that. But I didn't know this man. He had not pined away in solitude during his absence, definitely—but this was different. He would forgive his wife and "take her back," but he never wanted to see the child, or have her see it. . . .

Maybe I made a terrible mistake advising her as I did. Maybe she should never have told him, should have placed the child in a home and persuaded him to adopt it later—as another of my clients did with success. Maybe I should have advised her to leave her husband; but she had no idea how to make a living, and the Englishman could not be depended upon. . . .

I had no remote idea, as I talked with her that night, that her baby would be the boy I have loved as my own for nine years, and who loves me as dearly as he would a mother, who believes me to be his mother. Whatever weakness there was in Emily's character which allowed her to give up her child, over any protest, has been more than compensated by her later strength. Occasionally she sees the boy. I know she would



defy husband and world to have him now. But she never reveals to him by so much as a look that she is his mother. I would give him back to her if she asked me to, and possibly go on living. But she knows he is happier this way, his mind and emotions unconfused. She is a very great woman, Emily.

Most of the very busy women in Hollywood have work done in their homes when it is more convenient and the work does not require elaborate equipment. Home is where the fun begins.

One hot night in August I went to the home of Mrs. Jasper, wife of a highly temperamental director. When the work was finished, she suggested we drive down to the corner for some ice cream. A man, not in livery, was seated at the wheel of her car. She introduced him as "Mr. Burns," which did not seem too extraordinary, this being Hollywood. Half an hour later when we stopped in front of an ornate apartment house and Mrs. J. and Mr. Burns led me gently but firmly inside things began to feel decidedly extraordinary.

We surprised Mr. Jasper in the midst of a conference with Rea Matthews, leading lady for his current picture. We even, let us say, annoyed Mr. Jasper. Especially when Mrs. Jasper, who could never forget she was once an emotional actress, brandished a revolver carelessly—and my, how I wished I wasn't so fond of ice cream! Rea and Mr. Burns also stared apprehensively at the weapon, and you could see they did not highly regard guns as an ideological corrective. Mr. Burns apparently thought it was all going to be in the usual line of duty—evidence, with me as witness.

**T**HE Jaspers launched into a vigorous resumé of their married life, most illuminating, Mrs. Jasper having the edge as she still waved the gun. Rea and Mr. Burns suffered a temporary paralysis, and I floated, by easy stages, into the kitchen. For one thing, I was hungry; but mainly, I was interested in locating a rear exit. Entered Rea, burst into wild sobs and flung herself on my shoulder—good old reliable shoulder. I didn't see any back doors, and it wouldn't have been nice if Mrs. Jasper had caught me consoling the enemy, so I went on back to the party.

Mr. J. was signing a paper in an unsteady but legible hand. I signed as one witness, Mr. Burns as the other, although we had no idea what we were signing and haven't to this day.

Then, calm in her moment of triumph (exactly as if the script called for it), Mrs. Jasper thrust the paper in her bosom, and tossed the gun on a chair. Mr. Jasper picked it up—and discovered it wasn't loaded.

Well, then the show *really* began. No performance you or I have ever witnessed on any stage or screen can compare with Mr. Jasper's roaring melodrama of a deceived and outraged hus-

band! He turned on everything he had, and his reputation as the best off-stage actor in the directing business was more than upheld; it was immortalized.

His grievance, stripped of invective, hyperbole and odious comparison, was that Mrs. J. had made a sap of him before witnesses by scaring him half to death with an unloaded gun. He would never be able to live it down in Hollywood. That was what worried him.

Whereupon Mrs. Jasper turned like lightning and sternly informed the three of us if we ever breathed a word against her husband, we would answer to *her* for it! Then she rushed into Mr. J.'s arms.

From then on, the evening went completely Noel Coward.

Mr. Burns poured a round of highballs, sadly shook hands with all of us as if we had failed him but he would be brave, and called a taxi. It would have been sacrilege to disturb the Jaspers, entwined on the davenport like a loving pretzel. Rea tiptoed into her bedroom and laid out a nightgown, which I have always regarded as one of the most exquisite of all possible gestures.

Then we took the car key and drove Mrs. Jasper's car back to the Jasper palace. Rea's grief subsided at the discovery of the cold squab in the ice box, some Bar-le-Duc and roquefort and a bottle of excellent Liebfraumilch. After I telephoned my husband, we played some Sibelius records and then went to bed about dawn.

This singularly diverting evening reconstructs itself in memory like a surrealist drawing expressed in action, a sort of montage such as Mr. Jasper is so fond of using in his pictures. Perhaps a psychiatrist could tell me why I invariably recall it along with the first bite into a green olive, a ride on a carousel, the Quatres Arts Ball in Paris, Ben Turpin, the champion polo player who fell off his camel in Egypt and the rubber "doughnut" air cushion a distinguished French beauty always placed in a chair before she sat down.

This might well have been a scandal, but it never was. Hollywood is just about out of scandals. It is a much more sane and healthy place in recent years than it used to be. Homes are to live in and not for exhibition purposes, people have children or adopt them, friendships last longer.

Pity the poor press agent! The world still insists that Hollywood be a glamorous decadent place—and what are you going to do about glamour girls who bake cakes, dig in their gardens and have babies? Items hit headlines now that wouldn't have been given space on page ten in the riotous Clara Bow-Gloria Swanson days.

But so long as human beings are human, plots that never reach the screen will continue to evolve in Hollywood; and the hairdressers in filmtown's beauty parlors will hear most of them.

## WHOSE ?

Here are the correct answers to the picture spread found on pages 36-37:

1. Tyrone Power's eyelashes
2. Deanna Durbin's hairbow
3. Sonja Henie's skating shoe
4. Robert Taylor's widow's peak
5. Fred Astaire's top hat
6. Charlie McCarthy's monocle
7. Bob Burns' bazooka
8. Bing Crosby's pipe
9. Carole Lombard's star sapphire

10. W. C. Fields' cigar
11. Clark Gable's chain ring
12. Dorothy Lamour's sarong
13. Marlene Dietrich's eyebrows
14. Joan Crawford's gardenia
15. Shirley Temple's curl
16. Barbara Stanwyck's gold cross
17. Martha Raye's mouth
18. Mae West's curves

**TONIGHT'S THE  
BIG NIGHT!**  
**THAT'S WHY I'M  
BATHING WITH  
FRAGRANT  
CASHMERE BOUQUET  
SOAP... IT'S THE  
LOVELIER WAY TO  
AVOID OFFENDING!**



### HER FRAGRANT DAINTINESS WINS!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU PEG... SOMETHING SO LOVELY, SO ... WELL, ANYWAY, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU?

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CASHMERE BOUQUET. YOU DO GUARD A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

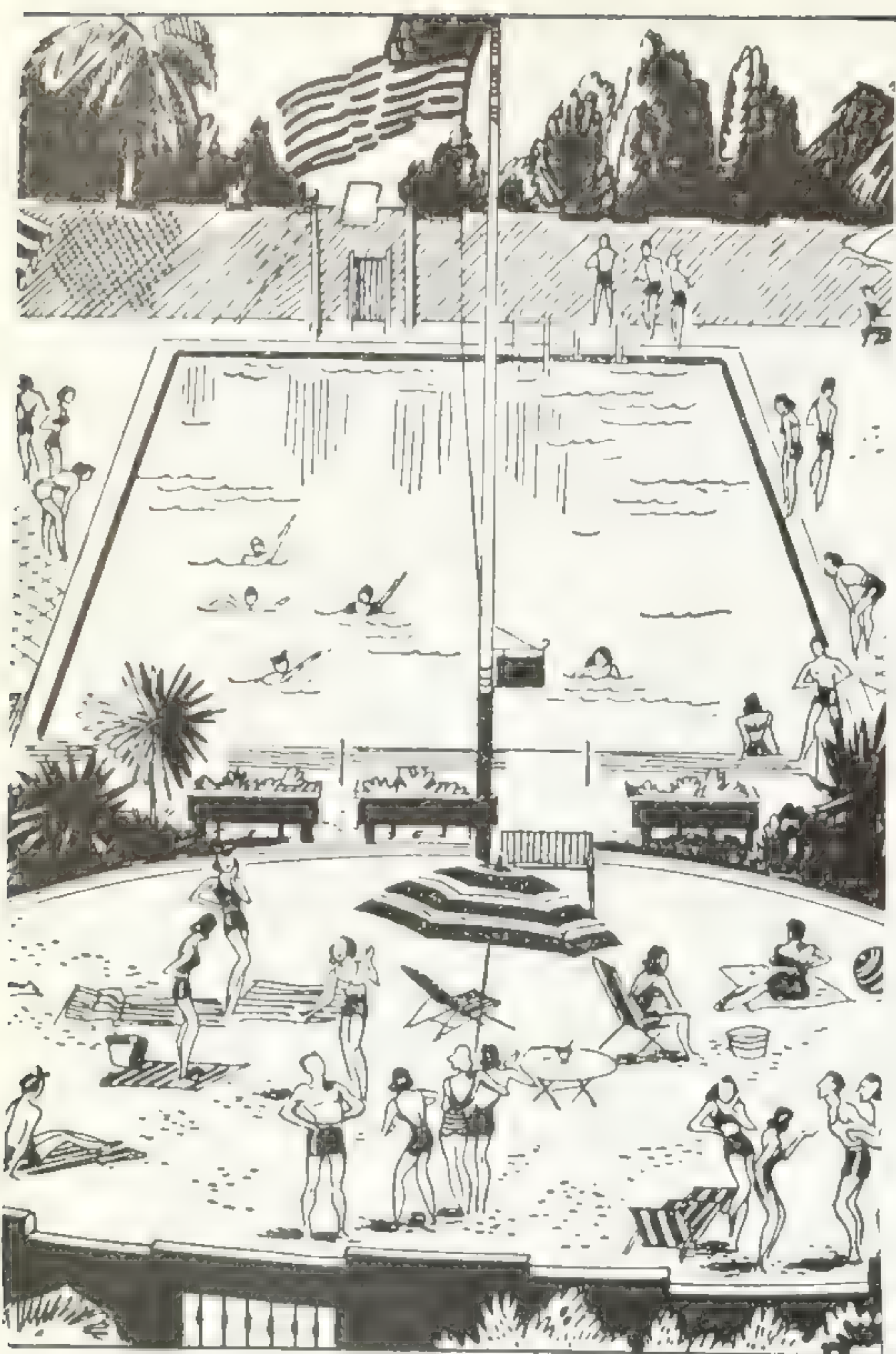
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



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**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**





## What! IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY?

Incredible!... Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador's Twenty-two Acre playground... at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast.

Two minutes from one of the world's busiest traffic corners... Wilshire and Western... Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles' financial center... and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

## The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR

With its great, new flower-lined forecourt and auto patio and highly modernized hotel and bungalows... with grounds that provide Tennis... Golf... Crystal Pool... and Cabana-studded Sun-tan Beach.

## And the WORLD-FAMOUS "COCOANUT GROVE"

Presenting more famous orchestras and entertainers... and catering to more celebrities... than any other center for dining and dancing on earth.

This year Hollywood pays tribute to this rendezvous for leaders of stage, screen and society with the great productions "Cocoanut Grove" and "Garden of the Moon"... but two of a sequence of motion pictures in which "The Grove" and its atmosphere are emphasized.

Come This Summer for an Ideal Vacation

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Write for rates and Chef's book of Calif. Recipes



# Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

together. They were caught up into a gay and glittering world of their own.

Sometimes you'd pass them as you went walking. They would be curled up in two deck chairs, side by side, fingers interlaced, and he would be reading to her.

The young writer from Hollywood, who was a nice lad, spoke to me about it.

"It's marvellous to be like that," he said, rather wistfully. "I don't suppose it means any more to them than just a scene in a movie. Of course they belong together. Do you notice the way they dance? As though no one else were present. As though they were enjoying themselves so much they had forgotten everything else. And I saw them this morning in the swimming pool. He's a champion when it comes to diving. He did a half gainor that was a pip, and it takes something to do that. And of course the way she looks in a bathing suit—"

I said I had seen her in a bathing suit. It was a plain black one, by the way, severely and simply cut. Swimming was, I had heard her tell him, the only sport she cared for. She mocked him, gently, saying, "I am not a muscle moll. I do everything badly in the athletic line—except swim. Perhaps I was a mermaid in some other life." And he said, "A Lorelei, no doubt," and she smiled, saying, "Oh dear—I hope not. I should hate to make anyone unhappy. I like to see people laugh."

The young writer said, "He's married, isn't he?"

"Very much so," I said coldly. "He has a beautiful wife whom he adores. It's one of Hollywood's really successful marriages. This—if you're a writer, you ought to understand. They're playing at love, I suppose, to pass the time."

"And she?" he wanted to know. "Hasn't she ever been married at all?"

"No," I said, "she doesn't believe in marriage, so I've been told. Not while she's still a screen star. The wise ones have always believed that when she retires—in a few years—she'll marry someone with a lot of money and social position. She's—she rather makes a business of the art of living. She's a very intelligent young woman."

"But she's had—lovers?" he said.

"As to that," I said sharply, "I'm sure I don't know. Certainly a lot of men have been in love with her. But she's—discreet."

"She's not being very discreet now," he said. "Everybody on board knows they're—having an affair."

"You mean everybody thinks they are," I said. "I doubt very much if anyone knows it. It will all be forgotten as soon as we land. These shipboard romances."

That was the way we all saw it, I think. They were clever, worldly, sophisticated people. They had both been credited with innumerable romances and they knew how to take care of themselves. It was the nth degree of charming flirtation, conducted with charm, with finesse, with all the little delightful adjuncts. Flowers—music—beauty. We felt rather as though we were watching a play. Certainly no one

had ever seen two people so gay. They were always laughing—always together—but always laughing or smiling at each other as they dined and danced.

THEY were laughing, too, when they said good-by.

From London, she was going on South, to visit friends in a villa at Cannes. He was making a picture—or scenes for a picture—in Scotland. They were both staying at the Savoy. I happened to be in the lobby that morning when she came down. Very smart, in light blue tweeds and a soft fur slung over her shoulders, and little pale green-yellow orchids pinned at her throat.

He came down just after she did and put her in a taxi, bound for the airport.

"I'd like to come and see you off," he said.

But she laughed. "No," she said, "I loathe being seen off. Let's say good-by here. It's been fun, hasn't it? Thank you for the orchids and—"

She looked down at her hand and I saw that she was wearing only one ring—she never wore rings, I had noticed that, just the bracelets and the clips, but now she wore a big, smiling blue ring on her right hand.

He said, "Good-by, sweet. It's all been too beautiful. Have a good time and be careful about breaking hearts, won't you? Mine feels at least slightly cracked."

They went out and he put her in the taxi and just as he shut the door she said something, her delightful face framed in the window, and then they both laughed and he came back in, still laughing, and went on upstairs without even seeing me.

"Always leave them laughing when you say good-by."

That, I thought, is that. Why can't other people be like that? Such a delightful romance. Parting with gaiety. Not making a tragedy of it all. Wear-

snatched it, and held it against her cheek and said, "Don't you ever touch that! I never wear it—you understand?"

Her eyes met mine and I suppose perhaps because she remembered that I had been on the ship, she began to weep. I never saw a woman weep like that before or since. I took her in my arms and she seemed to be in such despair that she was like a little girl, helpless and torn.

"I can't bear it," she said, "sometimes I can't bear it. Life is nothing—nothing—" and she went on weeping, low and deep, and it was the very voice of despair. "There is, I suppose, always one man—only one man who means everything and if you can't have him—"

"But he doesn't know—" I said.

"No," she said. "No. Why should he? Always leave them laughing—" And then she stopped weeping, and dried her eyes, and smiled at me—somehow. The smile was worse than her tears. And we went down to dinner.

It was when they wanted to lend him to her studio to play opposite her that I found out how he felt.

"Never," he said, and was very rude and quite vicious about it. He looked haggard and drawn and furious. "I won't—I hate being co-starred with women to begin with. No—definitely no."

We walked out of the office side by side—I was going to do the story and so had been in on the conference—and I said, "Why do you feel that way, my friend?"

I think he had completely forgotten that I had been on the boat. I am sure he had. He didn't say anything for a long moment, and he was very far from laughter. Pain was in his eyes. Way down.

He said, slowly, "A man can be expected to stand just so much—pain. You wouldn't know what I'm talking about but—there is always just one woman, I suppose—I'm not taking any chances." He tried to smile, but it wasn't very successful and my own heart ached as I watched him.

Always leave them laughing.

They had laughed when they said good-by. It had been—oh, so gay. They had thought they could get away with it. That charming, sophisticated interlude

on shipboard. These charming people. But now I wondered if they had ever really laughed since.

Tears and pain. They had followed that laughing good-by. Always. I put together then the things I had been hearing.

That she was no longer so sure of her pattern and design for living. That his temper was uncertain. That neither of them seemed to enjoy life as once he and she had enjoyed it.

Always leave them laughing when you say good-by.

A magnificent creed—if you could live up to it. They hadn't. I still wonder what might happen if they discovered each other's tears and pain. But I dare say they won't. These charming people must attempt to live up to their creed, and pride makes them go on laughing, at least in public.

## HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 70 with these correct ones:

- |                      |                      |                    |
|----------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Danielle Darrieux | 4. Leo Forbstein     | 8. Fred Astaire    |
| 2. Gene Autry        | 5. Wesley Ruggles    | 9. Sidney Mitchell |
| 3. Joan Crawford     | 6. Marjorie Main     | 10. Andrea Leeds   |
|                      | 7. Claudette Colbert |                    |

ing orchids and a new ring. He's off to Scotland and she's off to Cannes, and they've had a charming interlude and nobody hurt by it.

That, I thought, was the end.

BUT the real end I found out later, by accident. Or at least partly by accident and partly by putting things together.

She had a house in Honolulu and I happened to be there and she asked me to dine one evening. We were in her bedroom before dinner and she was wearing blue velvet—she loved velvet and wore it often—and there was a new maid. The great jewel case lay open, and the maid pressed a small spring and one compartment came open and there upon a white velvet bed was the smiling blue ring. The maid took it up and held it out and then she—it was the only time I'd ever seen her angry—



## Boos And Bouquets

(Continued from page 68)

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH— ANOTHER R. TAYLOR

I noticed in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY on a Walter Winchell page, a clipping of the Robert Taylors out of the city phone directory. There are ten of them, but how many of them are working in pictures? Only two of us, I think, the Robert Taylor and myself. In passing, I wish to thank you for covering my phone number; it got into the Los Angeles directory by accident, and I have not changed it.

My home town of Memphis, Tennessee, has Los Angeles outnumbered with Robert Taylors, by several.

I have had the opportunity of meeting the star, and working on a picture with him, and I go on record to say that I-G-M does not have to build him into the man as far as I am concerned, because that is all he is, and has been—just one swell fellow.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR,  
Culver City, Calif.

S.: I would like to change my name, for working purposes only, but can't find a suitable one that is not in use.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### POWER—THE TEACHER'S PET

Just for my private knowledge, I told my wife that we would stop in the small backwoods towns of our Northwest when I took my vacation from teaching and find out (1) What do Indians think of movies, and who are their favorite stars? (2) Do loggers, the real swearing, fighting, spitting kind, like the logging pictures? (3) Do the women of these outpost towns (communities that range from a hundred to four hundred miles from such cities as Portland) like the sophisticated drama or comedy or Westerns or what?

Don't get too startled when you find out that Nelson Eddy rates tops for singing as well as acting for the Indian maidens on the reservations. Clark Gable is the hero of the dark-skinned lads, but so are Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou and Leo Carrillo.

The tough loggers definitely go in for the deft, rather sophisticated dramas and stay sober on Saturday night when down from the tall fir camps, providing Sonja Henie is in town.

As for the women in those small communities, they like such shows as "Theodora Goes Wild." And rate Irene Dunne high. As one woman said, she "likes shows that could happen to me." And that is the secret of our far western movie-goers: they like to see things they can't do, but if a miracle should happen, they might do.

Did you know teachers read your magazine? A lot of them think Tyrone Power outshines the whole galaxy of Hollywood stars because he has a sincerity that might make him a pretty swell teacher.

RALPH P. STULLER,  
Portland, Oregon.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### DEAR MR. SELZNICK:

What about Scarlett, Melanie and Rhett? A faithful public awaits them yet. But a public is fickle, and interest ceases

Waiting too long for picture releases. Oh, Mr. Selznick, if it's your goal To find a star for that feature rôle, Then listen to me. What can you lose? Here is a list from which to choose: First I offer K. Hepburn's name, Then Andrea Leeds of "Stage Door" fame;

Ginger Rogers, a versatile gal, Or Myrna Loy, the Thin Man's pal; What about Davis, Crawford, or Dunne, Hopkins, de Havilland, most anyone; Or perhaps, Mr. Selznick, you'd better wait

'Til nineteen hundred and forty-eight, When you can say to the press in a statement simple, "Scarlett was given to Shirley Temple." 'Til then, Mr. Selznick, do the best you can.

I remain sincerely, a movie fan.

NORMAN KRONSTADT,  
Savannah, Georgia.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

After this picture I am sure there will be more than four men sending up a prayer that Hollywood refrain from distorting good books on the screen. When I read David Garth's fine novel I thought it had the best movie material of any story I had read in years—fine character studies, mystery, thrilling adventure and under all a satisfying romance.

The shock comes right at the start, and, believe me, "it is only the beginning." *General Leigh*, who, in the book, is under the sod with a veil of mystery surrounding his death, walks in very much alive. The director forgets entirely *Geoffrey's* English sweetheart, and concentrates on casting lovely Loretta Young in the rôle of a flip man-chasing American girl, failing entirely to portray the heroine Mr. Garth created. *Captain Loveland* skips through the picture in the person of Reginald Denny without making you even dislike him. One wonders how anybody could so completely muffle a good story, particularly with such an outstanding cast. I think everyone who attends the picture should, in all fairness to David Garth, be presented with a copy of the book so he may go home and read what "Four Men And A Prayer" is really all about.

MRS. E. EUGENE JACOBS, JR.,  
Guilford, Conn.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### THUMBS UP FOR KATIE

My hat's off to you, Katharine Hepburn—even in the rain. Today I saw you for the very first time in my forty-odd years of existence and you are one finished product of the silver screen. In this picture, "Bringing Up Baby," you caused me to fling aside all the ideas, wrong ones I'll confess, I had about your acting. Pardon me, Lady! Why, you are a gay, lovable, charming personality. One who "can take it." Here's hopin' I'll be seein' you soon in another side-splitting comedy.

F. M. PIPES,  
Texarkana, Texas.

Not comedy, but tragedy may be Katie's next picture rôle. Would you like to see her as Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind?" Don't miss the story about it on Page 64.



Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. An understudy on the stage, she graduated to stock company leads, in which a casting director "discovered" her. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run.")

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I have already written a book called *No More Alibis*. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of oversensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what Mama has to tell you.

## That Magic Touch

My new book *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains hundreds of simple ways to

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Send me, postage prepaid, Madame Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* I enclose \$1.00.

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develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming... a pretty woman fascinating... a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you.

## You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour... you can acquire it... you can develop it. But for heaven's sake don't think you can radiate personality by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frills or mannerisms. And if you are laboring under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals who in a blundering, self-conscious manner shrivel up into knots when in the company of strangers, Mama's got plenty of tips for you. Your trouble is that you never give yourself a chance to express your true personality. Yes, it's there, baby—you've got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you will only use them. If you wish to acquire self-assurance, poise and charm, get my new book—read it from cover to cover and you'll have all the secrets I've gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

## Madame Sylvia

The price of *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* is only \$1.00 postpaid. At all booksellers or mail coupon below TODAY.

P. S. If you haven't read *No More Alibis* P. S. by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

## Marriage Is A Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 23)

row, his expression woebegone. "You see what my life is," he murmured.

"You can't tell me your days go on like that," I said. "You can't have had many more experiences like that."

They both sat forward with a jerk. "Not have more?" they said in unison. "Have you got all evening free to listen?"

GENE consulted Jeanette. "I could tell about the time you wanted to take the ride around New York's Central Park in one of those open hacks and we did and had fans follow us for miles, yelling at us, because they could walk faster than the poor old horse could..."

"And I could tell about the same time in New York when you had to have chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas at Childs'," said Jeanette.

She turned to me. "Ignore him," she said, "but up until the time we had to go to Childs' it had been a lovely evening. We were vacationing in New York at the same time that Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were there and we had made up a foursome for the evening."

"We had consumed a divine dinner and seen a fine play and had gone afterward to the Plaza and seen that wonderful Paul Draper dance. It was about one o'clock in the morning and all the rest of us wanted to do then was go home and to bed. But my husband had been brought up in New York, as you know, and he remembered with greatest joy the chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas that they served at Childs'."

"It seemed he just had to have some and we had to have some with him. Well, we couldn't get into the first few Childs' restaurants we tried to make because of the autograph fans following us, but we eventually outdistanced them and found a Childs' which was open and where we were safe. Only it seemed that it was too late in the evening for white sauce."

"I don't know why white sauce should have a bedtime but that's how it worked out. And the waiter said they never had peas at that season of the year so Gene ended up with the plain croquettes and green beans. Dr. Griffin and I had scrambled eggs and I don't remember what Irene had but it gave her indigestion, too."

"And I could tell about the time we were going to the wedding of General Pershing's son in New York, at a church

just two blocks away from our hotel," said Gene, "but you had to hire a limousine so we wouldn't get caught in any crowds but you forgot that our hotel was on a one-way street, the wrong way, so the car had to park on Fifth Avenue and by the time we got to it we were caught in the crowd anyhow so that the chauffeur never did find us..."

"And I could tell," started Jeanette, but at that moment she began really to laugh and she rushed across the room and sat on Gene's lap and he started to laugh, too, and turned to kiss her. So I thought it was high time that I went away from there.

BUT I could tell these things: about the very rare moments when I have talked to both of them and they have been serious and have told me about the little town house they hope to have some day in New York. Not that they ever have any intention of deserting Hollywood and their home there, but just so that they can get the feel of living in both cities. And I could tell, also, of how they hope some day to make their careers a combination of music-radio-pictures because they see no reason why those three arts should be antagonistic and because they love all three of them. I could tell you, too, and quite truly how they have never had, since the day of their marriage, the slightest thing resembling a quarrel and how, under all their bright mockery and merry teasing, their eyes constantly seek out each other's and how their fingers entwine always about each other's hands.

From all of which things, if you add them together, I hope you can tell that they are terrifically, sincerely, and permanently in love. Because, you see, no couple could kid itself and each other so constantly, could laugh so genuinely, unless they deeply adored and understood one another's foibles. If you haven't received that impression from all of this, then I've failed, because, I assure you, they are two of the most truly-in-love people I have ever seen. If any marriage underneath Hollywood's blazing sun has a chance to last till death-do-them-part, this MacDonald-Raymond marriage, now one year old, is that one.

And despite all the odds against it, I'll give you any odds that you wish that it will last forever and ever, amen.



At the Zanuck Party, the Buddy Rogers and Hal Roach indulge in some autograph signing for sweet charity's sake



## The Three Careers of Adolphe Menjou

(Continued from page 19)

is to sail the Mediterranean with submarines lying in wait," he commented recently, when he read the war reports from that region.

The courage and initiative which showed themselves later when he was haunting the casting offices of Hollywood stood him in good stead in the war zone, and perhaps ripened there amid the horror and mud, the endless rains and suffering.

His moment of greatest danger came at a little town in the Meuse-Argonne when his unit, with a group of wounded to evacuate by ambulance, set up quarters in a shed; a miserable shack, twenty-two horses in the other end of it, but the only shelter available. Frantically the Red Cross workers were making their patients as comfortable as possible when, with a hideous screech and crash, a shell hit the corner of the building. It killed all the horses, but when the splinters and stones ceased flying the wounded were found to be untouched. Partly because of his record in this crisis, Menjou won the rank of Captain.

Self-possession under bitter circumstances was therefore no new acquirement when, the war over, Menjou reached Hollywood to find that films had forgotten the promising Vitagraph bit player whose climb to fame the war had stopped. He began over again. And self-possession helped later when, at the peak of his painfully achieved second career (in which elegant clothes had their share), the public abruptly tired of well-dressed men-of-the-world,

wouldn't do another comedy character for—oh, maybe a year or more; he wanted to concentrate on straight dramatic parts. "In films, they call it being typed, in business they call it getting into a rut, but whatever you call it," Menjou said, a spark in his brown eyes, "it's fatal."

A NATURE filled with lesser enthusiasms couldn't have survived. Menjou is electric with enthusiasm; you get it from his voice, his swift motions, still more from the wide-awake quality of his dark eyes.

He appreciates life enough to do everything well. Even the dinner parties given in this English house are perfect in montage, so to speak, no less than in food. Naturally, Mrs. Menjou is largely responsible for this perfection, but her care for the nicer things of life is a reason why she is Mrs. Menjou.

She came through the room now, blonde and sweet and poised, not at all the shrewish "wife of the Judge" in "First Lady."

"Look what's waiting for Daddy," she laughed, pointing toward the hall.

Menjou jumped from behind the desk and hurried to the stairway. There on the lowest step sat the nurse with Peter Adolphe in her lap, the plump, fair-haired infant adopted by the Menjous some months ago and recently made their legal son.

With glee Daddy took the baby in his arms, proudly pointing out how the little fellow's round gaze discovered the visitor and would not be diverted from its fascinated stare. "He knows there's

### Sounding the first fashion note of autumn—

Dolores Del Rio, best-dressed woman of the screen, wearing that all-important first choice for fall, a "must" for your own wardrobe. Look for the full-page fashion insert reproduced in the season's new colors

In September PHOTOPLAY

and the prince of them, instead of drawing down \$7,000 a week, found it hard to get any work at all.

The old Vitagraph career, his initial one, had brought no outstanding rôles. His first really big chance, and his first big man-of-the-world rôle—that of the sophisticate in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris"—had come indirectly as the result of being turned down for another part.

"Thank heaven!" he says gratefully every time he recalls that incident.

But after the sophisticates fell from favor, his second big chance (it turned out to be the start of his third career) came through his own insistence.

True to his design for living, he broke the rules again. Instead of retiring to the shelf reserved for unwanted sophisticates, he lived up to his theory of dropping the outworn and trying something new.

Vigorously he insisted that he was a comedian; a hard-boiled one, at that. Hollywood snickered, but a producer gambled on this fellow who wouldn't stay licked and Menjou played, in "The Front Page," the managing editor rôle that put him for the third time at the top.

Just the same, he had no intention of being pigeonholed as a comedian. While four producers lately offered him four comedy rôles in a row, he calmly announced that after his next film he

a stranger here," Menjou explained, reluctantly giving him back when the nurse murmured that an afternoon nap was due.

"Pat-a-cake," Menjou said to Peter Adolphe, "pat-a-cake, baker's man!" He clapped his hands, bending toward the baby, giving the performance of his life, a different Menjou, indeed, from the man who plays the pompous stage idol in Universal's "Letter of Introduction."

The miracle happened. Peter Adolphe's rosy face parted in a wide grin of pure enjoyment, to which he added a chuckle for full measure. He was cooing again as Nurse carried him up the stairs.

Warmth lingered in Menjou's smile as he scooped Ladybug to his shoulder. Ladybug is the fluffiest of toy Pomeranians, the size and cuddly disposition of a beige kitten.

You happened to mention stars, the picture kind.

"The star system is entirely wrong," Menjou said firmly. "Neither a picture nor a business ought to be built around one personality—it throws everything out of balance." Ladybug licked his ear approvingly.

But, Mr. Menjou . . . hadn't there been talk lately about making Menjou a star pretty soon?

"Who," answered Menjou indignantly, "me? Tied down where I'd have to give the same performance all the time? Where I couldn't break rules!"



## "ARMHOLE ODOR" may be robbing you of popularity

Learn to keep your underarm dry and your dress can't smell

HEAVENLY MUSIC! A dozen thrilling partners to dance with. Yet most of the evening you sit alone—unnoticed, miserable, wishing you were a thousand miles away!

Embarrassing experiences like this may seem cruel. But it's the kind of treatment you've got to expect if that little hollow under your arm is neglected. If the slightest perspiration collects on your dress, your dress will smell. A man's illusion of glamor will be shattered the moment he leads you on to the floor. To be sure of not offending, you must keep your underarm not only sweet, but DRY.

**MAKE THIS TEST!** One simple test will tell you if "armhole odor" is standing between you and popularity. When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. Horrified, you will instinctively draw away from its stale "armhole odor." And you will never again wonder why other people draw away from you.

**ODORONO IS SURE!** Odorono simply closes the pores in that one small shut-in area—and you can't offend! It insures you and your dress against unpardonable "armhole odor" by keeping your underarm always dry. No more embarrassing

perspiration stains . . . no possibility of offensive "armhole odor"!

**TAKES LONGER, BUT WORTH IT!** Odorono takes a few minutes to dry, but it makes you safe from embarrassment for 1 to 3 days!

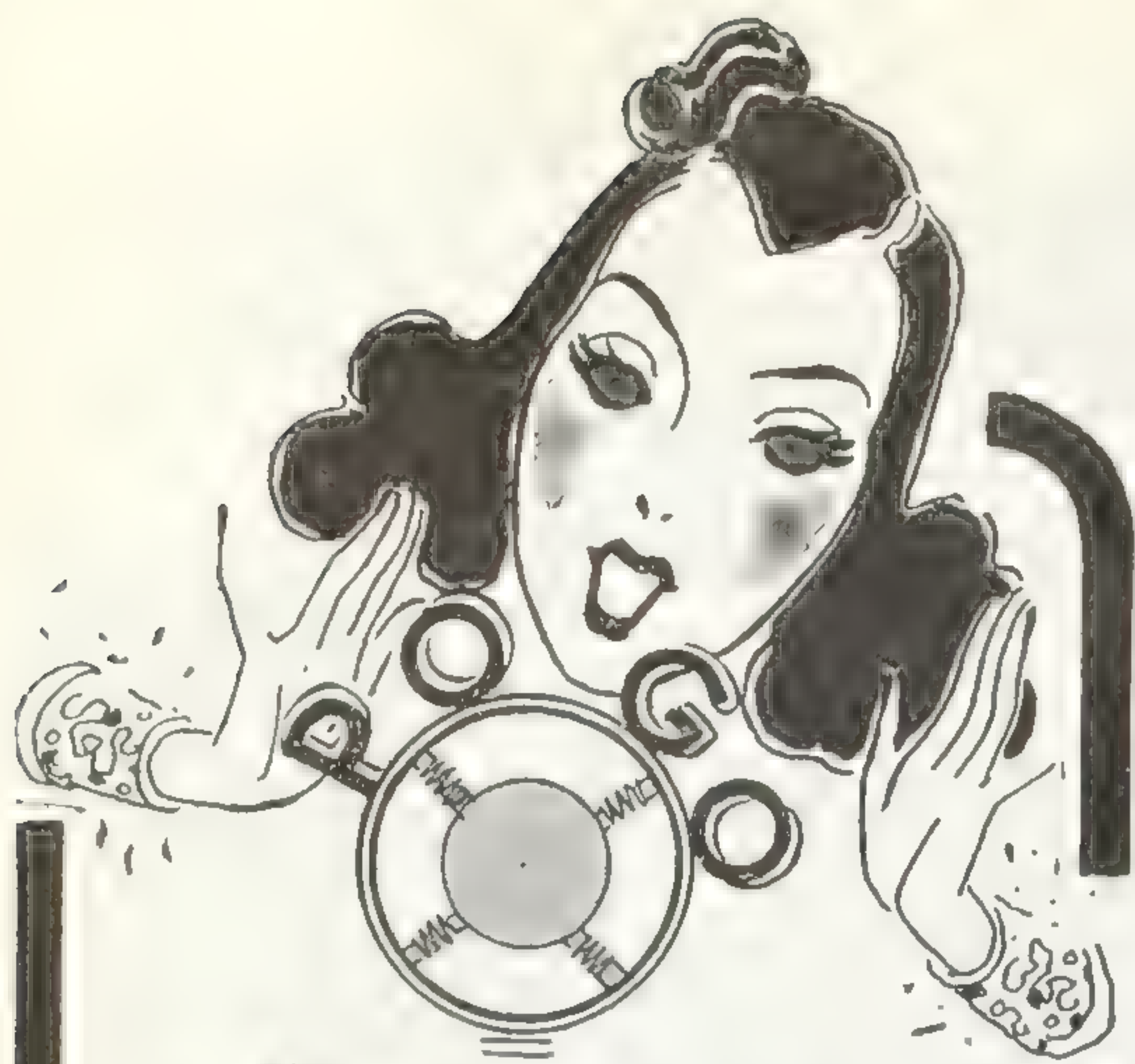
**GREASELESS AND ODORLESS!** Odorono is really pleasant to use—greaseless and entirely odorless. It comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for more frequent use. Use Liquid Odorono according to directions on the label of the bottle.

Protect your share of popularity and happiness by keeping your underarm dry with Liquid Odorono. Start today! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

**SAFE!** "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.







## Calling all CHEEKS!

Attention! Go at once to your favorite toiletry counter. Get a box of Po-Go Rouge, Brique shade. Touch it to your cheeks and see how well you look!

Po-Go's a remarkable rouge. Costs only 55c, yet it's hand-made in Paris. It's soft, fine, feathery—goes on and blends as easily as powder, then lasts and lasts!

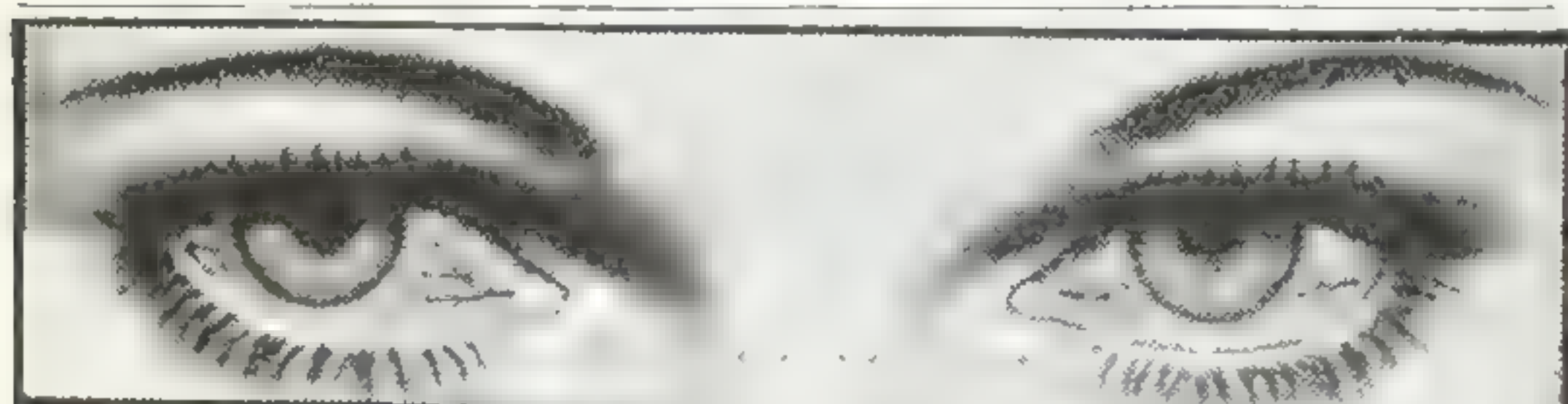
And that Brique shade is unusually flattering! Blonde or brunette, you'll call your cheeks perfect when you use Po-Go, Brique. Try it! If your store can't serve you, send 55c (stamps will do) direct to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

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# The "Golden Goose" Reaches Thirty

(Continued from page 11)

worked harder than you imagine to get that Louisiana accent for "Jezebel." Not just any old Southern accent would do: there are about nine different ways of pronouncing "girl" below the Mason and Dixon Line.

She is studying German now. In the third or fourth picture she will make in the future, she expects to play the girl in James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." The girl is a German dancer, stranded in England, who speaks with a slight accent. The way Bette does it, you learn the language first, and you will have a more convincing accent! This is known as "the hard way," the way taken by actresses like Davis, and actors like Muni, who, by the way, has been suggested for the character of the Doctor in that picture.

The same perfection mania compels Bette to be the New England housewife of the world.

When Bette is not making a picture, the family swears that, before her eyes are open, she is saying, "See if the flowers are fresh in the living room—has Brown swept the patio—tell him to put clean towels in the bathhouse by the pool—did the piano tuner come yesterday?"

She has what Bobbie calls the "housewife's roving eye." Returning from the studio, she walks straight through the door to a lamp shade and adjusts it, moves a chair two inches to the left, turns a vase, picks up a flower petal—and, if they were carrying her in on a stretcher, Bobbie insists she would do the same routine.

Bobbie had hysterics watching that scene in "Jezebel," after Pres returns and asks the butler what Miss Julie has been doing with her time. The butler answers that all she does is slick up the house. Bobbie declares it was pure biography because, every time Bette has anything worrying her mind, all she does is slick up the house until everyone is fit to be tied. Says she seems to solve quite a few problems that way.

She can become quite articulate over bits and ends of soap in the bathrooms, or cigarette butts in the fireplaces. Her chief extravagance is clean linens.

One time when she was but a girl (!) a young man brought Bette home from a fraternity dance. Everyone had been too busy that day to do the living room. It was too much for Bette. She tied up the curtains, got out the dust-mop and vacuum, and, after fifteen minutes of dodging, the young man said, "Well, I don't think I'm wanted around here," and she never saw him again.

Her new house is a dream come true, and offers elegant opportunity to flourish as a housewife on a grand scale. She moved recently to this handsome estate in Coldwater Canyon, rented from Robert Armstrong. She does not want to own property or things that begin to own you. Her home before this was a small picturesque old frame affair on Franklin Avenue, where conversation had to pause every time a streetcar went by, and the rent was seventy-five dollars a month. If it had afforded enough privacy and more room for her expanding household, she would not have moved.

Her husband is by way of becoming a leading agent for actors, and has made a recent discovery in thirteen-year-old Pam Bascom, who may be another Deanna Durbin. She is living at the house and Bette likes to say she is now a mother. If babies could be born at the age of thirteen, she says she wouldn't mind having one.

A trait of Bette's, unique in Hollywood, is her refusal to stand in awe of titles or money. She respects wisdom, fortitude, talent, industry, accomplishment and age—if the last does not expect admiration merely because it is old. She thinks it is no credit to be old any more than it is to be born, if you haven't done anything with your life. Her nearest friends are quite a bit older than she is. They were her friends last year and the years before, and will continue to be her friends.

AS for her plans—"Well," says Bette, "you can classify all persons in two general divisions—the kind who make plans, and the impulsive kind to whom things happen. I belong in the latter classification. Things have always happened to me: unpremeditated, unpredictable things. For me to make plans far in advance would be disastrous, and would lead to an ultimate letdown. I would be eternally faced with that line: 'But I thought you said you were going to . . .', for which there is no answer, and which breeds a sense of futility."

"Then I am just superstitious enough to think discussing plans, if you have any, automatically puts a jinx on them—like the type of writer who insists upon telling everyone the story he is going to write. He never writes it. It is better to talk about things after they are accomplished."

"There are, however, things I want to do, during my thirties—which is different than making plans to do them. One is to build Mother a house. Another is to do a play in London. And then I

want to take a company on tour through small towns in the United States, for one year. Not to do new plays—but well-known tragedies and comedies and serio-comedies, done really well. Not with the idea of making a fortune, but to present good theater to those who seldom get a chance at it."

SHE returns borrowed books promptly. She does not like cats and has no feline characteristics, no matter what you think.

A man told me the first time he heard Bette laugh, off screen, he thought a mouse had run up her leg. She laughs from the sacroiliac—an explosion of vitality, enough to send the skinny little thing to bed for a week. Where the vitality comes from nobody knows. She hurls herself into everything, from "Jezebel" to a game of Consequences, with a quivering intensity that makes one wonder if she can possibly live through it. Actually, she has more resistance and elasticity than most of the huskier girls, and says she built it up during the time she was a fat little youngster in an unsparing Massachusetts climate.

It is only fair to amplify that statement about nobody's knowing where her vitality comes from. Anyone who has ever dined at the same table must suspect where she gets some of it. To say "Bette eats like a horse" seems an unfair reflection on the horse.

The plump girls look on with expressions ranging from envy to rage to despair while Bette polishes off two portions of everything and hot buttered biscuits till you lose count. Between meals, she has a large glass of milk to keep her strength up. She takes a lot of refuelling.

A doctor once said you could probably heat electric irons on her basic metabolism.

She is strung like a Stradivarius all the time, yet nobody ever hears her say she is tired. She makes the other women in a room look like carbon-copies.

YES—the "Golden Goose" will be thirty on Tuesday.

"And at thirty," says Bette, "a woman's personal life is full if she has other people to do for, and heaven pity her if she has not; she is the most tragic creature alive."

"Your family comes first, of course, but family alone is not enough to round out your interests. I have always been interested in any person in any of the arts who is working toward recognition, and I will help him with any ideas I have, if he asks for them. But I will not help materially, to the detriment of his will to create."

"To have had a hand in the development of Pam Bascom, my husband's protégée, has been a thrilling experience. The child is talented beyond belief—already, after one test, they are calling her 'one-take Pam.' Her success, of which I feel confident, will always inspire me with a sense of pride and accomplishment—for the very little I have had to do with it. There is nothing in life so satisfying, particularly when the person in whom you are interested more than justifies your faith."

\* \* \*

So, from now on, begins a new life for Bette Davis—combining the best features of the former one with that magic something that only her thirties can ever give to any woman.



Back in 1908 Maude Adams was the "Peter Pan" of the American stage and the greatest actress of them all. Now, thirty years later, she embarks on a new career, having signed a picture contract with Selznick International



## Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 59)

poos, to keep it healthy and remove all oil and dust. While her hair is still damp from a shampoo, she sprays it with brilliantine. Marie has discovered that this accents the luster of her hair more than if oil is applied after the hair is dry.

**HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR**—For true loveliness, your hair must be bright and glistening with shiny highlights. Margaret Lindsay was in the photo gallery at Warner Brothers' studio when I stopped in to see what was going on, and the very first thing I noticed about her was the glowing highlights in her hair. Her head was vivid and shining, and she has a very original method of bringing out the highlights that is splendid for you darker haired girls to follow—but be very careful how you do it. Margaret takes twenty-proof peroxide and brushes it lightly over the top of her hair and on the ends. She dries it for about twenty minutes under the sun before shampooing it. This gives the merest suggestion of a sprinkling of gold over her hair. When you see "Garden of the Moon," you'll find how effective this method of highlighting the hair really is.

Of course, your hair must be really clean to be attractive. When you give yourself a shampoo, be sure to use a good stiff brush to get it thoroughly clean. The brush stimulates your scalp,

and you'll find that it really makes your hair grow faster as well as removing all dust and oil from your hair and scalp. Brush hard and firmly in a rotary motion on your scalp.

Be sure, too, to give your hair a very thorough brushing with your regular brush just before your shampoo, and remember to brush it again a few hours after it has thoroughly dried. You needn't be afraid of disturbing your wave because by brushing the way the hair grows you won't harm it at all—it will really increase the permanence of your wave as well as keep your hair in good condition and restore the gloss that may disappear under hot dryers.

To keep your hair in place, wear a net cap over your head at night, but never sleep with a towel or bandana over your head because your hair needs to breathe, too; and do remember that frequent combing increases circulation and stimulates your scalp to give you bright and shining hair.

*If your hair becomes dry and unruly during the summer months, I have some excellent tips on how to restore it to good condition. I'll be very glad to send these hints to you upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

have got the cart before the production horse in Hollywood is that whenever a producer does decide to do a picture that delves into the past (which mostly we either don't understand or are bored with anyhow if we do) he sinks a million dollars into it, trying to sell us something we never wanted in the first place. And, equally, his tendency, when he makes pictures about today and problems in which we really are interested, is to make them quick and cheap.

**WELL**, I follow his reasoning in the latter instance. He says we will go to the theater to see the latter, anyhow, so there's his chance to save his money, reap a reward on a bargain, that is. But it's way over my head on how he dopes out the expenditure of millions when he begins shooting a picture of the past, on which, at best, our interest is doubtful.

Metro sank a fortune in "Romeo and Juliet." It is supposed to have cost them about \$50,000 alone to have sent a man around the country telling people how artistic the "Romeo and Juliet" sets were. And that was only one item. "Romeo and Juliet" was very beautiful and very fine. But, despite all the high-brow ballyhoo, it didn't earn its cost.

Miss Ginger Rogers, on the other hand, is twinkling her way currently through as modern and delightful a love story as every girl has dreamed of on a lonely Saturday night when she got stood up on a date. Ginger goes through all girls' situations in this, writing the home-town girl who's got the inside track, having to rush to the ladies' room to stop a run in her stocking—such things.

As a result, we love Ginger and pay money to see her. She's us. We understand her. We want to be like her; our men wish they could date her.

"Vivacious Lady" was, I know, a fairly expensive picture. But that is the way I think it should be. Put the money in pictures we understand. Let the producers get over being impressed with stories in highbrow books. I know the story of the forthcoming "Marie Antoinette" is one of the most poignant in all history. I know "Robin Hood" has been one of the great adventure yarns of all time. I do believe this current version of "Robin Hood" is going to earn a great deal of money for it is glorious adventure. But I doubt that it is going to earn any two million dollars. But if it doesn't, the next thing you know the whispers will start, "Flynn isn't box-office."

But Gable is box-office and why? Because Gable is tough enough that when he saw himself in one moment of history, "Parnell," he held out for more than twenty weeks, with the whole studio pounding at him, until he got a live, modern story about a real, modern man he could understand and we could understand.

That was the guy in "Test Pilot" and you know what a riot that opus is turning out to be.

**SO**, dear producers, please give your money to pictures such as these charmers star in. No star can survive a dead script. When you go in for art, do it as you did with "The Informer," make it inexpensively, to the eternal glory of the motion-picture industry. Don't spend two million dollars trying to show off your learning. Don't think that means you are making "caviar to the general." Just study those red ink box-office figures and you'll know what we know without even going down to the theater.

Epics usually turn out to be ham on something very wry.

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# Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

## ★ JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, if you like nincompoop comedies, you'll like this. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poet with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (June)

## JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Family entertainment. (June)

## JURY'S SECRET, THE—Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom furnishes the background for this mild effort. When juror Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray gets busy, uncovers some monkey business. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this. (May)

## ★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin' feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (July)

## ★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (July)

## ★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned"?) depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (June)

## LITTLE MISS THOROUGHbred—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder child) adopts gamblers John Littel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (July)

## LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's enthusiastic portrait of a modern wife's attempts to make a man of her hubby and untie the usual mother-in-law knots, this picture is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is the mistaken young spouse, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (May)

## ★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't think it is mere repetition when we say that Durbin child has done it again—because she has! Her lilting voice carries a tender story of a neglected adolescent placed in a Swiss school by a selfish actress mother. Deanna breaks the cocoon with the friendly help of Herbert Marshall, and the entire cast including Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, Marcia Mae Jones and Bill Frawley is splendid. Fly. (May)

## MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (June)

## ★ MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another of those mad hatter tea parties the studios have been throwing us these days—this is one of the funnier ones. It has to do with a rich giddy mother (Billie Burke) who likes to befriend tramps, daughter (Connie Bennett) who likes tramping too, Brian Aherne who plays hobo for a day, and Alan Mowbray, the buttingest butler ever. Better go. (May)

## MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (June)

## NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nurse Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (July)

## OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Littel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting roles. (July)

## PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Here is a vivid commentary on convict psychology, though you might find it a bit on the somber side. When District Attorney Walter Connolly sends John Howard to jail and later attempts to help him out, he finds Howard prefers to live by a new found prison code. Jean Parker is the love interest. (May)

## PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents. (June)

## ★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (June)

## ★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

Hollywood has put out another musical and this is it. There is a lot of good music, some nice dancing and no story. Kenny Baker croons, Bob Burns bazookas, Jack Oakie romps airily about, and there's a to-do about an Ozark hillbilly who composes songs in his sleep. Jane Froman and other ether favorites do their stuff. (May)

## RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Production

Another singing troubador of the plains rides into the public eye in this unpretentious but clever Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with pretty Christine McIntyre. Several good blood and thunder battles interrupt the music at times and Al St. Johns offers a few comical turns. (May)

## RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minneville furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (July)

## ★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

Just forget you ever read the original "Rebecca" and enjoy every minute of the tantalizing Temple in the songs and dances with which she enlivens this story of radio broadcasting methods. Randy Scott and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westley is the sardonic owner of Sunnybrook. Shirley is delightful and Bill Robinson can't be sneezed at either. (May)

## ★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

A sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side, this is Gladys Swarthout's best picture to date. Playing a maid in opera star John Boles' home, together they concoct a scheme to win the attention of maestro John Barrymore. Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together in superb style. (May)

## ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those \$100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (July)

## ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (June)

## SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever. Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneless music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (June)

## ★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (July)

## ★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

Another musical from the Zanuck mold. The slim story revolves around the ambitions of three chorines. You will love Alice Faye's singing, Joan

Davis' awkwardness and Marjorie Weaver's charm. You will laugh at Fred Allen's wit, Gregory Ratoff's accent, Louise Hovick's vamping and Jimmy Durante's nosing. The songs are fun, too. (May)

## SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A plane of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull.

## START CHEERING—Columbia

Bright as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie hero who gives up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, fight to lure him back to the spotlight. Gertrude Niesen sings some swellish songs. You'll like it. (May)

## ★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully. (June)

## TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

You'll find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside doings of a metropolitan exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are the two "hello" girls who risk their lives when the dam breaks. Linesmen Warren Hymer and Grant Withers give Cupid something to work on. Adequate B material. (May)

## ★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in the most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (June)

## ★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (June)

## ★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullivan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (June)

## ★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, Bob Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (July)

## TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is Pa, Spring Byington is Ma, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (June)

## UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (July)

## ★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick, this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers, lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (July)

## WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorus girls, several of whom get liquidated in the vortex! Claire Trevor survives to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (May)

## WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (June)

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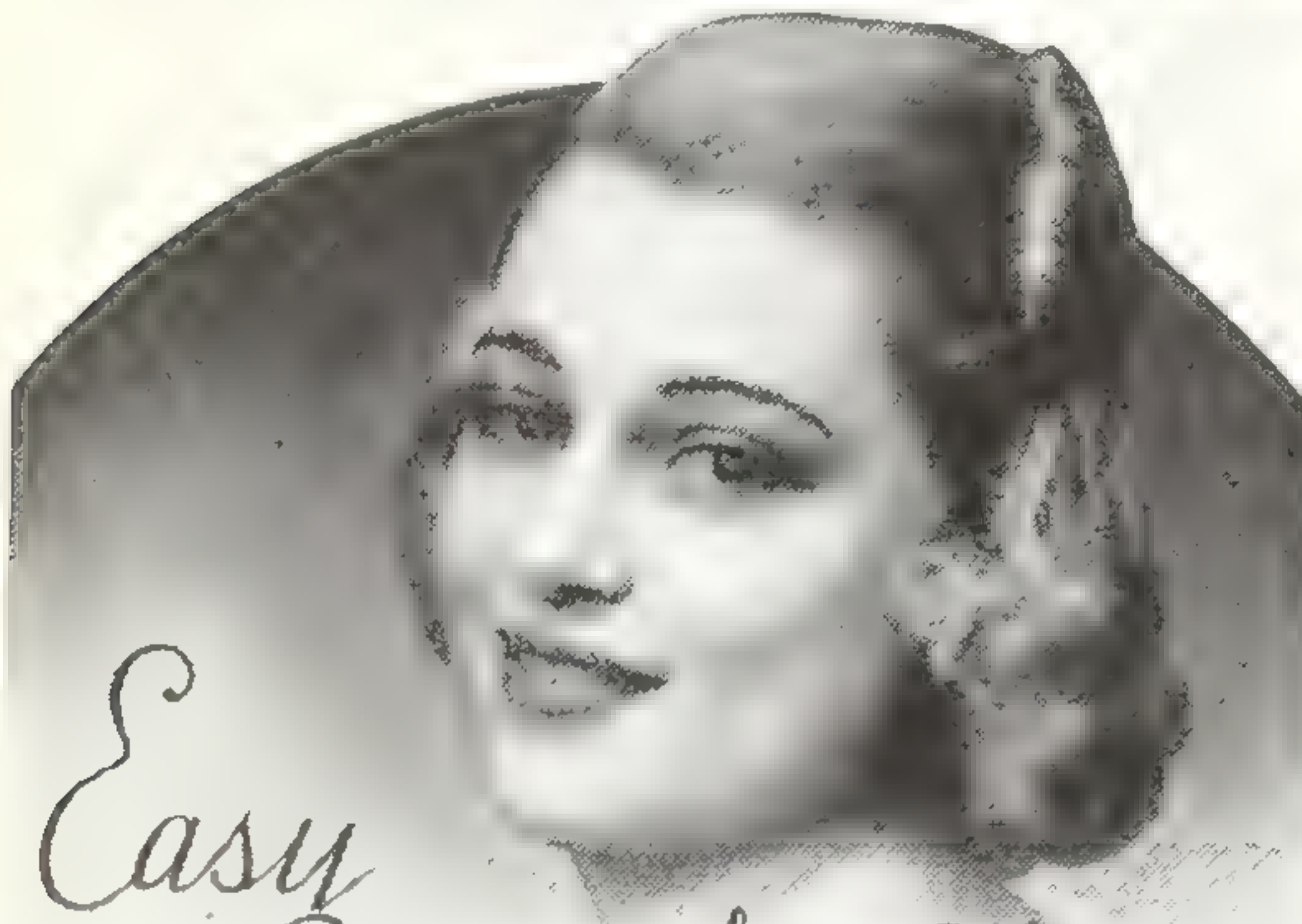
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## Mussolini—Movie Star

(Continued from page 24)

your script in a way that should work out naturally, sent your script in beforehand for Mussolini to read and approve (he approved of most of the scenes), lectured your cameramen on camera angles and held your breath when the cranking commenced.

From the viewpoint of the leading man, it was a grand arrangement. From the viewpoint of the producer, it sometimes had its drawbacks.

There was, for instance, the time one of my cameramen "shot" a thousand feet of a door that never opened. The moment he became discouraged and stopped turning was, of course, the moment Mussolini chose to march through the portal. By the time the frantic operator could get his machine to clicking again, the leading man had passed on down the corridor and it was too late. If it had been Bill Powell, he could have been called back. Being Mussolini, all we had as a souvenir of this particular scene was a thousand feet of a door that never opened.

Then there was the time Mussolini got a twinge of mike fright and the camera operators in their turn got scared. But I'm ahead of my story. . . .

MY crew of five cameras and sound equipment was at the Villa Torlonia, Il Duce's residence, shortly after day-break the morning the first sequence was shot. Mussolini, who gets up at six, goes riding on his horse every day, often before breakfast.

When, at 8:10, he was ready to go to his office, he came out of the front door, clad in an overcoat, a gray business suit and slouch felt hat, and went through a scene with little Romano, ten, and Anna Maria, eight, (who, incidentally, stole every scene in which they appeared), with ease and confidence. He caught the atmosphere of the situation and went through the routine in complete disregard of the battery of operators clicking away in the offing. He nearly missed getting hold of one of the children when he undertook to kiss the youngsters good-by, but that provided an additional human interest touch!

With one operator feverishly cranking on the roof of the camera car, in front of Il Duce's limousine, the cavalcade got underway, enroute for the Duce's office in the Palazzo Venezia.

The normal street traffic was astir. Mussolini's chauffeur made the usual boulevard stops. Only our camera operator, balancing on his insecure perch, aroused any attention. Mussolini's car—a custom-made Lancia—is equipped with "one-way glass," which permits the occupant to see out but prevents people on the outside from seeing into the car. So no one could have seen him anyway.

There was an instant of tenseness when Il Duce arrived at the Palazzo Venezia and found himself faced by a formidable battery of interior lighting apparatus, microphones and cameras. (Our crew had labored until two that morning perfecting the set-up.)

An expression of stage fright crept into his eyes, but he set his jaw and

strode forward, a bit defiantly. I am told Mussolini never has liked a microphone. Il Duce's nervousness quickly communicated itself to the cameramen—whose nerves were already on edge—one of whom nearly upset some of the apparatus.

The porter at the door missed his aim in handing a document to his chief, and Mussolini had to make a second grab for the paper. Things got under control, however, once he was inside his office, where he found Dino Alfieri, Minister of Popular Culture, already waiting for a conference.

He had to hammer at the desk telephone to get his connection (called for by the script) but that, too, should add a touch of naturalness to the completed picture—at least to all who know the Roman telephone system.

One of the picture's three reels was devoted to a round-the-clock of an average day in Mussolini's life, from early morning to a scene at home with his family after dinner.

Mussolini was rather tired by evening, but he carried on. Other than his movie rôle, he had had a trying day. His daughter Edda, a great favorite of Il Duce, had been taken to the hospital in the morning. Her baby arrived that night. The River Tiber also had picked that day to overflow its banks, for the first time in twenty years, rendering many homeless. Mussolini had been greatly affected by the disaster. His daughter-in-law, the wife of his son, Vittorio, was expecting to be confined soon; her baby actually came several days afterward.

MUSSOLINI screens well. His face shows to advantage at a variety of camera angles and his physiognomy is sufficiently marked not to require make up—even if he could have been induced to daub it on.

He showed up better in the visual part of the film than on the sound track. His voice does not record badly but is a trifle too highly pitched to be resonant.

The shooting of Mussolini's present-day life was a simple matter, however, both as regards production and time consumed, in comparison with the pictorialization of his past. Naturally, Il Duce of today could not play the part of Il Duce of yesterday. It was not practicable to get other actors. In Italy, impersonation of Il Duce, either on or off the screen, verges on the sacrilegious. The alternative was to make the past live again by searching out bits of newsreel scenes which had been stored away for years in dusty archives.

To complicate affairs further, the High Command of the Italian company, the studio facilities of which I was using, apparently decided, after viewing the first reel, that they might be letting something slip through their fingers. From that point on, it was a continual battle to prevent control of the production from being wrested away.

Exasperating, at times, but never dull was the four months' task of making Mussolini a movie star!

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# Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 45)

## ★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

**M**OST of this month's pictures represent a reaction to the cycle of gay, non-sensical comedies. There seems to be no compromise, however. This, along with the others, is determinedly Important In Theme, carrying a great social message and reeking with hearty heroics. It's good, heaven knows, and it's exciting; but it's hardly dessert for a troubled, tired audience.

Robert Montgomery, apparently having had fun with his characterization in "Night Must Fall," plays here an Irish soldier in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Yellow fever is decimating the army and the native population, slowing work on the Panama Canal. A group of medical men, headed by Lewis Stone, is sent down to find an answer to the epidemic and as a last resort considers a certain medico's theory that mosquitoes are the troublemakers. Montgomery, egged on by his love for nurse Virginia Bruce—who is an idealist—volunteers with his buddies to test the theory. Andy Devine, Buddy Ebsen, Alan Curtis, Bill Henry and Sam Levene are the friends who go with him. Infected mosquitoes bite Curtis and Montgomery, they catch "Yellow Jack" and the point is proved. Miss Bruce watches adoringly through a window.

Certainly intelligent direction and good production—besides Montgomery's excellent performance—make this some sort of a document. There's a certain resemblance throughout, however, to the kind of movie that illustrates a university lecture on biology; this is a compliment to the piece's great realism and restraint of Hollywood melodramatics. If you catch this and "Jezebel" on the same bill, though, take some quinine with you.

## HUNTED MEN—Paramount

**T**HIS story of a racketeer who finds regeneration through the influence of a

kindly family contains much heart-warming interest. Lloyd Nolan is the killer who is befriended by Lynne Overman, his wife Dorothy Peterson, daughter Mary Carlisle and son Delmar Watson. When the time comes for Nolan to prove his friendship for the family, he comes through nobly.

## ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

**A**NOTHER mild little mystery pops up to bewilder and bore us with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is a society reporter who helps solve the mystery of three leading citizens who suddenly disappear from town. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is the villain.

## MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

**P**ETER LORRE, posing as a houseboy, once more proves his merit as detective supreme in solving this mystery. There is much excitement, beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with the attempted murder of steel king Henry Wilcoxon by a gang of assassins. Mary Maguire as Wilcoxon's secretary supplies the love interest. If you have enjoyed the *Moto* films you'll like this one.

## ★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

**I**T'S really good. Even in spite of the hackneyed story and trite situations, it's good—mainly because it sparkles with gay dialogue and glistens with bright bits of acting. However, under the entertaining frosting we find the same old poundcake full of the boy-and-girl-who - pretend - they're - something-they're-not ideas. At a wedding of considerable social swank, where their duties have taken them, Maureen O'Sullivan, a dress model, meets Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel bureau. Each pretends to be "teddibly" rich and social until one awful day—but that's telling. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in.

## WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

**I**f you can take this one seriously, detectives will soon be among the unemployed. *Inspector* Charles Wilson is completely baffled by the murder of James Stephenson until Anna May Wong steps in, and, with the aid of the stars and the signs of the Zodiac, solves the crime. A novel idea—but while astrologer Wong analyzes the horoscopes of suspects Margaret Lindsay, Anthony Averill, Leonard Mudie and Eric Stanley to determine the murderer, the action lies down and dies. Go see it if you want to check up on your own astrological character, and, since most people do, you'll be amused.

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI—Hullinger Productions

**A**LTHOUGH no bias either for or against Fascism is demonstrated in this pictorial summary of Benito Mussolini's life, the final effect is to impress the onlooker with the "glory that is Rome's." Edwin Ware Hullinger takes the audience into the farmhouse where Mussolini was born, and by a series of cutbacks shows the early life of the dictator. He has succeeded in taking some unusual shots of Mussolini today: with his family, calling for his children at school, in the privacy of his study and, in one most unusual scene, where he is shown dancing with a peasant girl.

Of great interest to everyone, especially students of current history.

The musical accompaniment has been excellently prepared by Vergilio Chiti.

## YOU AND ME—Paramount

**T**HE psychological reactions of two ex-convicts on parole do not in this case make for knockout cinema, though the idea itself should hold interesting implications to any social mind. You have seen Sylvia Sidney and George Raft too many times before in these same situations, so, though Raft in particular does a swell job, the picture lacks lustre. Fritz ("Fury") Lang's direction is disappointing, but the photography is highly effective. Sylvia, still on parole, marries George who has worked his sentence out. When he discovers she has been a naughty girl, he angrily flounces out to rob the department store where they both worked. There Sylvia meets him, literally gives a blackboard lecture on crime and everything works out fine—except that the audience doesn't believe one word of it!

## COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

**A**RIB-TICKLING take-off on movie cowboys from Brooklyn, the lads who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell, hobo musician hitch-hiking to Hollywood, stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch where he is signed up for a New York show by theatrical producer Pat O'Brien. A sensation in New York, Dick is then signed for pictures when Dick Foran exposes him as a fake. From then on the laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. The climax is crammed full of high spots, with Dick and Pat corraling most of the laughs. Priscilla Lane, as the girl, is mighty cute and aids Dick in putting over several swell songs.

Due to an inadvertence, credit for the color photograph of Madeleine Carroll appearing in July PHOTOPLAY was given to James Doolittle instead of George Hurrell.

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## Casts of Current Pictures

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti. Adaptation by Richard Sherman. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Directed by Henry King. The Cast: Alexander (Roger Grant), Tyrone Power; Stella Kirby, Alice Faye; Charlie Dwyer, Don Ameche; Jerry Allen, Ethel Merman; Davey Lane, Jack Haley; Professor Heinrich, Jean Hersholt; Aunt Sophie, Helen Westley; Taxi Driver John Carradine; Bill, Paul Hurst; Wally Vernon, Himself; Ruby, Ruth Terry; Snapper, Douglas Fowley; Louie, Chick Chandler; Corporal Collins, Eddie Collins; Stage Manager, Joseph Crehan; Eddie, Robert Gleckler; Specialty, Dixie Dunbar; Charles Dillingham, Joe King; Head Waiter, Charles Coleman; Colonel, Stanley Andrews; Agent, Charles Williams; Trio, Jane Jones, Otto Fries and Mel Kalish; Babe, Grady Sutton; Manager Radio Station, Selmar Jackson; Assistant Stage Manager, Tyler Brooke; Singer, Donald Douglas.

"BLIND ALIBI"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser, Harry Segall and Ron Ferguson. Original story by William Joyce Cowan. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Paul Dover, Richard Dix; Julia Fraser, Whitney Bourne; Mitch, Eduardo Ciannelli; Taggart, Paul Guilfoyle; Ellen Dover, Frances Mercer; Bowers, Richard Lane; Dirk, Jack Arnold; Larson, Frank M. Thomas; Mailland, Walter Miller; Freddie, Tommy Bupp; Al, Solly Ward; Curator, George Irving; Ace (the dog), Lightning.

"COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin. From the play by Louis Pelletier, Jr., and Robert Sloane. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: Elly, Dick Powell; Jane, Priscilla Lane; Roy, Pat O'Brien; Sam, Dick Foran; Maxine, Ann Sheridan; Jeff, Johnnie Davis; Pat, Ronald Reagan; Mrs. Jordan, Elizabeth Risdon; Mr. Jordan, Hobart Cavanaugh; Ma, Emma Dunn; Pop, Granville Bates; Professor Landis, James Stephenson; Abby, Dennie Moore; Panthea, Rosella Towne; Mrs. Krinkenheim, May Boley; Louie, Harry Barris; Spec, Candy Candido; Mr. Alvey, Wm. Davidson; Myrtle Semple, Mary Field; "Star" Reporter, Donald Briggs; "Chronicle" Reporter, Jeffrey Lynn; "Beacon" Reporter, John Ridgeley; Col. Ross, John T. Murray.

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff. Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo. From an idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: Terry Moore, Rudy Vallee; Kay Morrow, Rosemary Lane; Maurice Giraud, Hugh Herbert; Duke Dennis, Allen Jenkins; Mona, Gloria Dickson; Pierre LeBrec, Melville Cooper; Leticia, Mabel Todd; Luis Leoni, Fritz Feld; Mike Coogan, Ed Brophy; Padriusky, Curt Bois; Gendarme, Victor Kilian; Gendarme, Geo. Renevay; Stage Manager, Armand Kaliz; Vail, Maurice Cass; Doorman, Eddie Anderson; Gold Digger, Rosella Towne; Gold Digger, Janet Shaw; Gold Digger, Carole Landis; Gold Digger, Peggy Moran; Gold Digger, Diana Lewis; Gold Digger, Lois Lindsay; Gold Digger, Poppy Wilde; the Schnickelfritz Band.

"HOLD THAT KISS"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Stanley Rauh. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: June Evans, Maureen O'Sullivan; Tommy Bradford, Dennis O'Keefe; Chick Evans, Mickey Rooney; Mr. Piermont, George Barbier; Aunt Lucy, Jessie Ralph; Mrs. Evans, Fay Holden; Steve Evans, Frank Albertson; Ted Evans, Phillip Terry; Al, Edward S. Brophy; Nadine Piermont, Ruth Hussey; Otto Schmidt, Charles Judels; Maurice, Barnett Parker.

"HOLIDAY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman from the play by Philip Barry. Directed by George Cukor. The Cast: Linda Selton, Katharine Hepburn; Johnny Case, Cary Grant; Julia Selton, Doris Nolan; Ned Selton, Lew Ayres; Nick Potter, Edward Everett Horton; Edward Selton, Henry Kolker; Laura Cram, Binnie Barnes; Susan Potter, Jean Dixon; Selton Cram, Henry Daniell.

"HUNTED MEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Horace McCoy and William R. Lipman; based on a play by Albert Duffy and Marian Grant. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: Jane Harris, Mary Carlisle; Joe Albany, Lloyd Nolan; Peter Harris, Lynne Overman; Morton Rice, J. Carrol Naish; Mac, Anthony Quinn; James Flowers, Larry Crabbe; Frank Martin, Johnny Downs; Mrs. Mary Harris, Dorothy Peterson; Robert Harris, Delmar Watson; Donovan, Regis Toomey; Virgie, Louis Miller.

"LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Eric Taylor and Robertson White. Story by Jonathan Latimer. Directed by Otis Garrett. The Cast: Bill Craine, Preston Foster; Mrs. Sam Taylor, Patricia Ellis; Doc Williams, Frank Jenks; Strom, Thomas Jackson; Chauncey Courtland, Gordon Elliott; Sam Taylor, Roland Drew; Kay Renshaw, Barbara Pepper; Steve Collins, Joseph Downing; Frankie French, James Robbins; Spitz, Al Hill; Leyman, Morgan Wallace; Johnson, Brian Burke; Greening, Donald Kerr; Taxi Driver, Don Brodie; Coroner, Rollo Lloyd.

"LORD JEFF"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Based on a story by Bradford Ropes, Val Burton and Endre Bohem. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: Geoffrey Braemer, Freddie Bartholomew; Terry O'Mulvaney, Mickey Rooney; Captain Briggs, Charles Coburn; Mr. Jeks, Herbert Mundin; Doris Clandon, Gale Sondergaard; Albert Baker, Terry Kilburn; Benny Potter, Peter Lawford; Tommy Thrums, Walter Tetley; Ned Saunders, Peter Ellis; Jim Hampstead, George Zucco; Inspector Scott, Matthew Boulton; John Cartwright, John Burtin; Mrs. Briggs, Emma Dunn; Jeweler, Monty Woolley; Superintendent, Walter Kingsford.

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Donald and Norman Foster. Based on the character "Mr. Moto" created by John P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: Mr. Moto, Peter Lorre; Ann Richman, Mary Maguire; Anton Darvak, Henry Wilcoxon; David Scott-Frensham, Erik Rhodes; Ernst Lilmar, Harold Huber; Paul Brissac, Leon Ames; George Higgins, Forrester Harvey; Gottfried Brujo, Fredrik Vogeding; Sir Charles Marchison, Lester Matthews; Sniffy, John Rogers; Lotus Liu, Karen Sorrell; Nola, Mitchell Lewis.

"ONE WILD NIGHT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Charles Belden and Jerry Cady. From an original idea by Edwin Dial Torgerson. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: Jennifer Jewel, June Lang; Jimmy Nolan, Dick Baldwin; Singer Martin, Lyle Talbot; Norman, J. Edward Bromberg; Lawton, Sidney Toler; Chief Nolan, Andrew Tombes; Editor Collins, William Damarest; Hepple, Romaine Callender; Mrs. Halliday, Jan Duggan; Lem Halliday, Spencer Charters; Mayor, Harlan Briggs.

"PRISON NURSE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Earl Felton and Sidney Salkow. Original story by Adele Buffington, from an original novel by Louis Berg, M.D. Directed by James Cruze. The Cast: Dale, Henry Wilcoxon; Judy, Marian Marsh; Pepper Clancy, Bernadene Hayes; Gaffney, Ben Welden; Jackpot, Ray Mayer; Mousie, John Arledge; Warden Benson, Addison Richards; Dr. Hartman, Frank Reicher; Sutherland, Minerva Urecal; Parker, Selmer Jackson; Miller, Fred Kohler, Jr.; Deputy, Norman Willis.

"RAGE OF PARIS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: Nicole De Cortillon, Danielle Darrieux; James Trevor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Mike, Mischa Auer; Gloria Patterson, Helen Broderick; Bill Duncan, Louis Hayward; Rigley, Charles Coleman; Pops, Harry Davenport.

"SWISS MISS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Parrott, Charles Melson and Felix Adler. Original story by Jean Negulesco and Charles Rogers. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: Stan Laurel, Himself; Oliver Hardy, Himself; Anna Albert, Della Lind; Victor Albert, Walter Woolf King; Edward, Eric Blore; Chef, Adia Kuznetsoff; Cheese Factory Proprietor, Charles Judels; Luigi, Ludovico Tomarchio; Enrico, Jean DeBriac; Peasant, Eddie Kane; His Wife, Anita Garvin; Joseph, George Sorel; Gorilla, Charles Gamore; Tourists (Man), Forbes Murray; (Wife), Jean Cleveland; (Child), Marilyn Peterson.

"THREE BLIND MICE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Brown Holmes and Lynn Starling. Based on a play by Stephen Powys. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: Pamela Charters, Loretta Young; Van Smith, Joel McCrea; Steve Harrington, David Niven; Mike Brophy, Stuart Erwin; Moura Charters, Marjorie Weaver; Elizabeth Charters, Pauline Moore; Miriam, Binnie Barnes; Mrs. Kilian, Jane Darwell; Young Man, Leonid Kinskey; Hendricks, Spencer Charters; Clerk, Franklin Pangborn; Workman, Herb Heywood.

"TROPIC HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler, John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: Manuela, Dorothy Lamour; Breckinridge Jones, Bob Burns; Midga Miller, Martha Raye; Ken Warren, Ray Milland; Marilyn Joyce, Binnie Barnes; Ramon, Tito Guizar; Chico, Pepito; Pancho, Chris Pin Martin; Rosa, Elvira Rios; Felipe, Michael Visaroff; Pepito, Bobbie Moya; Roberto, Roberto Soto; Pedro, Jesus Topete; Barrera, Fortunio Bona Nova; Girl, Paula DeCardo; Girl, Dolores Casey; Girl, Sheila Darcy; Girl, Marie Burton; Young Man, Paul Lopez; Trio Ascencio Del Rio, Ofelia Ascencio, Sara Ascencio, Emmy Del Rio; Dominguez Brothers San Cristobal Marimba Band and the Ensenada Singers.

"WHEN WERE YOU BORN?"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Anthony Goldaway. Original story by Manly Hall. Directed by William McGann. The Cast: Doris Kane, Margaret Lindsay; Mary Lee Ling, Anna May Wong; Nita Kenlon, Lola Lane; Larry Camp, Anthony Averill; Inspector Gregg, Charles Wilson; Sergeant Kelly, Frank Jaquet; Shields, Eric Stanley; Phillip Corey, James Stephenson; Davis, Jeffrey Lynn; Fred Gow, Leonard Mudie; Dr. Merton, Maurice Cass; Asst. Dist. Attorney, Jack Moore.

"WHITE BANNERS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Lenore Coffee, Milton Krims, Cameron Rogers and Abem Finkel. From the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: Hannah, Fay Bainter; Paul Ward, Claude Rains; Peter Trimble, Jackie Cooper; Sally Ward, Bonita Granville; Trimble, Donald Crisp; Marcia, Kay Johnson; Bradford, James Stephenson; Sloan, Edward McWade; Dr. Thompson, J. Farrell McDonald; Joe Ellis, William Pawley; Bill Ellis, Edward Pawley; Charles Ellis, John Ridgeley; Baby Joan, Sally Anne; Sally's Friend, Peggy Stewart; Hester, Mary Field.

"YELLOW JACK"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Edward Chodorov. From the play by Sidney Howard in collaboration with Paul de Kruijff. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: John O'Hara, Robert Montgomery; Frances Blake, Virginia Bruce; Major Reed, Lewis Stone; Charlie Spill, Andy Devine; Dr. Jesse Lazear, Henry Hull; Dr. Finlay, Charles Coburn; "Jellybeans," Buddy Ebsen; Gorgas, Henry O'Neill; Miss MacDade, Janet Beecher; Breen, William Henry; Brinkerhof, Alan Curtis; Busch, Sam Levene; Dr. James Carroll, Stanley Ridges; Ferguson, Phillip Terry; Major General Leonard Wood, Jonathan Hale.

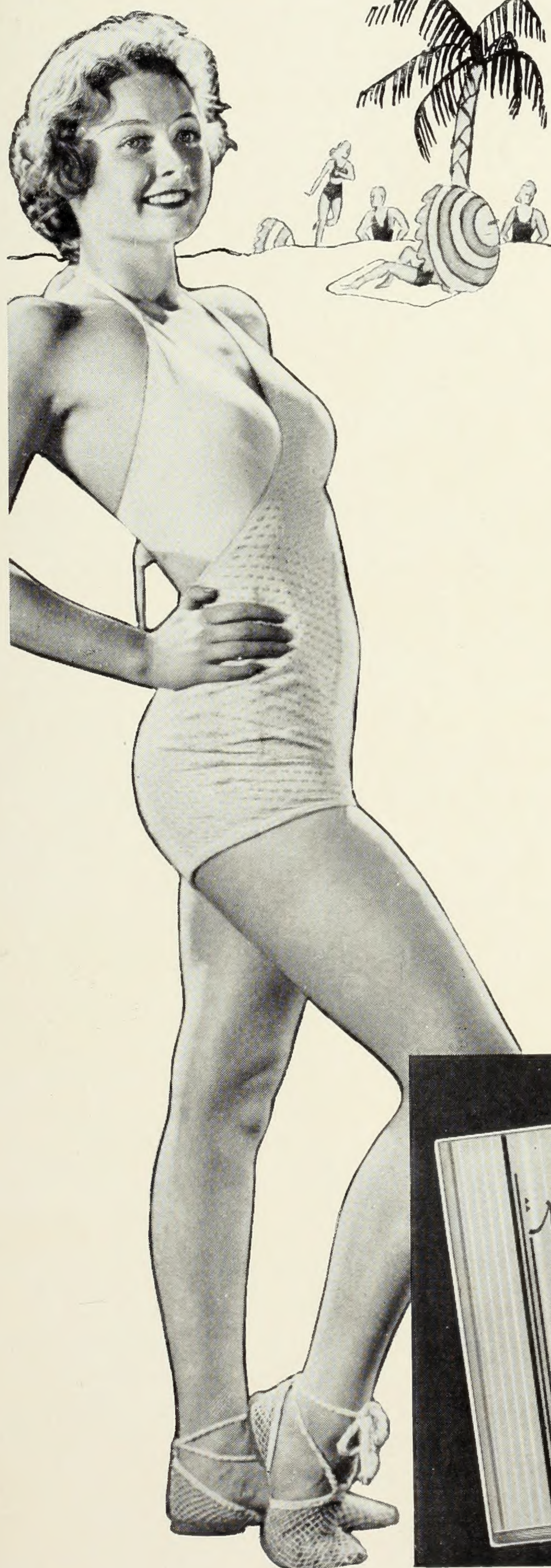
"YOU AND ME"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Fritz Lang. The Cast: Helen, Sylvia Sydney; Joe, George Raft; Jim, Robert Cummings; Mickey, Barton MacLane; Mr. Morris, Harry Carey; Cuffy, Roscoe Karns; Gimpy, Warren Hymer; Taxi, Guinn Williams; Patsy, Geo. E. Stone; Torch Singer, Carol Paige; Mr. Levine, Egon Brecher; Mrs. Levine, Vera Gordon; Bouncer, Paul Newlan.



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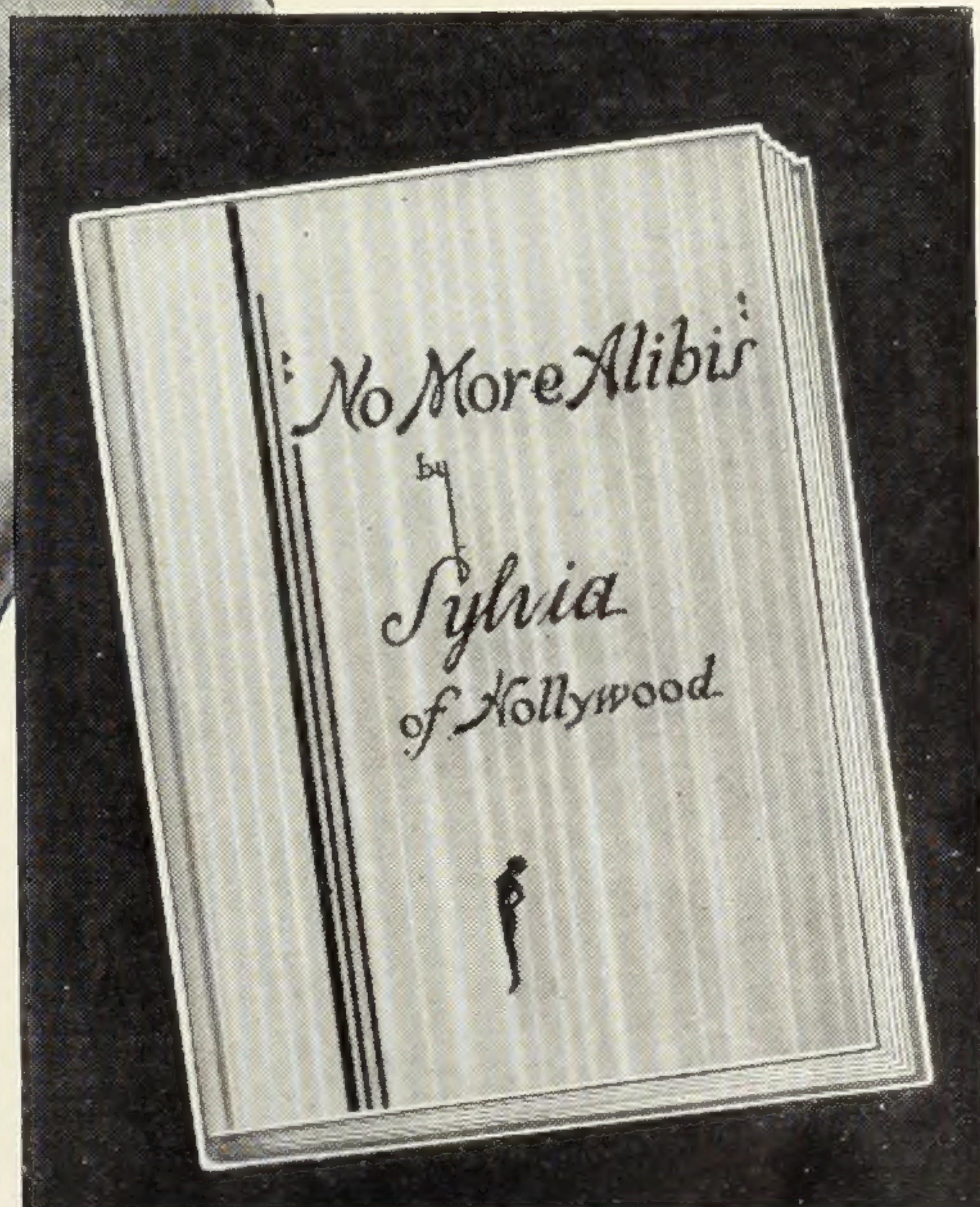
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